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SCOTCH ORTHODOXY AND MODERN THOUGHT.

WITH the Reformation, as is now plainly to be seen, though Luther himself would have shrunk from the result, the whole of the mighty theological fabric which the subtlety of the schoolmen had reared began to be subjected to a process of disintegration which was destined never to be arrested; and, ever since the Reformation, the spirit of free inquiry then unloosed has been destroying, bit by bit, the structure of scholastic theology. During the last quarter of a century the attacks have been especially bold and effective; and that the old dogmatic theologies are being shaken by the new sciences is a fact which is patent to the most superficial observation. "No opinion now passes unchallenged, because of its antiquity; no tradition is accepted, on the ground of authority; and, under the searching light of criticism, every belief is forced to show its credentials." There is, in consequence, a widespread feeling among the leading teachers of religion that the time has come for finding out what is and what is not really essential in the Christian creeds, and for adjusting them, if need be, to the changed conditions of human thought.

Symptoms of this movement have been observable in all the Churches, from that of Rome (more defiant than ever in its attitude of antagonism) to the most advanced sects of our own country, in whose creeds the dividing line between religious dogma and merely secular morality has become so tenuous as to be scarcely discernible; but the most striking indication that has yet been given of its force and progress is to be found in a collection of sermons* preached or written during the past year by prominent clergymen of the Church of Scotland. Since the appearance of the famous "Essays and Re-

views," it is doubtful if a more significant body of writing has made its appearance in the field of theological literature. Hitherto, in spite of fierce controversy and occasional breaches, and in spite of the discovery of such views as those for which Professor Robertson Smith has recently been condemned for heresy, Scotch Presbyterianism has been regarded as the very stronghold and citadel of the orthodox theology. Something like alarm, therefore, is added to our surprise, when we find that the very garrison itself has become infected with the "spirit of the age," and that the captains of the defense advise us to throw down the barriers and welcome the supposed enemies as allies. Truly "the old order of things passeth away, giving place to the new"; and the "age of transition" would seem to have nearly reached completeness, when Scotch theologians are found divesting themselves of the shackles of dogma and welcoming the inroads of scientific and critical inquiry.

It should be said, however, that, aside from the light which they throw upon the great theological transformation, "Scotch Sermons" are of profound and absorbing interest. In them are discussed the most vital questions of religion and life—the existence of God, the relations of God to man, the nature of sin, the immortality of the soul, what is meant by eternal life and eternal punishment, the relative rights of authority and private judgment, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the function of conscience, and the nature of moral obligation. The discussion, moreover, is not of the conventional and formal kind which is so apt to characterize the pulpit treatment of such themes, but goes down to the very root of the questions involved. Except in the case of Professor Knight, there is comparatively little of that metaphysical subtlety, that refining upon words and spinning of verbal cobwebs, which used to characterize Scotch theology. The ser-

* Scotch Sermons, 1880. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

mons are practical in aim and simple in method, addressing themselves rather to the universal sentiments of mankind, and the common experiences of every-day life, than to the wire-drawn conclusions of the logician. There is very little of what is called eloquence, scarcely any fine writing, and no fervid emotional appeals. The emotional side of religion, indeed, is kept in the background, and the appeal is almost wholly to the rational intelligence of serious and thinking men.

Where so many vital topics are discussed by so many able men, it would be difficult and perhaps invidious to select any one sermon or passage as specially characteristic of the whole; but the key-note of the volume, with which all the diverse utterances are in harmonious accord, is the remark of Dr. John Cunningham, that "Christianity consists as much in a well-ordered life as in an orthodox creed, perhaps more so"; and in that of the Rev. D. J. Ferguson, that "Christianity is no rigid system of dogma, elaborated long ago, and incapable of growth or change; it is rather a living organism, drawing nourishment to itself from every side, and affected by the life-pulsations of every age." The contention of all the writers is that Christianity is a thing of the spirit, not of external forms or set utterances; that it is not a creed but a mode of life; and from this point of view the fact that Christianity has always adjusted itself to the changing needs and thoughts and discoveries of man is the best proof of its truth and adequacy. The Church of Rome has for its motto *semper eadem*—always the same; but to the modern theologian flexibility of form with persistence in essentials seems a better evidence of its divine origin and mission. Says Professor Knight on this point:

"It is indisputable that, if the human mind has grown at all, its religious convictions—like everything else belonging to it—must have changed. Our remote ancestors could not possibly have had the same religion as ourselves, any more than they could have had the same physiognomy, the same social customs, or the same language. Thus, the intuitions of subsequent ages must necessarily have become keener and clearer—at once more rational and more spiritual—than the instincts of primeval days; the clearness, the intelligence, and the spirituality being due to a vast number of conspiring causes. And, if the opinions and the practices of the race thus change, the change is due to no accident or caprice, but to the orderly processes of natural law. It can not be otherwise; because, since no human belief springs up miraculously, none can be maintained in the form in which it arises for any length of time. Thus, the 'increasing purpose' of the ages must inevitably bring to the front fresh modifications of belief. . . . It may even be affirmed that one of the best features

in every human belief is its elasticity, that one sign of its vitality is its amenability to change. Were it irrevocably fixed, it would have some secret affinity with death and the grave. Paradoxical, therefore, as it may seem, if religion be among the things that can not be shaken, it must change. Its forms must die that its spirit may live; and the condition of the permanence of the latter is the perpetual vicissitude of the former."

The extent to which the writers of this volume are prepared to go in the direction of change is indicated by the Rev. W. L. M'Farlan, in a sermon on "The Things which can not be Shaken." That sermon is the boldest and most outspoken, and one of the most closely reasoned in the volume, and every sentence which it contains is worthy of deliberate attention. In it the author ranks himself among those who welcome the assaults that are being made by the students of the sciences, natural and biblical, upon the dogmatic theology of the past, because he regards them as instrumentalities by which, though somewhat rough in their operation, "the religion of Christ is being purified from the corruptions which have attached themselves to it." He thinks that, in so far as the old beliefs were embodied in the dogmas of scholastic theology, they must be abandoned or greatly modified; and that the sections of that theology which treat of sin and salvation are especially untenable:

"These sections comprehend the following dogmas: (1) The descent of man from the Adam of the Book of Genesis; (2) the fall of that Adam from a state of original righteousness, by eating the forbidden fruit; (3) the imputation of Adam's guilt to all his posterity; (4) the consequent death of all men in sin; (5) the redemption in Christ of an election according to grace; (6) the quickening in the elect of a new life—(a) at their baptism, Catholics affirm—(b) at the moment of their conversion, most Protestants allege; (7) the eternal punishment and perdition of those who remain unregenerate. These sections of the traditional theology of Christendom—originally elaborated by Augustine, amended and developed by the schoolmen of the middle ages, adopted wholesale by the Puritans—dominated the Christian intellect for centuries. They have ceased to dominate it. They no longer press on the minds and spirits of men like an incubus. . . . With comparative ease men can break that hoary prison-house, and find the liberty which they crave, to interpret Scripture for themselves, to think for themselves. We observe, accordingly, that conclusions of the school divines, which the Reformers did not venture to question, are denied outright by the leaders of modern theological thought, and that many Protestants of the nineteenth century reject theological dogmas of theirs, which almost all Protestants of the sixteenth century unhesitatingly accepted."

A further illustration of the logical thoroughness with which this emancipation from dogma and external forms is claimed may be cited from a striking sermon on "Individualism and the Church," by the Rev. Thomas Rain, M. A. Speaking of the question as to the "evidences of Christianity," he says:

"Probably there never was an age when the question was surrounded by so much interest as it is at present. Persons, who by every circumstance of their life are outside the learned and controversial classes, are pondering it with anxiety; and new books relating to it find their way not only into the scholar's study, but into the homes of public men and men of business. Women, and youths too, read that the dear faith which illumines and strengthens them may be preserved. 'Refute materialism for us or we die,' is what thousands are calling out to their theological masters, and with a passionate earnestness, almost a vehemence, never known before; sometimes with a fear, alas! that their prayer may prove futile.

"There is something deeply touching, perhaps tragical, in this expectation which the multitude have of getting evidence for religious truth from their spiritual teachers. Evidence of a sort they doubtless do get, which may serve them well enough if they keep in sheltered places away from the currents of scientific criticism, but which proves very vulnerable when unreservedly exposed to these; and perhaps the best advice that could be given to simple souls just now—if they are at all susceptible—is to remain in these sheltered places where there is no danger."

In accordance with the sacerdotal principle of religion, that has hitherto prevailed, the advocates of Christianity have adopted the objective methods of verification employed in science, and have endeavored to demonstrate its doctrines after the same manner as physical science does. The great objection, says Mr. Rain, to this sort of evidence is its complete want of success in combating scientific skepticism; and he thinks that when the whole life, both of nature and man, is the recognized domain of physical science, as it soon will be, "then there will be seen more clearly than now the inability of religion to defend itself by the old empirical method." This old method, he adds, will have to be abandoned, and trial must be made of that form of argument which holds that "religious truth is its own evidence, and the ultimate court of appeal the spiritual consciousness."

"This is a position that hitherto has served the materialists much as Samson served the Philistines—it has made sport for them. 'Intuition,' 'necessary truth,' the 'subjective method,' are things that they have laughed at, and battered with their keen logic alternately. Skepticism has sneered, and bigotry

has raged, and between these two fires the spiritual philosophy has sometimes had a hard time of it. But the deep-minded men of the world have been on its side. That this universe has a supra-sensuous basis, and is far more than it seems to be, is a conception round which, in all ages, genius and intellect have ranged themselves; and though they have often erred in systematizing their thought, and may err again, something in them has kept them true to its principle. But we are only concerned here with the spiritualistic or transcendental principles of evidence, and these tell us, as I say, that the criterion of truth in religious matters lies in the soul itself. According to these, it is not by a logical arrangement of facts, nor by the cleverness of empirical philosophers, that religion is to be defended, but by the witness of the Spirit to what is true, which is part of the nature of the regenerate man. And the popular apologist ought to consider whether, fighting the battle of Christianity on an objective basis, he is not rather harming his cause than helping it. For, the moment you bring the reasons for your belief from the depths of inner consciousness, and state them logically on paper, a thousand to one but they seem feeble to yourself. There are processes in human nature that very few of us have as yet found a phraseology for giving clear expression to, and I am afraid, if the spiritual ideas of the Bible and of later teaching do not commend themselves as true to the consciousness of those who read them, there is no method at present by which they can be proved. At all events, in the present state of popular culture, philosophical proof of them could not be made widely intelligible. And perhaps the best 'Evidences of Christianity' which in the mean time can be had are those inarticulate intuitions and feelings which dwell deep down in believing souls; that intense, unaccountable life which has inspired men from the beginning, and which the wisest of them have ever looked on as a mystery. That the day shall never come when this life shall find a voice, and be able to give intelligible account of itself, I by no means suggest. Meanwhile, it is to the great majority of us as good as dumb, and only gives us vague hints which one can not communicate to another. Each one must possess it for himself to understand its secret. And this is why I described the spectacle of the multitude looking to theology for evidence to support its faith as pathetic and even tragical. The evidence that theology is able or willing to provide is not in this age particularly valuable, and people should be taught, though with caution, to seek refuge from unbelief in their spiritual instincts."

This vital and far-reaching doctrine, that the spiritual consciousness of man furnishes at once the test and the evidence of religious truth, is the main theme of several of the sermons, and is implied more or less distinctly in nearly all the others; but, in his sermon on "Authority," the Rev. W. L. M'Farlan goes further still, and aims "to vindicate the claims of the individual reason to

supreme authority over the beliefs of the individual." In this remarkable discourse, Mr. M'Farlan expresses very nearly the same views as to the verbal inspiration of the Bible, and its authenticity as a record of the Divine mind, as those for the promulgation of which in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Professor Robertson Smith has been recently tried and condemned for heresy. He declares that the Bible is to be regarded not as true because authoritative, but as authoritative because true; and that those portions only are necessarily true which awaken a response in our reason and conscience. Enlightened Christians, he adds, "claim the right to judge each of the utterances of the Scriptures in the light of their own Christian consciousness, and to deny divine authority to any of them which fall beneath the ethical standards which, as men illuminated by the spirit of Christ, they have set up for their own guidance. They deny Divine authority . . . to those portions of Scripture which treat of matters which belong more properly to science and history than to religion." Further:

"They reverence the Scriptures as a whole, because there is so much more in them than in any other book which 'finds them,' to use Coleridge's well-known phrase, 'at the deepest depths of their being.' But, while they recognize a Divine element in the Scriptures, they recognize a human element as well. They do not attach an equal value to all portions of them. They do not place the Books of Esther and Daniel on the same level with the Psalter. They do not claim for the writers of Chronicles an inspiration equal to that of the second Isaiah, or even the first. They do not pretend to find in the historical books of the Old Testament as much edification as in the letters of Paul, nor in the theological disquisitions of Paul himself so much furtherance of the higher life as in the more practical portions of his Epistles. They do not affirm that the common-sense philosophy of the Book of Proverbs, serviceable though it be in many respects, is of equal worth with the spiritual teachings of Christ. While they admit that there are important truths of morality and religion embodied in the Pentateuch, they admit also that its authors attribute an importance to the ceremonial parts of religion which is wholly at variance with the loftier conceptions of the Divine requirements entertained by the prophets; and that they, in common with the authors of all the historical books, and indeed with the prophets themselves, both in their estimates of human character and their interpretations of the Divine dealings with man, sometimes fail to set before us an ideal of life and conduct which is pure and elevated. . . .

"Holding the views in regard to the Scriptures which they hold, they may be unable to deduce from them, in the shape of a dogmatic system, a theory of the universe which they can impose upon their neighbors as complete and final. They do find in them, however, and in the Christian consciousness in

the formation of which they have had the chief part, a working theory of life which is most helpful. Reading in the light of that consciousness the Psalter, the Prophets, the Epistles, the sayings of Christ, they never fail to find in them that which all earnest men and women most want—help amid life's practical difficulties, comfort amid its sorrows, the assurance of the forgiveness of its sins, quickening of its loftiest aspirations after the divine. The Bible, they acknowledge, is thus full of revelations to the devout soul; but they hold that those portions of it only are revelations to them which awaken a response in the conscience and higher reason."

Apropos of this, it is to be remarked that with the repudiation of the Bible as an infallible authority in belief, the individual man is left face to face with his God; for in these "Sermons," no less than in the passionate revolt of John Knox and the long struggle of the Independents, we see that the dominant sentiment in the Scotch conception of religion is antipathy to ecclesiasticism—to the claims and pretenses of a priesthood. Among the most impressive of all the sermons is one on "The Christian Priesthood," by the Rev. Allan Menzies, and the following passage from it may be said to summarize and expound one whole aspect of Scottish theology:

"In Judaism, as in other old religions, the priest was thought to possess means of approaching the Deity which ordinary men did not enjoy. The people remained in the outer court, and could only see the priest pass inward to the Holy Place, in which God was thought to dwell between the cherubim, and which none of them could hope ever to enter. In Christianity this is all changed. We do not believe that any man, or any set of men, is in possession of a special privilege which admits them to God's presence, while others are excluded. And the reason why we do not believe this is, that Christianity has given us a new conception of where God dwells, and of the means to be used to approach him. Where does God dwell? Where shall we say that the Most High is to be found? Not in any local shrine, not in any church with doors that men may shut or open. We can not go to him upon our feet. We can not send a message to him through another. No one can go to him instead of us, if we do not go ourselves. No one can debar us from his presence, if we wish to meet with him. God is a Spirit, and he dwells in our spirits: that is where we have to seek him. Our spirits are the temples of the living God: in our spirits only can we meet with God or Christ. Our worship, therefore, must take place where no one but ourselves can come to be our priest. Of that only true and real service of God which is offered in the heart, all outward services, be they never so grand and beautiful, and conducted by whatsoever dignitaries, are but types and shadows. Our solemn march along the aisle up to the altar where he dwells, our music and the burning of our incense, our bowing down to the

Most Holy, and the offering of our prayer; the absolution we receive, the sacramental grace, the benediction with which we are sent forth again into the world, all, all are inward and unseen. The outward act of worship does but faintly symbolize this inward and most solemn and only real contact with Divinity. If we have not met with God in our own spirits, we can not have met with him anywhere; and this is a service from which no one can exclude us, in which no one can take our place or represent us."

In more homely and practical shape the same idea is expressed by Dr. Cunningham in a sermon on "Homespun Religion":

"The pious layman perhaps laments that his lips are sealed in silence, and that he can not, as from the house-top, proclaim the praises of God; and accordingly he wishes he were a missionary, that he might publish to darkened idolaters the glad tidings of salvation; or at least that he were a minister of the gospel, that from the pulpit he might fulminate the thunders of Sinai, or speak in the softly persuasive whispers that come from Calvary. My good friend, you err, not knowing the gospel. Your work is as divinely appointed as mine: and your duty is to do it—to do it religiously and well. I know that some people foolishly think that clergymen alone are the servants of God—that their calling alone is divine—that they only, and such as they, promote the glory of God. My friends, I tell you that I believe that many a poor artisan who industriously and ungrudgingly plies his trade, that he may honestly support a wife and family, or that he may keep an aged parent from the parish, is more effectually promoting God's glory than many a pompous preacher of the Word. There is an eloquence in the pious resignation, the contented looks, the busy fingers of the one, which is not to be found in all the bombast of the other; and no man of this kind can calculate the influence for goodness and for God which he may exercise on society."

A sermon to which the reader will be apt to turn among the earliest, attracted by its title, is that on "Law and Miracle," by the Rev. D. J. Ferguson, and he will find it one of the most striking of the entire collection. The author argues neither for nor against the validity of miracles; he simply regards them as of no importance either as proofs of the divine origin of Christianity or as aids to right living. "Christianity," he says, "is based not upon the outward, but upon the inward; it makes light of physical portents, but seeks to quicken spiritual perceptions"; and, at best, the thoughtful man accepts the miracles because he believes in Christianity, and does not believe in Christianity because he accepts the miracles. He considers the whole question as one belonging to a past and superseded phase of religious controversy, and declares that no vital point of revelation was or

is involved in it. "It was an affair of outposts altogether, and the work so energetically assaulted and defended had little importance for the citadel in the rear. Neither the philosopher who argued against, nor the divine who contended for miracle, was dealing with the essence of Christianity, and the complete triumph of either would have made little change. At the worst, a dogma of the Church would have been overthrown: but the dogmas of the Church and the religion of Christ are not synonymous terms." Neither Hume nor Mill ever expressed a lower estimate of the evidential value of miracles than that entertained by Mr. Ferguson. Considered in themselves, he says, miracles are signs of the possession of power; but "by no act of power, be it ever so great, can we prove a spiritual truth." Moreover, whether the power springs from a deeper insight than common into the constitution of nature, or is, strictly speaking, supernatural, miracles do not tell us.

"Were they to be performed to-day, our conclusion would be, not that a divine being had appeared among us, but simply that events so startling challenged the closest attention and investigation; of the character of the worker himself we should judge from other and independent sources. And, when we argue that the New Testament miracles prove the divine origin of Christianity, we are going upon the assumption that the possession of power over nature is the constant index of spiritual truth and wisdom—an assumption demanded by no necessity of thought, and contradicted by every-day experience of men's actions—an assumption, moreover, at variance with the teaching of Scripture itself that a sign may be given, and yet the message be false."

While, however, miracles furnish no guarantee for revelation, revelation may furnish a guarantee for the miracles; and from this point of view the belief has still a place in the scheme of Christian thought, and may be of use—they fall into their true position, and "speak to many minds, whose conception of Christ they enlarge and strengthen." Christ "is then seen to be the revealer of the Father, not only in redeeming men from sin, but also in manifesting the Divine control over the universe. He not only speaks to the hearts and consciences of men, but also discovers to them their true relations to nature. And thus the miracles become the insignia of his office, and open up to us the secret of the external world. They tell us that the laws by which the universe is governed and the physical conditions in which we live spring from a hidden spiritual source, and are upheld by a spiritual presence." Finally, "the life of Christ and the power of his Spirit over man are the great and the enduring miracles of divine revelation."

Another very remarkable discourse is that of

Dr. Mackintosh on "The Law of Moral Continuity." Its text is, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; and its purport is that "if it can be shown, without prejudice to the religious sentiment, that the principle of continuity obtains in the moral sphere no less than in the material, and rules the succession of religions as of other phenomena, . . . this will be a step toward that reconciliation of faith with science, the conscious and suspected lack of which is the specific danger of our age, the source of its universal unrest, and of its all but universal skepticism." The object of the discourse, therefore, is to show that such a law of continuity *does* obtain, that each deed and thought bears fruit after its kind, that the life hereafter must correspond to the life here, that rewards and punishments are but the natural consequences of our well or ill doing, and that this doctrine is not incompatible with the Christian conception of God as at once just and merciful—as punishing us for our offenses, but forgiving us our sins. The argument by which he attempts to demonstrate this, though well worthy of attentive perusal, hardly admits of being summarized; but its bearing and results are indicated in the following passages:

"The views here presented have not only obtained a wide currency in later times, but are able also, as we believe, to bear the most rigid scrutiny; and, if it be an axiom or first principle of theology that we ought to accept no dogma which contradicts the sure conclusions of reason, it seems to follow that we may have to modify the popular belief of Christendom concerning a day of final judgment to decide irrevocably the destinies both of the good and of the bad. Turn it over in our thoughts as we may, it is difficult to bring the ordinary idea of such a day into harmony with the doctrine of the spiritual harvest. By all who accept the doctrine of a future life, it will be admitted that the departing soul will carry with it into that life the same moral state which it has formed for itself here. Its works, whether good or bad, will follow it thither; each of them will have left upon the soul its stamp and imprint. At the moment when it is ushered into another world, every soul will have reached a certain stage of moral development or of moral degeneracy. And the belief common among us is, that on the day of judgment one class of souls will not only be acquitted from the consequences of all the evil that yet cleaves to them, but will be suddenly perfected in holiness and freed from all remaining taint and infection of sin. Upon the other class, a sentence and a transformation of quite an opposite character will be passed, though, confessedly, the day of judgment will find the characters of both classes compounded both of good and evil. It has been said, indeed, that the difference between the two classes is one in kind, because sin has lost that dominion in the one class which it retains in the other. But this

difference, even if it be one in kind, and not, after all, in degree only, does not account for what is supposed to take place. In the life to come, the dominating power, whether good or evil, in the case of any individual can only determine, or form a factor in, the further development of that individual, just as it does in the present life; but it can not achieve for itself a total and immediate triumph, as is supposed. It is obvious, therefore, that though we may and do connect the idea of such a day of judgment with the language of the apostle, yet the two ideas are quite incompatible. So far from being an exemplification of the principle involved, such a day of judgment would much rather be a violation and a subversion of it. If the judgment be final, and the extinction of evil, which coexists with the good, be complete and sudden, it is evident that the gradual and natural process of moral amelioration, which began here, would be foreclosed and precipitated by a supernatural fiat of Almighty power. That moral discipline which is in harmony with human responsibility, and with the idea of moral development, would be suddenly arrested. A Divine decree would complete the work already begun, and supernatural action would be introduced into a scene where it would be as much out of place as in the present order of things.

"The subjects of this astounding transformation will, by supposition, occupy very different stages in the scale of moral development. In some, the development will only have commenced; in others, it will be far advanced; and if a Divine fiat may thus at any point interfere with the natural course of things, it is hard to see why it might not have interfered at the very first to prevent the incursion of evil into the world. Such interference on the day of judgment is as inadmissible, because as inconsistent with human liberty, and with an inviolable order, as at any other crisis in the history of man. . . .

"We understand, then, that the judgment of God is only another name for the natural and inevitable consequence of our lives. That judgment will be executed, not once for all, as we have been taught to believe, by a separate Divine decree or verdict in each individual case, but by the operation of a universal law established from the first by the Governor of all. It has begun already for every one of us, and is going on continually, leading on gradually to higher and ever higher issues. As the harvest of this year furnishes seed for the year following, so the chain of moral sequence, good or evil, is carried on in unbroken continuity."

Several others among the "Sermons" invite special comment, but the character of their contents and the general views expressed in them are sufficiently indicated, perhaps, by the citations we have made. The claim of the several authors who have contributed to the volume is that they have not secularized religion, as they are sure to be accused of doing, but that they have sanctified and made religious that which is

usually regarded as secular. Be this as it may, they have broken down the barriers between religion and every-day life, have brought the two closer together, have harmonized them, not after the old ecclesiastical manner by demanding that the world conform itself to religious dogmas, but by modifying the dogmas and making the standards conform more nearly to those of merely secular morality. According to the criteria here supplied, there can be no doubt that it is easier for a man to be a religious man than according to the old sacerdotal requisites; but then there

is a great and undeniable gain in narrowing the breach that has hitherto been allowed to exist between religious belief and daily conduct.

One good thing the compiler of "Scotch Sermons" may congratulate himself upon having accomplished beyond the possibility of cavil. He has shown that the pulpit of Scotland is a living, energizing force; that its occupants are men of large discourse, looking before and after; that it is a school of virile thought and vigorous expression; and that its message to mankind is not yet exhausted of its stimulus and significance.

ADVENTURES IN PATAGONIA.

ONE of the literary features of the day is books of travel and adventure by lady travelers. Only last month we had occasion to devote considerable space to Miss Bird's admirable "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," and this lady's "Life in the Rocky Mountains" is still fresh in the minds of readers. Mrs. Brassey's "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam" and her "Sunshine and Storm in the East" have been among the most notable books of recent years, not only on account of the freshness and novelty of the incidents and experiences described, but because of the spirit and charm of the narrative. Both Mrs. Brassey and Miss Bird not only exhibit a love of adventure and talent for observation, but a much more than ordinary literary skill; and, singularly enough, we have now a third lady traveler, with a similar taste for adventure, and talent for relating what she has seen and experienced. This is Lady Florence Dixie, whose "Across Patagonia" * has just appeared from the London press, a work which describes in an animated and picturesque style the adventures of a party of English travelers in that remote and little known land. The party consisted of Lady Florence, her husband, her two brothers, Lord Queensberry and Lord James Douglas, and Mr. J. Beerbohm, a Patagonian traveler and author of a work entitled "Wanderings in Patagonia." There were in addition one English servant, and four guides selected at Sandy Point, the port at which they landed in the Straits of Magellan.

The motive of the expedition seems to have been nothing more than a desire for change. "Palled," says Lady Florence, "for the moment with civilization and its surroundings, I wanted

to escape somewhere, where I might be as far removed from them as possible. Many of my readers have doubtless felt the dissatisfaction with one's self, and everybody else, that comes over one at times in the midst of the pleasures of life; when one wearies of the shallow artificiality of modern existence; when what was once excitement has become so no longer, and a longing grows up within one to taste a more vigorous emotion than that afforded by the monotonous round of society's so-called 'pleasures.'" Patagonia was selected, it is alleged, because of its being "an outlandish place and far away," but obviously the author of "Wanderings in Patagonia," who formed one of the party, gave the incentive to the choice. The book is not one that calls for critical analysis or review; one can say that it is well written, that it abounds in animated descriptions, that it gives interesting pictures of an unfamiliar land, and that there are no marvelous "travelers' tales" likely to tax one's credulity, and this is about all. Perhaps some of the lady's own hunting adventures are to be received with a few grains of allowance—at least one can but wonder how a lady, whose previous experience must have been limited to an occasional fox-hunt, should knock over guanacos and run down ostriches with the ease and address which her narrative indicates. It is probable that her male companions did not forget their gallantry, and permitted the lady to enjoy the opportunities offered whenever they could do so. But it is certain that the lady hunter endured the fatigues and submitted to the hardships that inevitably attend undertakings of this kind with a cheerful spirit, and proved herself a true Amazonian Nimrod.

The party went by steamer from Liverpool to Brazil; stopped at Rio Janeiro; and went thence along the coast to their destination. Early one

* Across Patagonia. By Lady Florence Dixie. London: R. Bentley & Son, 1881.

morning they sighted Cape Virgins, which commands the northeastern entrance to the Straits of Magellan. "While," writes Lady Florence, "we were threading the intricate passage of the First Narrows, which are not more than two miles broad, I scanned with interest the land I had come so many thousand miles to see—Patagonia at last! Desolate and dreary enough it looked, a succession of bare plateaus, not a tree nor a shrub visible anywhere; a gray, shadowy country, which seemed hardly of this world; such a landscape, in fact, as one might expect to find on reaching some other planet. Much as I had been astonished by the glow and exuberance of tropical life at Rio, the impression it had made on my mind had to yield in intensity to the vague feelings of awe and wonder produced by the sight of the huge barren solitudes now before me."

At one o'clock they cast anchor off Sandy Point, and with some difficulty, on account of a high sea, were landed. Sandy Point is a Chilean settlement known officially as La Colonie de Magallanes. It was originally a penal colony, but the Chilean Government imagined, from the increase of traffic through the Straits, that it was destined to assume commercial importance, and accordingly granted lands and offered other inducements to immigrants. But the colony up to the present has not flourished as was expected, and to Lady Florence and party it appeared a notably dreary place. "As we walked over the sand-covered beach in front of the settlement, and surveyed the gloomy rows of miserable wooden huts, the silent, solitary streets, where, at that moment, not a single living being was to be seen, save some hungry-looking ostrich-hound, we all agreed that the epithet of 'God-forsaken hole' was the only description that did justice to the merits of this desolate place—nor did subsequent and fuller acquaintance with it by any means induce us to alter this unfavorable opinion." No time, we may believe, was lost in preparing for their departure. But guides were to be found, good dogs to be bought, and suitable horses to be hired or purchased. Their personal outfit consisted for each of a few changes of woolen clothing, a guanaco-fur mantle, a rug or two, a sheath-knife, a revolver, and, of course, a gun or rifle. They also carried two tents, utensils for cooking, biscuits, coffee, tea, sugar, flour, oatmeal, preserved milk, butter, whisky, and ammunition, the cartridges, of which there were a great number, forming the heaviest item of weight. A dozen pack-horses and mules were required for all these *impedimenta*, although they believed they limited themselves to such things as were absolutely indispensable. The entire cavalcade numbered some fifty horses, a

sort of patriarchal herd, including riding-horses and remounts, beasts of burden, brood-mares and foals, and two stallions that acted as chief of the troop, to whom the rest of the animals looked up as their head. The selection of guides is described as follows:

"We selected our guides from among a number who offered their services. We chose four; two Frenchmen, an Argentine gaucho, and a nondescript creature, an inhabitant of Sandy Point, I'Aria by name, who had accompanied Captain Musters on his expedition. This I'Aria was a dried-up-looking being of over sixty, but he proved a useful servant, notwithstanding his age. He was a beautiful rider; and, considering his years, wonderfully active and enduring. As long as we remained in Sandy Point, however, he was of little use to us, as he was never by any chance sober, though, strange to say, when once we left the settlement, he became a total abstainer, and stoutly refused, during the whole of the trip, to take any liquor that was offered to him. His face, the skin of which, from long exposure to wind and weather, had acquired the consistency of parchment, was one mass of wrinkles, and burned almost black by the sun, while the watchful, cunning expression of his twinkling bead-like eyes added to his wild appearance, the Mephistophelian character of which earned for him the *sobriquet* of 'The devil's agent for Patagonia.' He had passed more than forty years of his life on the pampa, and was, therefore, well qualified to act as guide. Of the others, Gregorio gave us most satisfaction, and served us all through the trip with untiring zeal and fidelity. He was a good-looking man, of about forty, and added, to the other accomplishments of his craft as gaucho, a slight knowledge of English. His ordinary occupation was that of an Indian trader, and at one time of his career he had owned a small schooner, with which he used to go seal-hunting in the season. One of the Frenchmen, François, whose original profession had been that of a cook, proved most useful to us in that capacity, and played the changes, on what would otherwise have been a slightly monotonous diet of guanaco and ostrich-meat, in a marvelous manner. His career, like Gregorio's, had been a checkered one. After having served during the Franco-Prussian War as a Chasseur d'Afrique, he left his country with three companions to start some business in South America, on the failure of which he turned his attention to ostrich-hunting. He was a cheery, handsome little fellow, and was possessed, moreover, of an excellent voice, and whether at work by the camp-fire, or riding on the march, was always to be heard singing merrily. He owned two very good ostrich-dogs; one, a handsome Scotch deerhound called 'Leona,' the other a black wiry dog called 'Loca,' a cross between an African greyhound and an English lurcher. Gregorio had only one dog, but it was the best of the lot, often managing to run down an ostrich singly, a feat which requires immense stamina and gameness, and which none of the other dogs were able to perform.

"As to Guillaume I need say nothing, except that all our party disliked him very much.

"After four days' hard work our preparations for departure were nearly completed, though a little yet remained to be done. Anxious, however, to get out of Sandy Point, we resolved to start off with the greater part of the packs and horses, and to await the coming of the remainder in the beech-wood at Cabo Negro, some fifteen miles away from the colony."

Our travelers, leaving Sandy Point, soon found themselves riding over an undulating, grassy stretch, *en route* for the pampas. The way lay over the plain for an hour, when they entered the outskirts of the beech-wood forests that line the Straits. The foliage of the trees was fresh and green, the sky clear and blue, the air sunlit and buoyant, and everything seemed to augur favorably for the success of the trip. We can not attempt to follow the adventurers through all their various wanderings, but an account of the first night of the expedition will be relished for its charming nomadic character, and will serve as an indication of the life they were entering upon:

"At Cabo Negro we stopped for a moment at a little farmhouse, and partook of some *maté*, which was hospitably offered us by the farmer's wife, and then, mounting again, we galloped over a broad, grassy plain where some sheep and cattle were grazing, till we came to a steep, wooded hill. On its crest, under some spreading beeches, we resolved to pitch our camp, water being near at hand, and the position otherwise favorable. In a short time the pack-horses were relieved of their loads, and, neighing joyfully, they galloped away to graze in the plain we had just crossed. Our tents were pitched, and having made up our beds in them, so as to have everything ready by night-time, we began to set about preparing dinner. Wood being abundant, a roaring fire was soon blazing away cheerily, some meat we had brought from Sandy Point was put into the iron pot, together with some rice, onions, etc., and then we lay down round the fire, not a little fatigued by our day's exertions, but inhaling the grateful odors arising from the pot, with the expectant avidity of appetites which the keen Patagonian air had stimulated to an unusual extent.

"By the time dinner was over night had set in. The moon had risen, and the clear, starlit sky gave assuring promises of a continuance of fine weather. A slight breeze stirred the branches overhead, and in the distance we could hear the lowing of the cattle on the plains and the faint tinkling of the bells of the brood-mares. The strange novelty of the scene seemed to influence us all, and the men smoked their pipes in silence. Before going to bed I went for a short stroll to the shores of a broad lagoon which lay at the foot of the hill on which our camp was pitched. Its waters glittered brightly in the moonlight, but the woods which surrounded it were som-

ber and dark. Occasionally the sad, plaintive cry of a grebe broke the silence, startling me not a little the first time I heard it, for it sounds exactly like the wail of a human being in pain. Going back to the camp I found my companions preparing to go to bed, an example I was not slow to follow, and soon, wrapped up in our guanaco-fur robes, with our saddles for pillows, we were all fast asleep."

There was a short delay at Cabo Negro; and then the expedition got finally under way:

"Everything was now ready for our journey, and it was resolved that we should make a start the next morning. We were therefore up early, in order to help the guides as much as possible with the packing, which was quite a formidable undertaking. It took fully three hours to get our miscellaneous goods and chattels stowed away on the pack-horses, whose number was thirteen. At last, however, all was ready; we got into the saddle, and with a last glance at the beech-wood camp, which had grown quite familiar and homelike to us, we rode off, now fairly started on our journey into the unknown land that lay before us. We soon had our hands full to help the guides to keep the horses together, a rather difficult task. The mules, in particular, gave great trouble, and were continually leading the horses into mischief. At one time, as if by preconcerted signal, the whole troop dispersed in different directions into the wood, and there, brushing through the thick underwood, many of the pack-horses upset their packs, and trampled on the contents, while some of the others turned tail, and coolly trotted back to the pasture-ground they had just left at Cabo Negro.

"All this was very provoking, but, with a little patience, and a good deal of swearing on the part of the guides, the refractory pack-horses were resaddled, the troop was got together again, and by dint of careful driving we at last got safely out of the wooded country, and emerged on the rolling pampa, where there was for some distance a beaten Indian track, along which the horses traveled with greater ease, till, gradually understanding what was required of them, they jogged on in front of us with tolerable steadiness and sobriety, which was only occasionally disturbed by such slight ebullitions as a free fight between two of the stallions, or an abortive attempt on the part of some hungry animal to make a dash for some particularly inviting-looking knoll of green grass at a distance off the line of our march.

"The country we were now crossing was of a totally different character to that we had left behind us. Not a tree or a shrub was to be seen anywhere, and while to the left of us lay the rugged range of the Cordilleras, in front and to the right an immense plain stretched away to the horizon, rising and falling occasionally in slight undulations, but otherwise completely and monotonously level. The ground, which was rather swampy, was covered with an abundance of coarse green grass, among which we could see flocks of wild geese grazing in great numbers. We passed several fresh-water lakes, covered

with wild-fowl, who flew up very wild at our approach. A hawk or two would occasionally hover over our heads, and once the dogs started off in pursuit of a little gray fox that had incautiously shown itself; but, except these, there was no sign of animal life on the silent, seemingly interminable plain before us.

"After we had ridden for several hours, we turned off to the left, facing the Cordilleras again, and soon the plain came to a sudden end, a broken country now appearing, over which we rode till nightfall, when we came in sight of the 'Despuntadero,' the extremity of Peckett's Harbor, an arm of the sea which runs for some distance inland. Here we were to camp for the night, and, as we were all rather tired and hungry after our long ride, we urged on our horses to cover the distance that still lay between us and our camping-place as quickly as possible. But to 'hasten slowly' would have been a wiser course in this case, as in most others. The rapid trot at which we now advanced disturbed the equilibrium of one of the packs, the cords holding which had already become slack, and down came the whole pack, iron pot, tin plates, and all, with an awful clatter, while the mare who carried it, terrified out of her wits, dashed off at a gallop, spurning with her heels her late encumbrances, and followed by the whole troop of her equally frightened companions.

"The pampa was strewn with broken bags; and rice, biscuits, and other precious stores lay scattered in all directions. When we had picked up what we could, and replaced the pack on the mare, who in the mean time had been caught again, we were further agreeably surprised by the sight of another packless animal galloping over the brow of a distant hill, followed at some distance by Gregorio, who was trying to lasso it; while L'Aria was descried in another direction, endeavoring to collect together another scattered section of our troop. Off we scampered to aid him, turning on the way to drive up one of the mares, whom we accidentally found grazing with her foal in a secluded valley, 'the guides forgetting, by the guides forgot.'

"By the time we got up to L'Aria, the obstinacy and speed of the refractory animals had evidently proved too much for him, inasmuch as we found him sitting under a bush philosophically smoking a pipe. In answer to our query as to what had become of the horses, he waved his hand vaguely in the direction of a distant line of hills, and we were just setting off on what we feared would prove a rather arduous quest, when a welcome tinkle suddenly struck our ears, and the troop reappeared from the depths of a ravine, driven up by Francisco, who had providentially come across them in time to intercept their further flight.

"It was quite dark as we rode down and pitched our camp by the shore of the inlet above mentioned, under the lee of a tall bluff, not far from a little pool of fresh water. After the tents had been set up, some of the men went to look for firewood, but there was a scarcity of that necessary in the region we were now in, and the little they could collect was half green.

However, we managed to make a very fair fire with it, and our dinner was soon cooked and eaten, whereupon we retired to rest.

"The next morning was fine, and we resolved to stop a day at our present encampment and have some shooting—game, as Gregorio informed us, being plentiful in that region. After a light breakfast we took our guns and started off in the direction of a group of fresh-water lakes which lay beyond a range of hills behind our camp. We were rewarded for our arduous climb by some excellent sport, wild geese, duck, etc., being very plentiful, and on our way back we crossed some marshy ground where there were some snipe, several brace of which we bagged. In the afternoon, it being rather hot and sultry, we refreshed ourselves with a bath in the sea, and then came dinner-time, and by half-past seven we were in bed and asleep.

"The following day we continued our journey northward. A long day's ride brought us to some springs, called 'Pozos de la Reina,' where we camped for the night. . . .

"The following day we left 'Pozos de la Reina,' and pushed forward as quickly as possible, as we had no meat left, and had not yet arrived in the country of the guanacos and ostriches. The Indians had very recently passed over all the ground we were now crossing, and, as usual, had swept away any game there might have been there.

"The range where guanaco really become plentiful is about eighty miles away from Sandy Point. Still we kept a good lookout, and any ostrich or guanaco that might have had the misfortune to show itself would have stood a poor chance of escape, with some eight or nine hungry dogs and a number of not less keen horsemen at its heels.

"But the day wore on, and we arrived at our destination empty-handed. The spot we camped at lay directly in front of Cape Gregorio, which was hazily visible in the distance. There was an abundance of wood in the locality, and, the Indian camp being not far off, we were conveniently situated in every respect, as we intended paying these interesting people a visit before continuing our journey."

The Patagonian Indians do not differ materially from Indians elsewhere, but the characteristics they possess are fully set forth by Lady Florence. The visit to the Indian camp is well described:

"After breakfast the horses were saddled, and, taking some sugar, tobacco, and other articles for bartering purposes, we set out for the Indian camp. We had not gone far when we saw a rider coming slowly toward us, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the presence of a real Patagonian Indian. We reined in our horses when he got close to us, to have a good look at him, and, he doing the same, for a few minutes we stared at him to our hearts' content, receiving, in return, as minute and careful a scrutiny from him. Whatever he may have thought of us, we thought him a singularly unprepossessing object, and, for the sake of his race, we hoped

an unfavorable specimen of it. His dirty, brown face, of which the principal feature was a pair of sharp, black eyes, was half-hidden by tangled masses of unkempt hair, held together by a handkerchief tied over his forehead, and his burly body was enveloped in a greasy guanaco-cap, considerably the worse for wear. His feet were bare, but one of his heels was armed with a little wooden spur, of curious and ingenious handiwork. Having completed his survey of our persons, and exchanged a few guttural grunts with Gregorio, of which the purport was that he had lost some horses and was on their search, he galloped away, and, glad to find some virtue in him, we were able to admire the easy grace with which he sat his well-bred-looking little horse, which, though considerably below his weight, was doubtless able to do its master good service.

"Continuing our way we presently observed several mounted Indians, sitting motionless on their horses, like sentries, on the summit of a tall ridge ahead of us, evidently watching our movements. At our approach they disappeared over the ridge, on the other side of which lay their camping-ground. Cantering forward we soon came in sight of the entire Indian camp, which was pitched in a broad valley-plain, flanked on either side by steep bluffs, and with a little stream flowing down its center. There were about a dozen big, hide tents, in front of which stood crowds of men and women, watching our approach with lazy curiosity. Numbers of little children were disporting themselves in the stream, which we had to ford in order to get to the tents. Two Indians, more inquisitive than their brethren, came out to meet us, both mounted on the same horse, and saluted us with much grinning and jabbering. On our arrival in the camp we were soon encircled by a curious crowd, some of whose number gazed at us with stolid gravity, while others laughed and gesticulated as they discussed our appearance in their harsh, guttural language, with a vivacious manner which was quite at variance with the received traditions of the solemn bent of the Indian mind. Our accoutrements and clothes seemed to excite great interest, my riding-boots, in particular, being objects of attentive examination, and apparently of much serious speculation. At first they were content to observe them from a distance, but presently a little boy was delegated by the elders to advance and give them a closer inspection. This he proceeded to do, coming toward me with great caution, and, when near enough, he stretched out his hand and touched the boots gently with the tips of his fingers. This exploit was greeted with roars of laughter and ejaculations, and, emboldened by its success, many now ventured to follow his example, some enterprising spirits extending their researches to the texture of my ulster, and one even going so far as to take my hand in his, while subjecting a little bracelet I wore to a profound and exhaustive scrutiny.

"While they were thus occupied I had leisure to observe their general appearance. I was not struck so much by their height as by their extraordinary development of chest and muscle. As regards their

stature, I do not think the average height of the men exceeded six feet, and, as my husband stands six feet two inches, I had a favorable opportunity for forming an accurate estimate. One or two there were, certainly, who towered far above him, but these were exceptions. The women were mostly of the ordinary height, though I noticed one who must have been quite six feet, if not more. The features of the pure-bred Tehuelche are extremely regular, and by no means unpleasant to look at. The nose is generally aquiline, the mouth well-shaped and beautified by the whitest of teeth, the expression of the eye is intelligent, and the form of the whole head affords a favorable index to their mental capabilities. These remarks do not apply to the Tehuelches in whose veins there is a mixture of Araucanian or Fuegian blood. The flat noses, oblique eyes, and badly proportioned figures of the latter make them most repulsive objects, and they are as different from a pure-bred Tehuelche in every respect as 'Wheel-of-Fortune' from an ordinary cart-horse. Their hair is long and coarse, and is worn parted in the middle, being prevented from falling over their faces by means of a handkerchief, or fillet of some kind, tied round the forehead. They have naturally little hair on the face, and such growth as may appear is carefully eradicated—a painful operation, which many extend even to their eyebrows. Their dress is simple, and consists of a 'chiripá,' a piece of cloth round the loins, and the indispensable guanaco-cap, which is hung loosely over the shoulders and held round the body by the hand, though it would obviously seem more convenient to have it secured round the waist with a belt of some kind. Their horse-hide boots are only worn, for reasons of economy, when hunting. The women dress like the men except as regards the chiripá, instead of which they wear a loose kind of gown beneath the cap, which they fasten at the neck with a silver brooch or pin. The children are allowed to run about naked till they are five or six years old, and are then dressed like their elders. Partly for ornament, partly also as a means of protection against the wind, a great many Indians paint their faces, their favorite color, as far as I could see, being red, though one or two I observed had given the preference to a mixture of that color with black, a very diabolical appearance being the result of this combination.

"The Tehuelches are a race that is fast approaching extinction, and even at present it scarcely numbers eight hundred souls. They lead a rambling, nomadic existence, shifting their camping-places from one region to another whenever the game in their vicinity gets shy or scarce. It is fortunate for them that the immense numbers of guanaco and ostriches make it an easy matter for them to find subsistence, as they are extremely lazy, and, plentiful as game is around them, often pass two or three days without food rather than incur the very slight exertion attendant on a day's hunting.

"But it is only the men who are cursed or blessed with this indolent spirit. The women are indefatigably industrious. All the work of Tehuelche exist-

ence is done by them, except hunting. When not employed in ordinary household work they busy themselves in making guanaco-capas, weaving gay-colored garters and fillets for the hair, working silver ornaments, and so forth. Not one of their least arduous tasks is that of collecting firewood, which, always a scarce article, becomes doubly hard to find—except by going great distances—when they camp long in one place.

"But, though treated thus unfairly as regards the division of labor, the women can by no means complain of want of devotion to them on the part of the men. Marriages are matters of great solemnity with them, and the tie is strictly kept. Husband and wife show great affection for one another, and both agree in extravagant love of their offspring, which they pet and spoil to their hearts' content.

"The most prominent characteristic of the Tehuelche is his easy-going good-humor, for, whereas most aboriginal races incline to silence and saturnine gravity, he is all smiles and chatter. The other good qualities of the race are fast disappearing under the influence of 'aquadiente,' to the use of which they are getting more and more addicted, and soon, it is to be feared, they will become nothing more than a pack of impoverished, dirty, thieving ragamuffins. . . .

"The Indians were about to make their annual visit to Sandy Point, where they go to obtain the rations of sugar, tobacco, etc., allowed to them by the Chilean Government, and to barter with the inhabitants for the luxuries of civilization in exchange for furs and ostrich-feathers, at which transactions, as they are seldom sober during their stay outside the colony, they generally get worsted by the cunning white man. Our curiosity regarding the Indians being satisfied, and having obtained all the meat we could from them, we now turned homeward."

Our travelers proceeded northward, eager to reach the hunting-grounds of the guanaco and the ostrich, but we can now only glance at their more important adventures. The want of meat soon became quite a serious matter: the dogs were getting weak, and the stores on which they had to rely solely for food were fast disappearing. Upon reaching grounds where the guanaco was to be looked for, they determined to devote the following day exclusively to the pursuit of this game. We will let Lady Florence describe their success in her own words:

"It is marvelous how the ordinary excitement of hunting is increased when, as in our case, one's dinner depends on one's success; and it was with feelings almost of solemnity that, early in the morning, we selected and saddled our best horses, sharpened our hunting-knives, slung our rifles, and, followed by the dogs, who knew perfectly well that real earnest sport was meant, threaded the beech-wood and rode up on to the plateau, where, according to the unanimous assurance of the guides, we could not fail to meet with guanaco.

"L'Aria and Storer having been left behind to

look after the camp, our hunting-party numbered seven. In order to cover as much ground as possible, we spread out in a line, extending over about two miles, and in this order we cantered northward from the valley, carefully scanning the plain, which stretched flat away for a good distance, but apparently as bare of guanaco as it was of grass. The weather, unlike that of the preceding day, was very cold, and a bitterly sharp wind blew right into our faces, making those of our number who had neglected to bring their great-coats or furs very uncomfortable. This, however, was a trifling matter, if only those good guanacos would obligingly make their appearance! But evidently nothing was further from their minds, and we rode over the plain, mile after mile, with hopes which, like the thermometer, were gradually sinking toward zero. As time went on, the haze which bound the plateau at our approach solidified itself into an escarpment. In due time this was reached, and I rode up it, expecting to find another plain on its summit as usual. Instead, however, a broken, hilly country appeared in view, crossed in all directions by ravines. I looked eagerly about, but still no guanaco. Our line of advance, meantime, lost its order, owing to the changed nature of the ground, and frequently I lost sight of all my companions, as I descended into a ravine, or rode round the base of some tall hillock; but it was never long before I caught a glimpse of one or other of them again.

"The wind got colder and colder, a white cloud crept up on the horizon, and grew and grew, sweeping swiftly toward me, till I suddenly found myself enveloped in a furious hail-storm. I came to a standstill, and covered up my head to protect myself from the hailstones, which were very large. The squall did not last long, but when I looked up again I found the whole country was whitened over, an atmospheric freak having created a dreary winter landscape in the middle of summer. Suddenly I started; close to me stood, perfectly motionless, and staring me full in the face, a tall guanaco. I was so startled and surprised that for the space of a minute I sat quietly returning his stare. A movement of my horse broke the spell. The guanaco darted up the side of a hill like lightning, and, pausing a moment on its summit, disappeared. I meanwhile had unslung my rifle, and was off in pursuit of him. Instead of climbing the hill, I rode quickly round its base, and on the other side, as I had expected, I discovered my friend looking upward, no doubt thinking I should appear by the same road he had come. I had the selfishness, though I am sure sportsmen will excuse it, to wish to kill the first guanaco myself, and I was therefore by no means displeased to find that my companions had not as yet perceived us. With a beating heart I dismounted and walked slowly toward the guanaco, who, though he saw me coming, still remained quietly standing. My weapon was a light rook-rifle, but, though an excellent arm, it did not carry more than one hundred and fifty yards with precision, and I was now something over one hundred and eighty yards from my prey. He

allowed me to advance till within the required distance, but then, to my disgust, just as I was preparing to fire, leisurely walked on another thirty or forty yards before he stopped again, watching me the while, as it seemed, with an amused look of impertinence, which aggravated me considerably. I slowly followed him, vowing to fire the moment I was within range, whether he moved or not. This time I was more successful. The guanaco allowed me to come within about the necessary one hundred and fifty yards. 'Poor fellow!' I murmured generously, as I brought my rifle up to my shoulder and took aim just behind his. Only one step forward to make quite certain. Alas! I took it, and down I went into a hole, which in my eagerness I had not noticed, falling rather heavily on my face. In a second I was up again, just in time to see the guanaco bounding up a far escarpment, taking with him my chance of becoming the heroine of the day. There was nothing for it but to walk back to where I had left my horse, and see what had become of my companions.

"I took the same road the guanaco had taken, on the remote possibility of falling in with him again. Riding up the escarpment above referred to, I came on to a broad plain, and there an exciting chase was going on, in which, as it appeared, I was condemned to take the part of a spectator only. At some distance, and going across my line of sight, was a guanaco running at full speed, closely followed by a pack of dogs, in whose track, but some way behind, galloped three horsemen, whom I made out to be my husband, and brother, and Gregorio. The guanaco at first seemed to be losing ground, but it was only for an instant; in another he bounded away with ease, and it was apparent that as yet he was only playing with his pursuers. The pace soon began to tell on the dogs; the less speedy were already beginning to tail off, one of them, probably Gregorio's swift Pié-de-Plata, being far in advance of its comrades, and by no means to be shaken off by the guanaco, who had now given up any playful demonstrations of superiority, and had settled down to run in good earnest.

"On, on they go—quarry, dogs, horsemen, will soon be out of sight. But what's this? The guanaco has stopped! Only for a moment, though. But he has swerved to the left, and behind him a new dog and horseman have appeared on the scene, emerging, as if by magic, from the bowels of the earth. The chase is now better under my view. If some lucky chance would only bring the guanaco my way! The fresh dog is evidently discomforting him, and his having had to swerve has brought all the other dogs a good bit nearer to his heels. But on he goes, running bravely, and making for the escarpment, for in the hilly country below he knows he is at an advantage. The dogs seem to be aware of this too, for they redouble their efforts, a splendid race ensuing. Suddenly another horseman appears on the plateau, and the unfortunate guanaco must again swerve to the left, a movement which, hurrah! brings him almost facing toward where I am

standing. That is to say, he must cross the escarpment at some point on a line between myself and the new-comer, the other horsemen, from the manner the race had been run, forming a circle in his rear, which debarred his escape in any other direction. Seeing this, wild with excitement, I dug my spurs into my horse, and flew along the edge of the escarpment, the horseman on the other side doing the same, in order to shut out the guanaco and throw him back on his foes behind. Seeing his last chance about to be cut off, he redoubled his efforts to get through between us. On, on we strain. Nearer and nearer he gets to the edge of the plain, and already, with despair, I see that I shall be too late. But, faster even than the swift guanaco, a gallant blackhound has crept up, and in another instant, though the former dashes past me within a yard of my horse's nose and disappears over the side of the escarpment, the good dog has already made its spring, and, clinging like grim death to the guanaco's haunch, vanishes with him.

"After them, in another instant, swept the whole quarry of dogs, and by the time I reined in, and got my horse down the steep ravine-side, they had thrown the guanaco, which Pié-de-Plata had brought to a standstill below; and Francisco, the horseman who had last appeared on the plateau, and at so opportune a moment, had already given the *coup-de-grace* with his knife.

"One after another the other hunters gradually arrived, their horses more or less blown; and, while pipes were lit and flasks produced, we had leisure to examine this, our first guanaco. Looking at his frame, his long, powerful legs, his deep chest, and body as fine-drawn almost as a greyhound's, we no longer wondered that guanacos run as swiftly as they do. Indeed, this one would have laughed at us, had he not been closed in as he was. The fur of the full-grown guanaco is of a woolly texture, and in color of a reddish-brown on the back, the neck, and the quarters; being whitish on the belly and the inner sides of the legs. The head closely resembles that of a camel; the eyes, which have a strange look on account of the peculiar shape of the eye-bones, are very large and beautiful. A fair-sized guanaco weighs from one hundred and eighty to two hundred pounds."

They soon reached a more rugged and hilly country than any they had crossed previously, while now the sun shone down upon them with all the intensity of summer heat. They arrived at a small lake called Laguna Blanca, or the White Lake, where they encamped, and next morning experienced an earthquake, something very unusual in this land:

"The sun was rather high in the heavens when I opened my eyes the next morning, and, pulling aside the flap of the tent, looked out upon the scene. All our camp was still wrapped in sleep save I'Aría, who was sitting over the fire smoking his pipe, while he watched the kettle boiling, in placid expectation

of his morning coffee. The plains below were silent; but the air was noisy with the cries of the flocks of geese and wild duck, who were winging their flight from the lake toward the rich fields of cranberries farther inland. The sharp quack of the ibis would occasionally startle me, as a bevy of these birds passed seemingly just over my head, but, in reality, far up in the air.

"From the contemplation of this scene I was suddenly and rudely awakened. A loud, rumbling sound rose on the air; and, before I had time to wonder what it could mean, a heaving of the ground, resembling a sea-swell, sent me flying on my back, and, as by magic, the silent camp became alive with shouts of fear and wonder, as everybody rushed out of the tents in dismay. The shocks occurred again and again, but each time weaker, and in about five minutes they had ceased altogether, but it was some time before we recovered our equanimity. This was the first time I had ever experienced an earthquake, and such a sickly sensation of helplessness as comes over one during the heaving up and down of the earth would, I should think, be hard to equal. Our guides told us that none of them had ever felt an earthquake in Patagonia before, nor had they ever heard of one having taken place."

The day of this adventure they prepared for their first ostrich-hunt:

"Breakfast over, it was agreed that we should separate into two parties, one for the purpose of ostrich-hunting, while the other should devote its energies to the pursuit of the guanaco. My husband and Mr. B. preferring the latter chase, rode off with their rifles, together with Gregorio and Guillaume, toward the hilly country we had crossed the day before.

"As soon as they were gone, my brother and I, with François, started off along a ridge of hills which exactly faced our camp, and which sloped down into the plains below. We were followed by four ostrich-hounds, and were mounted on the best and fleetest horses we could select out of our tropilla. The little animal that I bestrode could not have exceeded fifteen hands. He was a high-spirited little bay with a white blaze down his face, and three white legs. He would clamber up precipitous places where the stones and rocks crumbled and gave way beneath his feet, or canter down a steep decline and jump the wide gullies with the greatest ease. As we galloped along the smoother ground which intervened between the hills, and which was deeply undermined by hundreds of holes of the 'tuca-tuca' (prairie-rat), his activity in avoiding a fall astonished me. My brother was equally well mounted on a long, low, clever black, who had the reputation of great speed; while François rode a well-shaped brown, with handsome, arching neck and tiny head.

"As we rode silently along, with our eyes well about us, in the hopes of sighting an ostrich, my horse suddenly shied at something white lying on the ground at a few paces distant. Throwing the reins over his head, I dismounted and walked toward the

spot. Among some long grass I discovered a deserted nest of an ostrich containing ten or eleven eggs, and, calling François to examine them, was greatly chagrined to find that none of them were fresh. With the superstition of an ostrich-hunter, François picked up a feather lying close at hand, and, sticking it in his cap, assured us that this was a good sign, and that it would not be long before we came across one of these birds.

"His prediction was speedily verified, for on reaching the summit of a little hill, up which we had slowly and stealthily proceeded, two small gray objects suddenly struck my eye. I signed to François and my brother, who were riding some twenty yards behind me, and, putting spurs to my horse, galloped down the hill toward the two gray objects I had perceived in the distance. 'Choo! choo!' shouted François, a cry by which the ostrich-hunters cheer their dogs on, and intimate to them the proximity of game. Past me like lightning the four eager animals rushed, bent on securing the prey which their quick sight had already detected.

"The ostriches turned one look on their pursuers, and the next moment they wheeled round, and, making for the plain, scudded over the ground at a tremendous pace.

"And now, for the first time, I began to experience all the glorious excitement of an ostrich-hunt. My little horse, keen as his rider, took the bit between his teeth, and away we went up and down the hills at a terrific pace. On and on flew the ostriches, closer and closer crept up 'Leona,' a small, red, half-bred Scotch deerhound, with 'Loca,' a wiry black lurcher, at her heels, who in turn was closely followed by 'Apiscuña' and 'Sultan.' In another moment the little red dog would be alongside the ostriches. Suddenly, however, they twisted right and left respectively, scudding away in opposite directions over the plain, a feint which of course gave them a great advantage, as the dogs in their eagerness shot forward a long way before they were able to stop themselves. By the time they had done so the ostriches had got such a start that, seeing pursuit was useless, we called the dogs back. We were very much disappointed at our failure, and in no very pleasant frame of mind turned our horses' heads in the direction of our camp."

As the hunters rode along, they were surprised by the sudden appearance of a man on horseback, whom they first supposed to be an Indian, but who proved to be a Chilean who had abandoned civilized life and taken up his abode with the Indians. He was dressed in a guanaco robe, and his long black hair, his face, legs, and hands tanned to a coffee color, gave him no little resemblance to the natives. The Chilean rode with them to the camp, and, over pipes and coffee that night, a council was held by the whole party as regards ostrich-hunting for the morrow.

"The Chilean suggested the forming of a circle, and professed himself willing, in return for our hos-

pitality, to remain another day and join in the affair. Forming a circle is the method by which the Indians nearly always obtain game. It is formed by lighting fires round a large area of ground, into which the different hunters ride from all sides. A complete circle of blazing fires is thus obtained, and any game found therein is pretty sure to become the prey of the dogs, as no ostrich or guanaco will face a fire. Wherever they turn they see before them a column of smoke, or are met by dogs and horsemen. Escape becomes almost impossible, and it is not long before they grow bewildered and are captured. In anticipation of a hard day's work on the morrow, we hereupon broke up our council of war, and turned in at an earlier hour than usual.

"Next morning, the horses being all ready, we lost no time in springing into the saddle, leaving Storer to take charge of the camp. For about half an hour we followed Gregorio and the Chilian along a line of broken hillocks, after which, calling a halt, we sent forward Guillaume and I'aria to commence the first and most distant proceedings of the circle. They departed at a brisk canter, and it was not long before several rising columns of smoke testified that they were already busily engaged. The next to compose the center circle were my husband, Francois, and Mr. B., shortly after supported on the right by the Chilian and my brother. Immediately on their left Gregorio and myself commenced operations, and soon a distinct circle of fires might be seen springing quickly up from all points. I could not help being greatly impressed with the novel sight now before me. From the high plain we were on I could look over miles and miles of untrodden desert-land, where countless herds of guanaco were roaming in peaceful, lazy ease. In the distance towered the peaks of the Andes, wrapped in their cloak of mystery, lonely and unexplored. The huge columns of smoke and the lurid flames of the circle-fires lent a wild appearance to the thrilling scene, to which the frightened knots of guanacos, which were hurrying to escape from the circle and the eager, galloping horsemen, lent additional active animation.

"For some time Gregorio and I rode slowly and silently on our way, when a sudden unexpected bound which my horse gave all but unseated me. 'Avestruz! Avestruz!' shouted Gregorio, and turned his horse with a quick movement. 'Choo! choo! Plata!' I cry to the dog who followed at my horse's heels, as a fine male ostrich scudded away toward the hills we had just left with the speed of lightning. Plata has sighted him, and is straining every limb to reach the terrified bird. He is a plucky dog and a fleet one, but it will take him all his time to come alongside that great raking ostrich as he strides away in all the conscious pride of his strength and speed. 'We shall lose him!' I cry, half mad with excitement, spurring my horse, who is beginning to gasp and falter as the hill up which we are struggling grows steeper and steeper. But the ostrich suddenly doubles to the left, and commences a hurried descent. The cause is soon explained, for, in the direction

toward which he has been making, a great cloud of smoke rises menacingly in his path, and, balked of the refuge he had hoped to find amid the hills, the great bird is forced to alter his course, and make swiftly for the plains below. But swiftly as he flies along, so does Plata, who finds a down-hill race much more suited to his splendid shoulders and rare stride. Foot by foot he lessens the distance that separates him from his prey, and gets nearer and nearer to the fast-sinking, fast-tiring bird. Away we go, helter-skelter down the hill, unchecked and undefeated by the numerous obstacles that obstruct the way. Plata is alongside the ostrich, and gathers himself for a spring at the bird's throat. 'He has him, he has him!' I shout to Gregorio, who does not reply, but urges his horse on with whip and spur. 'Has he got him, though?' Yes—no—the ostrich, with a rapid twist, has shot some thirty yards ahead of his enemy, and, whirling round, makes for the hills once more. And now begins the struggle for victory. The ostrich has decidedly the best of it, for Plata, though he struggles gamely, does not like the up-hill work, and at every stride loses ground. There is another fire on the hill above, but it lies too much to the left to attract the bird's attention, who has evidently a safe line of escape in view in that direction. On, on we press; on, on flies the ostrich; bravely and gamely struggles in its wake poor Plata. 'Can he stay?' I cry to Gregorio, who smiles and nods his head. He is right, the dog can stay, for hardly have the words left my lips when, with a tremendous effort, he puts on a spurt, and races up alongside the ostrich. Once more the bird points for the plain; he is beginning to falter, but he is great and strong, and is not beaten yet. It will take all Plata's time and cunning to pull that magnificent bird to the ground, and it will be a long, fierce struggle ere the gallant creature yields up his life. Unconscious of anything but the exciting chase before me, I am suddenly disagreeably reminded that there is such a thing as caution, and necessity to look where you are going to, for, putting his foot in an unusually deep tuca-tuca hole, my little horse comes with a crash upon his head, and turns completely over on his back, burying me beneath him in a hopeless muddle. Fortunately, beyond a shaking, I am unhurt, and, remounting, endeavor to rejoin the now somewhat distant chase. The ostrich, Gregorio, and the dog have reached the plain, and as I gallop quickly down the hill I can see that the bird has begun doubling. This is a sure sign of fatigue, and shows that the ostrich's strength is beginning to fail him. Nevertheless it is a matter of no small difficulty for one dog to secure his prey, even at this juncture, as he can not turn and twist about as rapidly as the ostrich. At each double the bird shoots far ahead of his pursuer, and gains a considerable advantage. Away across the plain the two animals fly, while I and Gregorio press eagerly in their wake. The excitement grows every moment more intense, and I watch the close struggle going on with the keenest interest. Suddenly the stride of the bird grows slower, his doubles become more frequent,

showers of feathers fly in every direction as Plata seizes him by the tail, which comes away in his mouth. In another moment the dog has him by the throat, and for a few minutes nothing can be distinguished but a gray, struggling heap. Then Gregorio dashes forward and throws himself off his horse, breaks the bird's neck, and when I arrive upon the scene the struggle is over. The run had lasted for twenty-five minutes."

The result of the day's sport was five large ostriches. At dinner-time they passed judgment on ostrich-meat, which they now tasted for the first time. They thought it excellent, pronouncing the breast and wings particularly good, the latter much resembling pheasant. Shortly after this event they encountered a much more formidable animal, the South American puma:

"As we were approaching the spot where we intended camping, one of the mules, which was heading the troop, suddenly turned and dashed away, and in another instant the whole troop broke up and dispersed, galloping in all directions. What was the cause of this stampede? We pressed quickly forward, but nothing stirred in the long grass, though we scoured everywhere. We were baffled for a minute. 'It's a puma somewhere,' said Gregorio. The words were hardly out of his mouth when a loud view-holloa rent the air. 'There he goes—there he goes!' shouted two or three of our party in chorus, and, sure enough, there he was going—a mighty, yellow puma—slouching swiftly away at some distance to our left, with my brother following close on his track. For us all to gallop after and come up within ten yards of the puma was the work of a moment, but to get nearer than ten yards or so was quite another matter, as our horses were quivering with fright, and with difficulty were kept from turning tail and bolting from the dread presence of their mortal enemy. Meanwhile the puma, finding himself surrounded, lay sullenly down, eying us with dogged hate, and scarcely seeming to heed the presence of the dogs, who were growling furiously at him at a respectful distance from his claws. Finding it useless to try to approach on horseback, my brother dismounted, and, a rifle being at hand, took steady aim at the crouching animal and fired. Simultaneous with the report, with outstretched paws and a deep growl, the puma sprang forward, and then fell heavily to the ground, while our horses, becoming wholly unmanageable, reared up and fairly bolted. When we again got control of them, nothing would induce them to return to the spot where the now lifeless body of the puma lay, and we had to dismount and walk there. Very fierce and dangerous it looked; and, at the sight of its ponderous paws with their sharp talons and its cruel, white teeth, we wondered whether, if it knew its own powers, the puma would be such a cowardly animal as it is. They scarcely ever attack man, even when brought to bay, but lie down and doggedly meet their fate, though they can kill a full-grown guanaco with one blow of the paw, and pull down a horse with similar ease."

Some days later, as they approached the Cordilleras, they shot another puma, one of the mountain breed, alleged to be fiercer than those of the plains:

"The air was heavy and sultry, a hot, dry wind blew over the plains, whirling up clouds of fine dust, and the mountain-chain was half-hidden by dark masses of clouds of threatening aspect. . . . A slight diversion presently occurred by the appearance of an animal whose claims to our polite and immediate attention were not to be denied. This was an enormous puma, who suddenly sprang up from the midst of our cavalcade, sending the mules and luggage-horses stampeding away in all directions. True to its cowardly nature, the animal slouched hurriedly off, and disappeared down the side of a ravine. Quick as thought we pursued it, but, fast as we galloped, not a trace of it was to be seen. At a short distance from where we stood, eagerly searching for the vanished animal, I perceived a small bush growing, the only one for miles round, and to this I pointed as the probable place where the brute had sought a hiding-place. We lost no time in galloping toward the spot, and the terrified snorting of our horses, when we drew near, assured us of the correctness of my surmise, and put us on our guard.

"We caught sight of him, as he crouched with angry, glowing eyes, and an expression on his face which, on discovering that none of us carried a rifle, was the reverse of reassuring, especially as we knew from our guides that, for some reason or other, these Cordillera pumas are fiercer than their kindred of the plains, and often attack their assailants—a piece of temerity the latter have never been known to be capable of.

"Fortunately, at this moment, my husband came up with a gun, though indeed it was only loaded with small shot. Dismounting hastily, he approached within eight or nine yards of the growling animal. Bang! bang! went his gun, and, through the cloud of smoke, we saw the puma jump up in the air and fall backward on the bush. For a moment or two it rolled about in the throes of death, and then, with a last growl, stretched itself slowly out, and lay still. Gregorio, who arrived at this moment, set to work at once to remove its skin. The guides all declared it to be the biggest puma they had ever seen. The skin, which adorns the floor of the room where I am at present writing, measures exactly nine feet from the tip of the tail to the point of the nose."

Our adventurers reached the mountains, and spent some days in making short excursions into the different gorges that stretch inward for many miles. In their solitary wanderings they came across no sign or vestige of the haunts of human beings, and the animals that crossed their paths were few and far between. Occasionally they would catch a glimpse of a guanaco, and now and again a wild horse would peer at them suspiciously from behind a rock, and then, with a neigh of astonishment, dart hurriedly off. In one

of the valleys which they penetrated, the woods closed in on all sides, and high masses of rock rose from out their leafy tops, not unlike great castles or ruined strongholds. Frequently the brushwood became so dense that they had to dismount and creep through the openings made by their horses. The description of the scenery in these solitary recesses is of the greatest interest. All the attraction of Alpine country—savage gorges, foaming rivers, glaciers, forests, and towering cliffs tipped with snow—seemed to be there. In one of their excursions our Amazon shot a deer under circumstances which we will let her relate :

"Proceeding at a quicker rate than my companions, I was soon far ahead of them ; and in fear of being lost, and anxious to avoid such an unpleasant *contretemps*, I drew rein, and, dismounting, sat down to await their arrival. Presently a cracking sound as of sticks breaking close to me attracted my attention. Looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I espied a species of deer, of a dark golden color, eyeing me with extreme astonishment. He was a fine buck, with beautiful branching antlers, and large, dark, languishing eyes. Close behind him cautiously peered two does, and a little farther off I could make out several other animals of the same kind.

"How I longed for a rifle!—but of this firearm I knew we had not brought one with us, and, though I had a gun, it was not at hand, and was being carried by Storer. Crawling away from the spot as quietly as I could, I placed a good hundred yards between myself and the place from which I had first caught sight of these animals, and then, springing to my feet, ran as hard as I could in the direction I judged my companions were coming. As soon as they came in sight I endeavored by signs to get them to halt. They quickly perceived me, and, guessing what I wanted, immediately drew rein and waited for me to come up. I lost no time in informing them of the discovery I had made, and, taking my gun, proceeded to regain as quietly and stealthily as possible the spot I had lately quitted. The rest of my companions remained stationary, waiting for the report of my gun, which was to bring them all up.

"Yes, there he was, a beautiful animal, still in the same attitude of inquiring curiosity in which I had left him. Anxious to avoid spoiling the head, I took aim behind the shoulder, and fired. The report was followed by a crashing sound in the direction in which I had fired. Into the glade some half-dozen deer bounded, and like lightning disappeared into the opposite wood. When the smoke cleared away I perceived the one at which I had fired on his knees, evidently unable to proceed. Full of anxiety to place the poor beast out of his agony I fired a second barrel at him, which had the effect of knocking him over. Springing up immediately, however, he walked slowly away, seemingly unconcerned and unhurt. I could not make

out what was the matter with myself and my gun. He had evidently been hit both times, and yet seemed to be perfectly unconcerned at the whole thing. I could not bring myself to fire again, but Gregorio did with his revolver, and broke the unfortunate animal's leg. Limping away on three, he went and lay down under an overhanging rock, appearing more stupefied than in pain. Disgusted at such butchery, I begged one of my companions, all of whom had come up, to dispatch the unfortunate beast, and my husband, going close up to him, placed his revolver within a foot of the deer's forehead and fired. Slowly it sank forward, stunned and apparently lifeless, but, when we came alongside it, it was still breathing, and there was no mark to show that the bullet had penetrated the skull. Here François came to our aid, and, with the help of his hunting-knife, the poor creature was put out of his misery.

"During our stay in the Cordilleras we frequently came across these deer ; but our experience of their tameness, the great difficulty of killing them, and the utter absence of sport which lay therein, prevented us from ever again attempting to bring another down. The flesh was decidedly good, and much to be appreciated after the monotonous diet of ostrich and guanaco meat ; but, even with this inducement at hand, the golden deer of the Cordilleras remained unmolested and sacred in our eyes for the rest of the time we remained in their hitherto undisturbed and peaceful solitudes. If regret could atone for that death, of which I unfortunately was the cause, then it has long ago been forgiven ; for, for many a day I was haunted by a sad remorse for the loss of that innocent and trusting life, which had hitherto remained in ignorance of the annihilating propensities of man—that man who, directly he sees something beautiful and rare, becomes filled with the desire to destroy."

We see, after all, that our heroine was not without feminine touches—the first indication in the book that she was inferior to her male companions in any of the requirements of the hunt. With one more adventure, and this a striking one, we must end :

"One evening, after dinner, we were all sitting round the camp-fire, discussing coffee, when I'aria, who had gone to have a last look at the horses before turning in, came running back, and announced that he could see the Indians coming down the valley in great numbers. We immediately jumped up and hurried out to inspect the new arrivals, not a little annoyed at the prospect of our privacy being intruded upon by these unwelcome guests.

"Looking up the valley, we saw a dark mass moving slowly toward us. Presently it came nearer, and Gregorio, looking at it closely for a moment, said excitedly : 'That's not the Indians, but a herd of wild horses ; we had better look out for our own !' An extraordinary commotion was indeed visible among our animals. They were running to and fro, evidently in a state of great perturbation,

now collecting together in a knot, now dispersing at a gallop over the valley, neighing and whinnying shrilly.

"As Gregorio spoke, one of the wild horses detached itself from the main troop and galloped at full speed toward our horses. 'Quick! quick! your rifles, or we shall lose our tropilla,' shouted Gregorio, in evident alarm; and, though we did not quite understand the full extent of our danger, we ran for our rifles, and started off as quick as we could to get between the wild horses and our own, Gregorio explaining, as we ran along, that the wild stallion, if we did not stop him, would drive off our troop, and leave us in the most perilous plight. Of course nothing more was needed to urge us on to our utmost speed, to avert the threatening danger. But the stallion flew like the wind toward our horses, who were now all huddled together in a corner of the valley, and we could scarcely hope to be in time to save them. Suddenly he staggered and fell; he had got into a bog. In the few seconds he lost in extricating himself we had time to get within range. Bang! bang! bang! went our rifles, but, unscathed, he sped on, and was soon within twenty yards of our terrified animals, and far in front of us. 'We are lost!' cried the guides simultaneously; and, filled with dismay, we all stood still, perfectly paralyzed at the thought of the position we should be in without horses, three hundred miles away from Sandy Point.

"But at this moment Gregorio's big bay stallion, the master of the troop, rushed out to meet the enemy, both halting when they met, and fronting one another. Thankful for this diversion in our favor, we again ran forward, in hopes of being able to get up before Gregorio's stallion should have been compelled to fly, as the superior size of his adversary left no doubt he would ultimately have to do. In the mean time the two animals, after pawing the air for a second or two, made a dash at one another and engaged in a fierce combat, carried on chiefly with their teeth, though occasionally they would rise on their hind-legs and fight with their fore-feet. Our horses, not daring to stir, watched them on one side, and the wild herd, which had meanwhile trotted up close to the field of battle, looked on from the other side, apparently deeply interested in the issue of the struggle.

"We hurried along as quick as we could, though, unfortunately, we could make but slow progress, encumbered as we were with our rifles, and retarded by the long grass. Meanwhile—another misfortune—we discovered that, beyond three bullets my husband happened to have had in his pocket when we started, and which we had fired off in the first volley, no one had brought any ammunition, this essential having been overlooked in the hurry and excitement of the moment. Hoping we should be able to cope with the stallion, should we get up in time, with our revolvers, we pressed on, our eyes fixed on the two combatants, the endurance of our champion being now our only chance. He was evidently already worsted, and any second might turn tail and fly. Still, he fought on, and still we drew nearer and nearer.

"Suddenly my brother, who was a little in front of us, seemed to fall. Running to him we found him up to the waist in a bog, which stretched up the valley between us and the horses. It was impossible to cross it; indeed, we had some difficulty in pulling him out. We had to run a good distance before we could get on to firmer ground; and, in the mean time, the battle went against our stallion, who suddenly turned tail and fled. After giving him a parting kick, the wild horse rushed at our troop, and began to drive them at a gallop toward his own, punishing with vicious bites and kicks any animal that showed signs of becoming refractory, or that did not go quick enough. The moment was critical. We strained every nerve to get between the two troops, as, if they once joined, our chances were hopeless. But for another unexpected diversion in our favor, our efforts would have been defeated. This diversion was the sudden reappearance on the scene of our stallion, who, at the sight of his retreating wives, had evidently once more screwed up his courage to the fighting-point.

"The combat that now ensued was fiercer even than the last one. Profiting by it, we got up to our horses, who had stood still again, and hurriedly drove them in front of us toward our camp. We had gone some distance when the wild stallion, having again proved victor, came swooping after us, neighing proudly, and evidently meaning mischief. We began to shout and wave our hands as he approached, in the hopes of driving him off. When within forty yards of us, he stopped, but continued to circle round us, stamping and pawing, and neighing angrily. Our object was to drive the horses up to the camp and get to our rifle ammunition, it being evident that the only way to relieve ourselves of this troublesome Don Juan was by dispatching him altogether. We soon got near to the camp, and shouted to T'Aria to bring us some bullets. At the report of the first shot the stallion fled in dismay, and with such rapidity that the two or three bangs we had at him missed their mark. He made straight for his own troop, who, during the whole performance, had stood in watchful expectation. The moment he reached them they all started off at a gallop, and, in the twinkling of an eye, swept up the steep escarpment on the far side of the valley and disappeared. Our horses were so frightened and bewildered by the day's events that they seemed to have little desire to graze, but stood quite quiet together for upward of an hour near the camp."

Our travelers experienced not a few discomforts, as may well be imagined. At times the mosquitoes were intolerable. The winds were often sharp and chilling. Game upon occasions was scarce, and once they were nearly starved. But no serious mishap befell them; and among their triumphs was the discovery of a magnificent lake in the Cordilleras, with the description of which we must close our article:

"The lake, which was two or three miles broad,

lay encircled by tall hills, covered with thick vegetation, which grew close down to the water's edge. Beyond the hills rose the three red peaks and the Cordilleras. Their white glaciers, with the white clouds resting on them, were all mirrored to marvelous perfection in the motionless lake, whose crystal waters were of the most extraordinarily brilliant blue I have ever beheld. Round the lake ran a narrow strip of white sand, and exactly in its center stood a little green island, with a clump of beeches growing on it. Each color—the white, the green, the blue—was so brilliant; the scene—the wooded hills, the glaciers rising into the blue above, and sinking mirrored into the blue below—was so unique, the spirit

of silence and solitude which lay over all so impressive, that for a long time we stood as if spellbound, none of us uttering a word. Suddenly we were startled by a rushing sound behind us, and, in another instant, making the air shake as it went, and almost touching me with the tip of its mighty wing, a condor swept past us, rising with rapid flight up, up, up into the air, we following him with our eyes till he became a mere speck on the sky, and finally disappeared, thousands of feet up in the air. This incident seemed to break the charm that held us silent, and we broke into a chorus of exclamations of praise and wonder as every second some new beauty in the scene before us struck our admiring gaze

THE VETERANS OF YESTERDAY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THIRD.

XIII.

IN 1830 there still existed a crowd of old soldiers who had served under the Republic and the Empire, and since the Restoration, in Spain and in Greece; men who knew how to load a gun, beat a drum, manœuvre field-pieces, march in sections—in order of battle—in a column of attack, etc.: therefore you may suppose that our National Guard at Phalsbourg was not difficult to form, in spite of the fact that there were certain old *bourgeois* who were determined not to put their noses out of their own doors.

As soon as the list of those citizens capable of bearing arms had been made out at the *mairie*, there was a grand meeting one Sunday morning, on the Place d'Armes, to nominate the officers, non-commissioned officers, and the drummers.

I, of course, was on the spot, for no military movement escaped my attention. I rushed to see everything with my comrades, whom I often warned of what was going on. On that day my friend Sébastien was not on the Place d'Armes; he had remained at home. A great number of the officers of the Empire had been replaced in their regiments, and had hastened to join them. My friend was past the age for actual service in the regular army, but hoped to be made captain in the National Guard; the two Colonels, Thomas and Metzinger, Baron Boyer, and the Commandant of the Old Guard, Michelair, not being of his own rank, his hope was reasonable.

But the great question was, who the Commandant would be.

I can still see the bustle on the Place d'Armes,

the evident agitation of every one there, peasants and citizens—in blouses, coats, straw hats, and cloth capes—whispering, consulting, and hurrying to and fro. All felt that the soldiers of the First Empire, the Veterans of the Old Guard, had a right to the highest positions.

They began by the lowest grades—corporals, quartermasters, sergeants, and sergeant-majors; then came the adjutants, the sub-lieutenants, the lieutenants, and so on. It seemed as if it would never come to an end.

The heat on the Square was something fearful; and, just as the great bell of the Hôtel-de-Ville rang for noon, I ran to my friend Florentin, as I suddenly remembered that it was our dinner-hour.

Frentzel was laying the table.

"How warm you are!" she said, as she wiped my face. "Where have you been?"

"On the Place d'Armes—they are choosing the lieutenants now, and next it will be the captains."

I noticed that Florentin was very pale; too proud to intrigue and too proud to accept an inferior rank to that which had been his, he waited the turn of events.

"That is good," he said, with a little nervous cough; "now sit down, my boy."

The dinner was a very silent one; my friend listened to every noise from without: the small windows were wide open and filled with pots of flowers. Through these windows came an occasional noise from the Place d'Armes—the roll of the drums after the nomination of each officer—and this old soldier, who would not have trembled before a battery of twenty-four guns, could not restrain an occasional start.

At last all was quiet; these distant noises ceased entirely; the nominations were evidently all made, but no one had come to say that Florentin had received any appointment.

After dinner, Frentzel, as usual, brought in coffee for my friend and the small decanter of *eau-de-vie*.

His lips were closely compressed, and he seemed to be very absent-minded. As I watched him I said to myself, "He has forgotten to dip a little bit of sugar into the brandy, as usual, for me!"

All at once we heard a great rolling of drums under the windows. Every drummer in the town was there, old Padone, the dentist, at the head, just as on New-Year's-day, when they went around from house to house. The whole street was in a shower of excitement. I ran to the window, and, looking out between the yellow wall-flowers and the roses, I cried out:

"There are all the officers, all the non-commissioned officers, and all the drummers of the National Guard!"

Turning quickly, I saw my friend Florentin standing just behind me, deady pale and very erect.

At the same moment the door opened, and the newly nominated captains, Ader and Rodolphe, appeared, followed by all the staff-officers.

Ader was the one to speak.

"I come in the name of all the citizens of Phalsbourg, Captain Florentin, and have the honor and the pleasure of announcing to you that you are elected Commandant of the National Guard—unanimously elected, with every vote but your own, *mon Commandant*."

Then Florentin drew a long breath, as if his head had been relieved of an enormous weight; and he answered with simple dignity:

"It is well, Captain Ader—I accept! And we will lose no time in drilling our men. We will begin to-morrow. I will go at once and see that our men receive their arms and equipments in good order, for which arms and equipments every man will hold himself responsible. There will be two hours' drill in the morning, from seven to nine, and two in the evening, from five to seven, either on the Place d'Armes or on the Champ de Mars. I will see the Colonel of the Eighteenth on this point. The sergeants and corporals will be present at all these drills, and will carefully superintend them. The officers on duty will make their reports to me daily—full and complete reports. All must be done with military discipline; I wish my men to know their platoon-drill perfectly, and in six weeks, which is quite time enough, if their hearts and minds are in their duty."

The men who had come with the news, and who, of course, expected thanks, and to see Florentin show some emotion when he learned that he was elected Commandant, were perfectly dumfounded; and he, seeing their surprise, changed his manner, and added, in a gayer tone:

"Officers and non-commissioned officers of the National Guard of Phalsbourg, your Commandant, Sébastien Florentin, invites you all to a rum-punch, given in honor of his nomination."

And turning toward Françoise:

"Frentzel!" he exclaimed, in a peremptory voice, "you heard, did you not? Pray hasten!—Gentlemen, be seated, if you please."

His voice was entirely changed; it had a ring in it as if he were once more at Valladolid. Then all brows were smoothed, and all the veterans who were present thought that the Commandant had spoken well, that he had said just what he ought to say, and that in two months' time he would have a battalion skilled not only in marching, but in the use of arms.

Frentzel, seeing that this was no time for remonstrance, immediately departed with her great basket to purchase eight bottles of rum. For this, and sugar and lemons, she went to my father's, and, while Florentin was waiting for her return, he called in the drummers; he opened the *escritoire*, and distributed Frentzel's entire reserve fund, consisting of about twenty francs, in silver change and copper sous, and bade them go and drink to his health. He told Padone that he had not rusted since 1815, and that he instantly knew his peculiar touch in the roll of the drum with which he had headed the procession.

Padone had tears in his eyes as he answered the Commandant, saying that the happiest moment of his life had been when he beat the charge before the Phalsbourgeois battalion, as at the assault of Saragossa, and the engagement of Bautzen, where a shell had disemboweled his drum. He added that all his men would drink the Commandant's health with joy, that he would answer for them, and finally they all marched off, shouting:

"Long live Commandant Florentin! Long live the National Guard of Phalsbourg!"

Florentin was perfectly radiant.

And thereupon Frentzel, who had made all possible speed, entered with a magnificent punch, to which Florentin himself set fire, and, as the old rum instantly blazed, he said with a smile:

"That was like the flash from a gun! A good sign, comrades, a very good sign. Let each man fill his glass.—Frentzel, you need not wait.—Rodolphe, I depute you to see that every man does his duty now."

"Very well, Commandant."

And, the glasses being filled, Florentin rose. "I drink to the next campaign," he cried; "it will not be long delayed—Saarlouis and Landau are waiting for us; and it is in those two places, comrades, that we will drink our second and our third punch. And you understand, of course, that we are the advance guard. We, on the frontier, have the precedence, as in 1792. To the health of all brave soldiers!"

They all repeated:

"To the health of all brave soldiers!"

The glasses rattled as they touched each other; and Florentin, seeing me, held out his glass after he had drunk from it, saying:

"Drink too, my boy—drink too! What a pity it is that you are not five or six years older—and I would take you with me as a drummer-boy!—but one can't have all one's pleasures together, I suppose. You will hear that music later—you must not be impatient—every one in turn!"

What more can I tell you? Never had I seen Florentin so happy, but his happiness did not cause him to forget his duties, and, when in about two hours the punch-bowl was empty, he rose from his chair and said, gravely:

"Gentlemen, it is time to attend to the distribution of arms, and I am going now to find the Commandant of the arsenal, to see that this is done without delay. To-morrow is the first roll-call; at seven o'clock, on the Place d'Armes. You understand, do you not?"

"Yes, Commandant," was the reply, and they separated.

Florentin put on his heavy coat, buttoned up to the chin, and, with his cane under his arm and his hat on his head, sallied forth. Frenzel and I were left alone. She had not yet discovered that her little hoard had been taken, but I thought to myself that there would be fine times when she found out this fact. She took up the empty bowl, and carried it with the glasses into the kitchen to wash. She was very thoughtful, and said not one word to me.

Coco, frightened for a time by all the noise and confusion, now began to chatter. Azor had trotted off at his master's heels.

I, too, trotted off, in my turn, to relate to my mother all the wonderful things I had seen and heard.

XIV.

THE next day, as soon as breakfast was over, my friend Florentin and I set forth for the Champ de Mars, just out of the town.

The distribution of arms had taken place the evening before at the arsenal, as well as that of knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, and sabers; consequently all these equipments were complete. Only, as a great number of peasants and work-

men could not buy a uniform, it had been decided that the funds of the National Guard should be drawn upon, and that every soldier should wear a blue blouse, a leather belt, and a small red bordered cap, and that he should, in addition, receive a pair of shoes on an order properly signed.

These preparations were made with all possible dispatch, every shoemaker and every tailor in Phalsbourg being set to work at once.

Awaiting the delivery of these articles, the drill had begun.

My friend and I had passed his garden on our way to the Champ de Mars. It was the loveliest day in the whole month of August; the trees were bending from their weight of plums, pears, and apples; the hedge was of the richest green; but Florentin did not seem to see anything—his thoughts were elsewhere.

We heard the quick commands, repeated by the echo from fort and bastion:

"One! two!—one! two!"

"Halt!"

"Right about, face!"

"Ground arms!"

And then:

"Carry arms!"

"Shoulder arms!"

As we went on, the tumult increased, and my friend's brow gradually relaxed.

When we reached a favorable position, Sébastien Florentin stood still, and contemplated the scene before him. The Champ de Mars, surrounded by orchards, was covered with men in citizens' garb, wearing shoulder-belts and cartridge-boxes, with swords at their sides, marching to and fro in little squads, being drilled by the sergeants, who held their guns horizontally, to maintain the regularity of the line, shouting until they were hoarse, "One! two!"

Farther off, against the cemetery hedge, was a company of the veterans, all formed and manœuvring, under the command of Lieutenant Benoit. What movement! what animation!—and all under a splendid sun, with mountains green as emeralds, and the shimmering crests of the Vosges in the distance against the horizon.

I think I was most pleased, however, with Mother Balais, who had been elected *cantinère* of the National Guard. She was seated by her little table, under an immense tricolored umbrella, with her cans and her pitchers, her loaves and her baskets of apples, all displayed before her. Her upper lip was shaded by a gray mustache, her scanty hair was braided in her neck like the mane of a horse, and, as she sat stiff and erect, she produced upon me the effect of being the queen of the *fête*.

Having taken in in one quick, comprehensive

glance every detail of the scene, Florentin started off, left foot first; I was close at his heels, but he thought no more of me; the ardor of his old profession now carried him away. He was like an old falcon from which the hood is lifted, and whose wings already begin to flutter. As he passed the squads, he stopped a moment, and then, with a frown, he called out to the sergeant:

"A little more energy, sergeant, if you please. One! two!—one! two!" And his voice, like the clarion-call of a bugle, rang out clear and shrill.

We finally reached the company of veterans, who were then at ease. He said a word or two to Lieutenant Benoit, then, taking the command of the company himself—

"Attention!" he said. "Carry arms!"

The movement was executed as by a single man.

"Shoulder arms!"

The same precision.

Florentin smiled.

"Good!" he said; "you have lost nothing. Hallo!—the third man in the second line—elbows in, shoulders back.—Charge!"

I have seen this sort of thing done all my life, while I was in the arms of my nurse, and afterward, but never have I seen military manoeuvres executed with such vigor and unanimity as by these veterans.

As Commandant Florentin had now only praise to offer, he bade Lieutenant Benoit continue, while he himself went on to inspect the other recruits.

He passed Mother Balais; and, as it was very warm, he said to me:

"Sit down there under the umbrella.—Mother Balais, give a little cake and an apple to this child, will you?"

"Yes, *mon Commandant*."

He went away, and I remained seated near Mother Balais, whose youth had returned to her, now that she was once more on the Champ de Mars, and heard the clash of arms as she had heard it twenty years before.

The men stacked their arms, and everybody hurried to snatch a mouthful and swallow a glass of wine. These were the first preparations for war, and each man hoped ardently that they would not end here. All desired to perfect themselves in their military duties, that they might be ready for the outbreak.

At nine o'clock this first lesson was over, and the troops of the Eighteenth, having come with their regimental band to take possession of the ground, the volunteers formed themselves in line to march back to the town. Mother Balais packed up her possessions, and they all started off to the beat of the drum.

Florentin and I were the last to leave the

field; we stood and watched our battalion move along the white and dusty high-road.

Then my friend turned to me with an air of triumph:

"Well, my boy, what do you think of that?"

I answered, boy-like, that it was splendid.

"Yes, indeed," said Florentin; "but wait one month, just one month. You will see then how they will march. One! two!—one! two!"

He laughed gayly, and then, taking me by the hand, he said, more gravely:

"Come—I must speak to your father."

My father had been made sergeant, but he had been detained in town by Captain Rodolphe on some business in connection with the battalion. All apparently was happily completed, for, when we reached the market-place, we saw him standing at his door.

He came down the three steps of his shop to salute Monsieur Florentin.

"You should be greatly pleased, Commandant," he said.

"And I am, Monsieur Pelerin—I am greatly pleased. But I must talk to you of a number of things—important things."

"Ah! Very well, then, come into the back shop."

Florentin obeyed. I was still with him; and then my friend, more disturbed than if on a battle-field, said, hesitatingly:

"You must buy my garden, Monsieur Pelerin."

Your garden!" answered my astonished father, "and why, pray, Monsieur Florentin? Your garden is your one amusement. It is a very pretty spot too, full of fruit-trees which you yourself have planted, all in excellent condition. And your little shed too; how pretty it is, all covered with vines without and with pictures of your old battles within!—and this child, whom you have half brought up there, and—"

"Yes," interrupted Florentin, "I know. I will sell it to you for eight hundred francs. A commandant, you see, has no time for such simple pleasures. Besides, he can't go about dressed as a civilian; he must have his uniform, his epaulets, his full dress, and his undress; he must have all this, you see. With eight hundred francs I can manage it!"

There were tears in the eyes of my father as he listened to the explanation of this frank and honest soldier.

"In the first place, Monsieur Florentin," he said, "your garden is worth more than eight hundred francs; you should get for it from ten to twelve hundred."

"Do you really think so?"

"Certainly I do. Your little garden is admirable. It is the prettiest—it is more highly cul-

tivated than any of the others, and is in the most desirable situation. You have paid for it out of your savings, and to do this you have submitted to many privations. It is worth fully twelve hundred francs, and, as you require but eight hundred, I will let you have them and take a mortgage on your garden, considering my money well invested.

"Yes, but I shall have the interest to pay."

"The fruit and the vegetables will nearly do that. Look here, Monsieur Florentin, let me arrange all this for you: I can simplify matters considerably, I think. Go to the tailor and to the various furnishers, get what you require, and I will pay the bills and relieve you of all the trouble. You can pay me at your convenience, and be as long about it as you choose."

Then Florentin laughed heartily.

"You are right," he exclaimed, "your plan does indeed simplify matters, but I must give you my note."

"Pshaw! Is not your word enough?"

My friend Florentin was radiant.

They shook hands, and the Captain at once started across the Place d'Armes toward the house of the tailor Kuhn, to order his uniform.

He walked with as much dignity, and held his head as high, as if he already wore a commandant's epaulets.

My father, standing on our threshold, looked after him with a very tender expression on his handsome face.

"Dear old soul!" he said, half aloud. "He is as brave as the Tour d'Auvergne, and as simple as a child! He has learned nothing of life all through the great wars, and comprehends the meaning of but two words—honor and country."

Then, going into the shop, he told my mother, in a very few words, just what had taken place.

She listened with tears in her eyes.

"You did right, Pelerin, you did exactly right. That garden, where our children have played, where he has watched over and guarded them, ought to belong to that best of men so long as he lives. We will attend to his bills, and Frentzel will pay us, as she always has, whenever she can."

Having exchanged these friendly, sympathetic words, my father and mother went back to the counter to wait on their customers, and I ran off to Florentin's house, for it was half-past eleven and nearly dinner-time.

I had hardly entered the dining-room, when Florentin came in, vivid satisfaction depicted on every feature.

"All is going on well!" he said, as he laid his hat and cane in their usual places.

Then raising his voice, he called:

"Frentzel! Frentzel!"

"What do you want, Florentin?" answered Françoise, from the kitchen.

"I have come in, Frentzel; you can serve dinner."

"Very well—very well; I am coming!"

XV.

AS soon as my friend Florentin's uniform was sent home, the old soldier appeared at drill in the precise garb he had worn fifteen years before, with his shako and military gorget, and his sword at his side; while in the house he was never seen except in his undress uniform, his cap with its gold tassel set on one side of his head, and his mustache fiercely waxed. His very tones had become imperative, and his words were brief and resolute.

Frentzel no longer answered with her nonchalant air, "Yes, Florentin, yes—I am coming!" No, indeed; she moved promptly, obedient to the word of command, and Florentin allowed no replies from her.

On the Champ de Mars military discipline was in full force: all those who did not reply to the roll-call had their twenty-four hours in prison, and three days in case of a repetition of the offense; and the citizens—the good, unsuspecting citizens—were in despair that they had given themselves such a *chef*. But who could have foreseen such a state of things as this?

The Veterans were the only ones who approved; they thought Florentin made a most admirable commandant; they, however, desired a court-martial sitting permanently at the Hotel-de-Ville, to condemn men to be shot, degraded to the ranks, or to drag a cannon-ball at their heels, according to the gravity of their misdeeds; the lack of this court-martial caused them to heave many a sigh. Next to this they panted for active service, and orders to march on Saarlouis.

Now, one day when we were coming home from drill, my friend Florentin and I, after the order had been given on the Place d'Armes, "Break ranks!" and every man had started for home with his gun on his shoulder, thankful to be released, we perceived a mounted gendarme stationed at our door.

"He has brought orders to march!" said Florentin, hurrying on, for this idea was never long out of his brain, and had even made him forget Reichstadt.—"Well, my good man," said he, "what is it?"

"An order from the prefecture, *mon Commandant*," answered the gendarme, handing him a letter.

Florentin broke the seal, read the contents hastily, and said, in a half-satisfied tone:

"Very well. Stop at Captain Ader's on your

way back and tell him I wish him to come to me without delay."

"Yes, *mon Commandant*," answered the *gendarme*, hurrying away.

"Now we have it!" cried Florentin, entering the house, aglow with joyous satisfaction; "it is not, to be sure, the order to march, but it is the beginning, and that will come soon!"

He had disembarrassed himself of his shako, his gorget, and sword, and had donned his undress-cap, while Frentzel, in a very melancholy way, was serving breakfast, when Captain Ader appeared.

Florentin was at his *escritoire* writing.

"Ah!" he said, "Captain, it is you, is it? Sit down, I beg of you. I have much to say to you. Excuse me a moment."

Presently turning round with sparkling eyes and smiling lips, he said:

"You know, Captain, that the people of Garbourg and of Hüldehouse are all *astir*. They are ravaging the forests of the Government; they have even killed the guard, Nicholas Hepp. They smuggle powder, tobacco, playing-cards, in fact, everything they can. Their illicit trade is daily assuming more tremendous proportions; they are inundating Lorraine, and in short are becoming an absolute scourge. Only day before yesterday they saluted the *gendarmerie* from their nest of rocks in the mountains, to which they have fled, by a discharge of musketry. Did you know that?"

"Yes, *mon Commandant*, so I heard."

"Very well. I propose to teach them a lesson," continued Sébastien Florentin, bringing his heavy eyebrows together with a fierce expression.

"There," he continued, "is an order from the prefecture demanding from me a company of the National Guard to support the attack of the *gendarmerie* on Hüldehouse. You must go and order the call to arms to be at once sounded, and you will select the Veterans for this expedition. It is properly a *sortie* into the Sierra Morena after guerrillas. You see this, don't you? We want solid men, you understand, whose legs and lungs are good, and who have had some experience. You, of course, understand that I shall command the expedition in person. All must wear their uniforms, no blouses; these rascals will be seized with terror as soon as they see the uniforms. Those men who haven't any must borrow from the good citizens who have. You will be second in command. You understand, Captain?"

"Perfectly, *mon Commandant*."

"You will repeat my orders at the Arsenal, and superintend the distribution of cartridges three hours hence, in the large hall of the *mairie*.

At half-past three we will be on the march by the road that passes the fountain of the Château, and so gain the Valley des Roches and of La Hüldehouse."

"All right, sir," said Captain Ader, and with a stiff military salute he went out, while Florentin and I seated ourselves at table for our breakfast.

Didn't I prick up my ears, and didn't I long to be on that expedition!

All that my friend had said about these Garbourg and Hüldehouse reprobates was entirely true. They had even taught their dogs to smuggle: the animals were trained to bark at the approach of the custom-house men and of the forest guard; they leaped hedges, swam torrents, pushed through thickets with their packages of contraband articles strapped to their backs; they were rarely caught, and, if they were, they of course gave no clew to their masters, whose names were not known.

All these people came among us on market-days, and our shop was crowded with them; they were rough, uncouth, ragged-looking creatures; barefooted, with unkempt heads and beards; and their wives, utterly forlorn and repulsive, dirty, wild-eyed, with tawny, sunburned skins, usually accompanied them; it was they who carried the burdens, while the men were unencumbered, except by their sticks and their pipes.

These people were very loose-fingered, and required as much watching when in our shop as if they had been professional thieves. We never gave them any credit, of course, for they would have sworn that they had never received the goods. They claimed to be very religious, but they respected the laws of neither God nor man.

But if any one happened to want any game or fish within the prohibited months, or any contraband article, only two words were necessary, and they were brought without fail.

Such were the people whom my friend Florentin wished to dislodge. All through breakfast I was trying to discover some way in which I might follow him, and so hear the whistling of the balls and see the flashes from the guns, of which I had heard so much.

He, being occupied with his plans and deciding on what route to take, was naturally absorbed and silent.

Frentzel, too, did not speak; and when she had left the room, after serving the coffee, I adopted my most coaxing tone, and asked if I could not have permission to follow the detachment.

This question interrupted his meditations. He looked down at me in a dreamy, meditative way, but it was not until after a minute or two

that he seemed to understand what I said, and then he answered :

"No, my boy, it is impossible, absolutely impossible. Your father and your mother would not like it, nor should I. It would never do. In the first place, it is too far, and, in the next place, a spent ball— In short—no! There is no more to be said about it, my boy, except that I wish you were older. But you have plenty of time before you."

With the natural shrewdness of a child I saw that it was useless to coax more, and that he would never consent, so I said :

"Very well, my good friend. As you do not wish me to go, I will remain with Frentzel."

"Yes, my boy, you two can stay at home together. It is a pity that you can't see me manoeuvre my men. But, after all, that which is postponed is not lost."

He pushed back his chair, and began to make a change in his dress. As he threw his cloak over his shoulders, he said to Frentzel :

"Day after to-morrow you may expect us. Don't be uneasy, my Frentzel."

These were words she had often heard in years gone by, and Frentzel answered in a resigned tone :

"God grant that no misfortune may come to you, Florentin !"

"Nonsense! my dear," he said, as he embraced her. "A mere handful of *chouans*!" And with another kiss he departed.

I saw then that he loved Frentzel as much as ever; and hearing the bugle-call on the Place d'Armes, and Frentzel having gone to the kitchen, I slipped softly out of doors, and went like the wind in search of two or three mischief-loving boys among my comrades, the Gourdières and red-haired Matorne. I wanted to let them know what was going on.

We quickly arranged our little plans, and, passing through La Porte d'Alsace, we hurried to the fountain near the château, where we hid ourselves to wait for the coming of our troops, intending to follow them when they had passed.

We had been there nearly two hours, crouched around the spring, hidden by the tall hedge around the Jewish cemetery, and were becoming very impatient for the arrival of the soldiers. I had on only linen pantaloons, a jacket, a straw hat, and shoes; my companions were in their shirt-sleeves and barefooted, while on their heads they wore their broad-brimmed, loosely braided hats of yellow straw. We were all as gay as larks, delighted at being out of doors rather than in Father Vassereau's school.

The heat of the sun was intense; even the old gray rocks overhanging the mountain-gorge near which we were seemed to flush under its rays.

"Why on earth don't they come?" said Matorne, looking round the corner of the cemetery down the long road. "I heard the clock strike three nearly an hour ago. If Pelerin has deceived us, boys, let him look out—that's all!"

"I have not deceived you—but I am not much afraid of you, Matorne," I answered.

"No? Well! you need not think because you wear fine clothes, and drink wine, that you are stronger than I. You think so, but you are not. I can carry more fagots on my back than you; and I can climb trees far quicker, too!"

"As to the climbing," I answered, boastfully, "you can't beat me in that!"

You see these boys often taunted me with my good clothes, and perhaps we should on this occasion, as well as on many others, have ended in a fight, if we had not heard the sound of many feet approaching. Then we all of us rushed to the corner, and, peering through the hedge, we cried :

"There they come! Look at their red collars and their bayonets winding up the side-hill. Quick! We must hide!"

Each of us crawled among the bushes, and in a few minutes the detachment passed on, taking the road that led to the valley. All the men were laughing and talking, straggling along as they pleased, as soldiers do on a long march.

My friend Florentin, with his cloak thrown over one arm, was gayly talking with Captain Ader. We could hear nothing that was said, on account of the rolling pebbles on the stony path; but hardly had they entered the gorge, when we emerged from our concealment, and followed them as closely as we dared.

Near us wound the brook that fed the fountain, now almost dried up by the heat of the weather. My comrades, the soles of whose bare feet were as hard as shoe-leather, felt the stones less than I; they were real Phalsbourgeois, and liked nothing in the world so well as the smell of gunpowder, and were now like a little band of wolves on the scent of some prey.

Very soon we found ourselves between arid rocks, where not a blade of grass nor a tuft of moss grew. We saw before us, on the border of the forest, Toby Supin, a man who raised pigs and goats for the market, and with whom we were all familiar. His pigs were wallowing in the hot sand, and his goats skipping about over the rocks, while he himself, seated with his back against a huge boulder, was at work, shaded by his wide-brimmed hat, which served as a parasol. He was braiding osier baskets. His dog, of a reddish-brown, brought back the goats when they strayed too far.

When the National Guard appeared, the dog uttered long, sonorous barks, that echoed far and

near, and seemed to be repeated from within the woods.

Toby Supin looked around; for thirty years he had not been thus disturbed in his solitude, and was greatly astonished.

The National Guard passed on, and, entering the forest, were seen, like a red-and-blue ribbon, winding among the green trees.

Then we went on after them, and mighty hard work it was for me, too. The perspiration ran down my legs into my shoes.

Toby Supin looked at me earnestly; he was in the habit of seeing the others come and go with their fagots or their bags of beechnuts on their shoulders.

"What!" he said, "are not you Monsieur Pelerin's son? Where are you going?"

"I am going," I answered, somewhat embarrassed to find a reply—"I am going with the others."

And, as the dog made a rush at me, I stooped to pick up a stone.

Toby called him off with a whistle.

"Come here, Patand!" he said.

Then I ran away, following my companions, glad to make my escape so well, and to find myself in the shadow of the beech-trees, and up to my knees in the underbrush and golden broom that spread before me as far as I could see.

The brook was here, in the shade, a miniature torrent pouring down the side of the ravine, and imparting a delicious freshness to the air, but I had already begun to think the road a long one, and I kept turning and looking back, to see if we had lost sight of the town.

It was almost a league away, in a straight line; and I could just see the tower, surmounted by its nest of storks. I began to grow uneasy, but, as my comrades were still running on far in advance, I dared not stop.

We finally reached the end of the gorge, where the mountain-torrent empties into the Torn, when suddenly, as we turned a sharp angle, and rounded a rock, we found ourselves in the presence of our whole detachment, who had come to a halt; and what was our surprise to see under the branches of an overhanging tree five or six mounted gendarmes, with their picturesque broad-brimmed hats, and twenty or more forest guards, in green coats and shining caps, with their hunting-horns on one side and their muskets on the other!

My friend Florentin and Captain Ader stood in the flickering shadow deliberating with these men, and our National Guard were lying about on the grass with their arms within reach of their hands, and wiping their brows with handkerchiefs taken from their shakos. It was an admirable picture, full of light and shadow. The

glitter of the arms and the colors of the uniforms amid all this green were simply dazzling. It seems that they had agreed to meet here, that they might understand each other's plans before they climbed the mountain.

Our arrival was greeted with a shout of surprise, and Florentin turned. He saw me trying to hide among the underbrush, and in a voice of thunder he shouted:

"Halt! Stop him and bring him to me with the others."

Two sentinels, whom he had posted farther on in the path, barred our passage; we were collared and taken like criminals into the presence of my friend Florentin, who did not look especially amiable.

"What are you doing here?" he said to me, with frowning brows, and in a very severe tone.

"I came to see the battle," I answered, boldly.

"Did you not promise to remain with Frentzel?"

"Yes, I did! But I want to see the battle."

He did his best to look severe, but his brow relaxed, and he smiled behind his mustache.

The gendarmes around us were very grave.

"And you?" cried Florentin, addressing my companions, "who gave you permission to follow us? You are spies, spies from Garbourg and Hüldehouse. If I ordered you to be shot, you would have no right to utter a word of complaint."

But seeing that they, instead of showing the least fear, only scratched their ears, and looked a little embarrassed, he turned toward the brigadier of the *gendarmerie*, Kuhn, and said to him, gayly:

"Do you know, brigadier, that these young rascals will make capital soldiers; and, if a war begins now and lasts only twenty years, more than one of them will be a captain? Mark my words!"

"Certainly," answered the brigadier. "I should not be at all surprised."

"Yes," said Florentin; "but in the mean time this boy is to be sent back at once to Phalsbourg, for his parents are friends of mine. As to the others, let them follow us or let them go home, as they please—it is their own lookout."

And seeing an old woman some distance off, under the trees, gathering firewood, he ordered her to be brought to him.

It was Jeannette Magloire, from Bois-de-Chênes, who often came to our shop.

"Do you know this child?" he said to her.

"Yes; he is the son of Monsieur Pelerin, the grocer opposite the market."

"Good! You will take him back to his parents. Here is something for you."

And he slipped some money into her hand. Jeannette Magloire looked much pleased.

I, however, burst into tears, and struggled in the grasp of the old woman. But Florentin, now really angry, extended his arm, and said severely:

"Go, at once. Go! Do you hear me? I see some very nice switches growing on those birch-trees over there. Be off with you!"

I realized that he was serious, and I turned away with the old woman in a very disconsolate frame of mind. The idea occurred to me, however, that night was not far off, and that it would soon be time for supper; this recollection contributed to my submission.

I passed by all the rocks with Jeannette, and slowly trod the path over which I had run so breathlessly with my companions, and we reached the valley only at nightfall.

I was literally exhausted with fatigue.

We were crawling along by the little gardens on the side-hill, when I heard a child's voice.

"Here he is! Mamma—I see him!"

Nicole came out of their garden.

"You naughty child!" she exclaimed. "Your poor parents are in such distress! They have been looking for you for hours—Frentzel, your mother, Rose, and everybody. We all thought you lost. Come on—come with me, quickly!"

And, taking me by the hand, she hurried me home.

Justine ran on the other side.

"Where have you been?" she gasped, for she was all out of breath.

"What a foolish question!" I answered, loftily. "I followed the National Guard, of course, and they sent me back with Jeannette Magloire. I wanted to see the battle!"

"The battle! Why, people are killed in battles—did you not know that?"

"Yes, my friend Florentin has often told me so, but—"

"Well! Suppose you had been killed—O Lucien!" Then, taking me by the hand, she whispered in my ear: "You don't know," she said, "that my father is made Commandant. He went this morning to join his regiment, at Bayonne. We are to stay here. You can come to the house now, and we can have a good time again, playing together. Ah, I have wanted you so many times! I have missed you so much!"

"Yes," said Nicole; "that is all very well. But, before you amuse yourselves, I fancy that Lucien will have a sound whipping. He is a very naughty boy, to give his poor mother so much anxiety; I am glad I am not in his shoes to-night."

She would not release me, though I, hearing

her talk in this way, would gladly have turned back again. When we entered the town, everybody looked at me. It seemed that I had been searched for in every direction; that I was supposed to have fallen from the ramparts and to be lying among the frogs at the bottom of the old moat by the fort. Naturally the fear of going home became stronger the nearer I approached our door, and I walked as slowly as I could.

Justine, holding my hand fast in hers, said:

"Please not go so fast, mamma. Poor Lucien—he is so tired! Don't you see he can scarcely crawl?"

"Yes," answered Nicole, hurrying on; "he can't crawl now, but he could run behind the National Guard well enough!"

When we reached the market-place, we could see, on the opposite side, our shop-windows all lighted up, and figures passing to and fro.

I at once felt certain that they had been told that I was safe, and I began to tremble, for my mother could be very severe on grand occasions. When, therefore, we were a few feet from our steps, I dropped on the ground. Nicole tried to lift me, and I uttered a series of shrill cries, as if I was being skinned alive.

Justine began to weep, and exclaimed:

"O mamma! O mamma!"

"Ah! I suppose you will coax him off!" cried Nicole.

At this moment the door opened, and my mother appeared on the steps, with the great bunch of rods which Saint Nicolas had brought. Rose held the lamp. They came down the steps, all the neighbors gathered at the windows to see the manner in which I should be received, when Justine rushed to meet my mother, and began to plead my cause with a spirit and tenderness which touches me still whenever I think of it.

"O Madame Pelerin," she said, "he will never do so again—he is sorry.—You are sorry, Lucien, are you not? You will never run away again, Lucien, will you?—It was not his fault, madame; his friend, Commandant Florentin, told him so much about battles—and he wanted to see one. If you only knew how tired he is! O madame, he is so tired!"

My mother did not allow herself to be softened, but my father, who followed her, looked at Justine. Her lovely blue eyes were swimming with tears, and her little hands were clasped and extended with a gesture of supplication. He stepped forward.

"You are a lucky boy," he said, "to have an advocate like that. But for Justine you should have been thrashed like any Prussian. Go to bed now, without one mouthful of supper; be off with you! And, if you ever do this thing again, I will settle with you!"

I obeyed; and, as I slunk into the house, my mother lifted her big switch, but he caught her arm, and said:

"No, I have forgiven him for Justine's sake."

And, extending his arms to my little friend, he added:

"Come here, my child. I see that you love him sincerely, and that some day you will make him a good wife."

And he kissed her fondly.

I skurried up stairs, only too thankful for having escaped so well, and not in the least anxious to hear anything more said on the subject.

I know one thing, however, which is that, if it had not been holiday-time at Father Vasse-reau's, the next day would have seen me there without doubt!

As to Justine, it may readily be believed that from this day I loved her more than ever. My mother was very severe after this escapade, particularly when she found that I had gone off with the Gourdiere boys and with the red-haired Matorne; she was very impatient for the schools to open, as she no longer had confidence in the watchfulness of Françoise.

The prospect of being soon under the ferule of Monsieur Vassereau made me somewhat uneasy. I was cheered, however, by the expectation of soon seeing my dear friend Florentin return victorious at the head of his detachment.

I shall always remember that scene.

On the morning of the third day, about seven o'clock, we were at breakfast. Suddenly we heard Padone's drum beating a march. The sounds came from the Porte de France. Everybody cried:

"There they are! It is the National Guard coming back."

And the streets were presently full.

I started up from the table, and Frentzel, herself greatly agitated, took me by the hand, saying:

"Come!"

And we ran to the market-place.

We saw our detachment coming in, bringing a long file of prisoners, men and women, tied in couples. They were dirty and ragged, unwashed and uncombed, but marched with unabashed brows between two lines of shining bayonets. Florentin and his captain came next, all white with dust, but in the best of spirits. Behind were three huge wagons laden with tobacco and powder, surrounded by gendarmes.

They had accomplished the object of their expedition fully and entirely.

When they reached the *mairie*, the column halted, and the jailer Harmentier came out with his bunch of keys to receive the prisoners. They were untied, and marched one by one into the

prison. As they went they looked over at the crowd, who were astonished at their effrontery, and made the most frightful grimaces.

Then the bolt of the first door was slipped, and Harmentier put on the padlock, and pushed to the second doors, fastening them with a huge key.

I was there in the crowd, of course, round-eyed and curious, and I said to myself, with a shudder, that there must be plenty of rats in that black place.

My friend Florentin, standing on the steps of the *mairie*, received the compliments of the commandant of the fort, and of the Colonel of the Eighteenth.

"A good haul you have made, Commandant!" they said, laughing.

"Yes; but we had no more trouble in taking them than in robbing a bird's nest; they saw at once that retreat was impossible."

"Do you mean that you surrounded the mountain?"

"Precisely. I posted my men in the forest around the village, then the gendarmes and the forest guards were ordered to enter the houses. The bandits watched us out of their loop-holes; they would have liked to decamp, but, when they saw the bayonets glitter in the moonlight all along the edge of the wood, they became as gentle as lambs, and even held out their hands to the gendarmes to be handcuffed. Not one among them had the courage to pull the trigger of a pistol. Rascals! cowards!"

Florentin seemed vexed.

"They are like wolves," said the commandant of the fort; "once in the ditch, they stay there; they may stick out their noses, but they don't dare show their teeth."

"You would have done well," cried the Colonel, "if you had hung a half-dozen or so as an example to the rest. Did they not kill an old Guard—a former sergeant in the Eighth Light Infantry, and the father of eight children!"

Frentzel and I were drinking all this in, when Florentin saw us, and came to embrace us, after a courteous salute to the commandant and the colonel. Then we started for the house.

Breakfast was still standing on the table.

Florentin unbuckled his sword, put on his cap with the gold tassels, and seated himself. He began to draw out the ends of his mustache, murmuring:

"Things are getting on—getting on famously!"

He then began to eat with a furious appetite, but all the time watching me. He seemed very glad to see me again.

"The rust is taken out of all our legs now," he said. "This summer heat has oiled them

well! The campaign has opened, and I am sure of my men!"

XVI.

AFTER this expedition of Florentin's, and toward the end of September, the report was spread that flags were to be distributed to all the National Guards of France.

Then all the women of Phalsbourg, the wives of the soldiers of the First Empire, who were accustomed to ruling their husbands, began once more to lament. They expected to see them ordered off any day or hour to retake Saarlouis and Landau.

I remember that one afternoon all these ladies met at Nicole's, to deliberate as to what their course of action should be under these grave circumstances.

The jar of brandy-cherries and a decanter of *cassis* were on the table; each helped herself at her own good pleasure. They all had red noses, and were all very wretched, in spite of the solace so liberally afforded.

"Now," said Mother Desjardins, "all is lost. Our Veterans will never listen to another reasonable word. My old man, who can just drag himself from one chair to another—who is fairly riddled with wounds and bent with rheumatism, is clamoring for active service. He says that the Government is unjust to him, that he has a right to the same rank in the Eighty-seventh that he held in 1815, that his fifteen years passed since, within the four walls of his house, count for nothing; that, instead of being sixty-three, he is fifteen years less on the army list, and it is the army list that should be consulted instead of the calendar. When I open my lips to reply, he bellows, 'Hold your tongue, madame!' He coughs and spits until his eyes start out of his head, but he goes on all the same. What a pity all this commotion is! We have been so quiet and comfortable these last few years, in spite of all the follies of that imbecile Charles X."

"Yes," answered Nicole, "and Vidal now writes me, at least once each week, to come with Justine and join him at Bayonne, from which point the Sixth is watching Spain. He wants to drag me about after him as in the old Madrid days, and would like to take me on board of a vessel with him and invade England. But I am not of the same mind; I do not care to end my days on the hulks at Plymouth, or to have my throat and Justine's cut in some defile of Catalonia or Estremadura. Let him write as often as he chooses—I shall not budge one inch from here!—Empty your glasses, ladies.—Take another cherry, Madame Desjardins, will you not?"

"I will, indeed, Nicole, thank you."

"Justine—Lucien, come here!" said Nicole. "You have been very good, and may have some

macaroons! When I look at this poor child," she continued, kissing Justine fondly, "and think that her father is foolhardy, mad enough to wish to expose her and his unhappy wife to all the chances of war, my heart is nearly broken."

She wiped her eyes with her apron, and then drained her glass. As she placed it upon the table, she said to us:

"Go and sit down again. Don't be afraid, Justine, we will stay here together in Phalsbourg; it will be much better for us than to go wandering over all the highways in Europe, from Portugal to Moscow."

Her hearers seemed quite touched; they compressed their lips, and their knitting-needles moved faster than usual.

"I myself am a little consoled by the fact," broke in Madame Richard, "that my husband has passed from the light cavalry to the cuirassiers. Instead of being in the advance guard at the head of the reconnoitring party, or in the rear guard to support the retreat, he will now be in the reserve. The cuirassiers always come up at the last, you know, and if an officer's horse is good, and his head is kept well up to cover the rider as much as possible, it is the horse that receives the injuries, not the officer; my uncle, Vezene, explained all this to me long ago."

"Oh!" said Annette Metzinger, the wife of the colonel of artillery; "a shell will sweep away quite as many cuirassiers as chasseurs or hussars; it cuts a road right through them—that was what happened at Friedland."

"Yes," answered the other, "I know that; but when they reach the cannon, then the gunners use their swords; your Metzinger ought to know this, for he has three marks on the ear and on the head."

The two women were losing their tempers, each standing up for the valor of her husband, and each indignant that she could not tie him to her apron-strings.

But Frentzel knitted on in silence. She had not yet spoken; the others looked at her from time to time as if to ask her opinion, but she was thoughtful, and did not reply to these glances.

Suddenly she stuck one of her knitting-needles in her hair, and opened her lips:

"For two whole months," she said, "I have seen all this coming, and I no longer feel the smallest anxiety. Louis Philippe, Lafayette, Soult, Gérard, Mouton, and all the ministers and deputies, all the merchants and manufacturers have no more intention of going to retake Saarlouis and Landau than I of having every tooth in my head out. They are all men of sense; they have rank, pensions, offices, and all sorts of good things. What more do they desire? What have they to gain? Are they anxious to lose a limb, or be

shot through the head? Do they wish to be sent into exile again by the elder branch of the Bourbon family, if they come back, as it is said they will, in the powder-wagons of the enemy? Not they! no! no! They are not quite so foolish as all that. I know them well, from Louis Philippe down. Has not Florentin told me over and over again, how at Jemappes the colonel of the Chartres dragoons was always at the headquarters of Dumouriez. Since then he has wandered all over the world without a sou in his pocket. Louis XVIII gave him back all his estates, his forests, and his châteaux, with some millions belonging to the *émigrés* with which to pay his father's debts. Charles X restored to him his title of Prince Royal, and now the deputies have voted him a crown, and a million a month. No, you need not be troubled, he won't risk his fortune; he will keep a tight hold of his gold-pieces, I promise you! And as to Soult—he was called the greatest military genius after the battle of Toulouse. Well! I have seen his baggage-wagons in Spain; I have seen them with my own eyes, and—heavens and earth, friends, you would not believe me were I to begin to describe to you the plunder and the treasure I saw piled up in them."

She raised her eyes to the ceiling, and inflated her cheeks, which became hard and round with her oh's and her ah's.

And as the ladies continued to listen, as if they expected more, she continued:

"Do you think that an old fox like Soult cares anything about retaking the left bank? What does he care about the left bank? What does he want with it? What good would it ever do him? If there were any cathedrals upon it which had not been visited in the last five hundred years, he might make some exertions to obtain it; but all the cathedrals on that side have been visited and sacked by our marauders over and over again, from the point of the spire down to the cellar, at least ten times—ten times did I say? I ought to have said twenty—and nothing has been left behind, which Soult, who has been in all these campaigns, knows perfectly well. He has received his share of Louis Philippe's cake, I assure you, in the form of pensions and arrears of salary, and all that sort of thing, in order to close his lips."

Frentzel stopped to breathe.

The others listened with admiration, for she had more ideas than all the ladies put together, and, when she saw fit to promulgate her opinions, no one dared contradict or interrupt her.

"Yes," she continued; "and there is Gérard, too—he will be made a marshal—and Georges Mouton, the journals all say, will take Lafayette's place at the head of the National Guard of Paris,

with an enormous salary, all expenses paid, and his very horses kept at the Government's expense! Do you think that these men will run any risk now? It is well for our dear old innocents, who have never got anything but blows, and a few crumbs picked up under the table, that they can't have things arranged now after their own minds, for they would like to have a war; and my poor Florentin would sacrifice everything in the world for the honor of being cut in inch bits at Saarlouis, after seeing the Prussians routed. He would not care a straw if he were crippled after that, and came home without a sou in the world, as poor as Job himself. There may be originals in the world, but not many like the one whom I have the honor of calling my husband—may the will of God be done!"

She dropped her eyes on her knitting again.

"But," said Madame Desjardins, "if they do not mean to do anything, why all this drilling of the National Guard? Can you answer me this question?"

"Bless your heart!" cried Frentzel, "must not our veterans be amused? They can play at war if they don't have war itself; otherwise they would make a great row and shout treason, and demand their Duc de Reichstadt; they would embarrass their government with foreign powers, and the people who have gained nothing by the revolution would side with them. Can't you understand? Our dear veterans are being amused!"

Justine, who sat by my side, understood this very well; she gave me a little nod from time to time, as much as to say, "Listen, now! hear that!" and then she would smile in a knowing little way.

But, bless her heart! I did not understand a word of all that had been said.

Françoise buried her needle in her hair, just behind her ear, and took the floor once more:

"Ah!" she said, "if Napoleon were only back again, as in 1814, these National Guards and these distributions of flags would mean something. All the horrors of war would begin again. A general extermination would follow once more. But he would put all the veterans of yesterday aside, and given their places to younger men—for he was a man of sense. The young risk everything for promotion and distinction; the old, after the first enthusiasm was over, would show that they were rusty and short-winded. Then, too, what have they to gain? No, Napoleon would have had only young men, and he would have given them something to do quickly enough. But Louis Philippe has but one fear, which is, that the other kings won't want him on the throne of France, and to remain

on this, his cousin's throne, he won't interfere with the Germans while they tranquilly digest Landau and Saarlouis. He fears a revolution of the people, which might upset him; and it is a lucky thing for him that Charles X, before abdicating, took Algiers, for all those good subjects who wish to fight will be sent there. All the men who fought in those three glorious days of July, and any others who threaten to be troublesome, will be able to make war on the Arabs. This will disembarass the country, and, if the other kings should declare war, then they could be summoned back in a hurry!

"Do you suppose for a moment, that I after having wandered half over the world, and seen Georges Mouton, Gérard, Vandamme, and hundreds of Florentin's old comrades, in the time of the Republic, who all came to say, 'How do you do?' to us wherever we found them in any town of Europe—do you suppose, I say, that I do not know these men quite as well as I do my husband, and that I can't tell what they think and what they wish?"

"Now, it happens that they wish to keep that which they have snapped up; and the Prussians want to keep Saarlouis, the Bavarians want to keep Landau, and the King of Holland intends to retain Belgium. You see, when one has swallowed a few dainty morsels, one likes to be allowed time to digest them, in order to swallow others again later, when one's appetite returns. Do you understand now why I have no fear of war?—Nicole, pass me those cherries, won't you?"

Nicole obeyed.

"I think you are right, Frentzel," said Mother Desjardins.

"You think I am right!" she replied, as she took a cherry, and twisted her mouth about to get rid of the stone. "I know I am right! All I ask is that Florentin's bones may not be broken by those robbers in the Hüldehouse woods; as to the others, they won't trouble us. Louis Philippe does not care to mount a horse, he is much too comfortable in the canopied bed of his cousin Charles X; and the epauleted men ask nothing better than to lie back in their chairs and add up the interest on their investments."

The gossips were listening with breathless attention, but she suddenly started up.

"It is nearly six o'clock," she exclaimed; "the National Guard will be here presently.—We must hasten, Lucien, and prepare supper. We have staid here chattering, forgetting entirely that Florentin believes himself to be in the midst of a campaign, and will not submit to be kept waiting.—Good night, ladies."

"When will you come again, Frentzel?" cried Nicole.

"Next Thursday. There will be a grand review on the Champ de Mars, and all our soldiers of the First Empire will be there."

And then we went away.

XVII.

AT last came the news of the approaching distribution of the flags. It was on a Monday, in the month of October. It was to take place on the following Sunday at Sarrebourg; the prefect was to preside at this solemnity. All our little town was radiant with joy—everybody said to all he met:

"You know that the flags will be distributed on Sunday next, and we shall return with the three flags floating at the head of our battalions."

Some of the soldiers of the First Empire even talked of reforming the old demi-brigades, which had often been the winning-point in our victories.

You may imagine the satisfaction of my friend Florentin! He seemed to have grown six inches, and he straightened himself up like an old cock on his spurs, to utter his cry of triumph.

"At last!" he said, "at last! Now all will go on smoothly after this; the campaign must soon open. *Vive la France!*"

Frentzel smiled, and answered:

"Yes, Florentin, yes; we shall certainly pass through Wittembourg and march on Landau. This must be so, of course—it can't fail!"

Florentin ordered a general review on the Champ de Mars; every man now had his uniform; the poorest among them had been helped to theirs by a general contribution.

I was present at this review; the drums rattled with a long, continuous roll; all the battalion was drawn up in line. Florentin, surrounded by his staff, inspected the troops. Not a detail escaped his observation—the position of the arms and the feet, and the height at which the hands were held. The battalion was then divided into companies, and manœuvred in columns. His words of command rose clear above every other sound; his voice was heard even on the Place d'Armes, and at the ramparts, and in the fort, as distinctly as ever Vandamme's had ever been heard, and his was called the best voice of the Grand Army. Florentin was entirely satisfied, his eyes expressed his pleasure; turning to his officers, he said, with a laugh:

"Faith! they do as well as a battalion of the One Hundred and First."

This was the highest praise he could offer to our National Guard.

"Yes," continued the good man, pointing to the perfectly straight line of the first company as they presented arms. "Look there now—a bul-

let might carry away the arms of all that first line, as I once saw happen at Dantzic."

This seemed to him absolutely marvelous.

After this review, as we went back to the town, I approached my friend; and, remembering my unfortunate return from Hüldehouse, I said to him, timidly:

"Can I not go to Sarrebourg, my good friend, and see the distribution of the flags?"

He looked at me a moment, and then he answered:

"You shall see it, my boy. Indeed, you ought to see this sight, for the distribution of these flags means to distribute honor and courage among all Frenchmen."

As soon as ranks were broken on the Place d'Armes, he took me by the hand and led me to my home; my father went in the door just in front of us, with his gun on his shoulder.

"Monsieur Pelerin," said my old friend, "I have come to ask a favor at your hands, one which I hope you will feel disposed to grant."

"And what is that, *mon Commandant*?"

"This child is desirous of seeing the distribution of the flags. You know, Monsieur Pelerin, that the flag is France; it is the glory of our country and of the army. There is nothing greater in the world. The flag is the heart of our country, and when the nation says to us—'Here, I confide to you our honor and our glory; you will defend our flag unto death!'—our souls are thrilled by these words, Monsieur Pelerin, and it is good for a child to see that this is so; and we can give him no nobler or more elevated lesson."

Florentin, as he spoke, looked superbly handsome. His eyes flashed, and his whole face beamed with enthusiasm. It was plain that each word came from the depths of his heart, and that he would have given every drop of blood in his veins to rescue the flag of his country.

My father himself was touched by Florentin's manner.

"Certainly, *mon Commandant*," he replied, "Lucien ought to see this ceremony; I am as strongly in favor of it as you can be, and I wish also that he should remember, until the last day of his life, the noble words you have just spoken, for they are true to the letter; he who does not love his flag values not his country, nor his family, nor yet his own honor; he is a coward and a traitor."

Then embracing me, and turning to my mother, who was listening with tears in her eyes—

"To-morrow," he said, "to-morrow morning early you will please dress Lucien in his very best; we will all start, and, when we come back, we shall bring the flag for Phalsbourg."

Florentin after this took me by the hand and

led me to his house, where I dined. Never was there such a happy child as I that day.

"You are satisfied?" he said to me.

"Satisfied! Indeed I am, my best of friends," I answered. "And I will always do what you tell me. I will never disobey you again!"

He seemed quite touched by the exuberance of my joy and gratitude, and by the contact of my little hand trembling within his.

All went on as usual that day in his house. Frentzel, when she heard that I was going to Sarrebourg, asked if my parents had consented.

"Yes," said Florentin, "that is all settled."

After this moment I counted the hours and the minutes, until the hour of departure.

All the towns-people seemed equally excited, for all the streets were alive, and through the windows and open doors one could see an enormous amount of sweeping and scrubbing going on within the houses.

There were no drills ordered for the next few days, as every man was now perfect in his manual. It is a true saying that it only needs three months to make a soldier out of a Frenchman; but war alone fully develops military qualities—it is the great school.

A great number of my comrades and all the officers' wives were going to Sarrebourg; consequently all the carriages and wagons, both of the town and its environs, were engaged. There were plenty of *chairs à bancs*, and still more of those long Alsatian wagons in which bundles of sweet-smelling hay made most comfortable seats. These wagons were quite as much in demand on *fête* days as if they had been the most luxurious carriages. We had one of these for Frentzel, Mother Desjardens, Nicole, Justine, and I.

What a happy hour that was! In the morning, when I was dressed in my Sunday clothes and put on my new shoes, I said to myself:

"In an hour we shall start! Oh, how long an hour is!"

Heaven itself seemed to look down on our *fête* with approval. It was now autumn, the harvest was all in; crowds of peasants were on their way, as well as ourselves, to Sarrebourg. The sun shone clearly in the blue sky, the trees and hedges were in their various tints of rich brown and copper colors, the air was as soft as midsummer—and a few fleecy clouds floated in the sky.

Then the drums began to beat; the soldiers ran toward the square, all in full uniform. My father hurried out of the house, and, as he passed us, he said, gayly:

"Good-by until to-night. Take care of yourselves."

Then Macri's wagon rattled up, into which we clambered—Macri, with his round shoulders

covered by a blouse, and his broad-brimmed hat pushed well back on his head. He seated himself in front, and gathered up his reins with one hand, while in the other he held a long whip. We had taken our places, Justine and I, between Françoise and Nicole, and were waiting for Madame Disjardins and her niece Lucie. They finally arrived, and with much merriment were happily established in the wagon. The National Guard marched through the Porte de France, and we followed at some distance, our wagon and many more, with a crowd of other vehicles.

Justine and I, squeezed close together, looked at the pretty orchards, and the little villages of Mittelbronn, Saint-Jean, etc.; the good people standing at their doors bade us good morning with pleasant nods and smiles. We pointed out to each other the cocks and the regiment of hens, the dogs barking and pulling at their chains, the great wells, with their broad curb-stones, and their tall, cumbrous beams, to which hung ropes and the bucket; the solid houses with their square windows and flat roofs, were such as were then seen throughout Lorraine. There was nothing which we did not enjoy, for we rarely went from home, and everything was new and extraordinary. We kept just behind the troops all the way. My friend Florentin's epaulets glittered in the sun, as did those of his staff-officers. The men marched in an orderly fashion, like a battalion of veterans.

Suddenly they burst out, as with one accord, into the "*Chant du départ*":

"*La victoire, en chantant nous ouvre la barrière!*"

It was echoed from the hills, now sere and shorn of their harvests.

All these things made such an impression upon me that I have never forgotten them, and they form one of the pleasantest recollections of my life. In about four hours we saw Sarrebourg in the distance, a long line of red-roofed houses surrounded by old crumbling ramparts, with a hill in the background. There was a rustic church and spire, and we had a glimpse of the river Sarre on the right, running between the old willows, and hay-cocks on both banks.

Ah, how familiar these rivers have been made by our compatriot Claude Lorraine! How many hours he must have spent on their shores, before he could have painted them with such melancholy grandeur and truth! How those tumultuous waters dashed over their stony beds, catching the light and reflecting it in prismatic colors, or how placidly they slumbered in the sunshine! He has painted all with which we are so familiar in this dear Lorraine that they dare to call Germany to-day! The tenderest recollections of some of us are interwoven with Lor-

raine. The bones of our forefathers lie there; and, if it please God that our living eyes may never again behold it, our ghosts will wander there, cursing the invaders who have desecrated French soil.

We were expected and waited for at Sarrebourg. A thousand shouts of "*Vive la garde nationale de Phalsbourg!*" rent the air. People welcomed us from every window. Our drums beat furiously; our men carried themselves even more erectly, and the carriages rolled on in the rear. There were other National Guards, too: those from Lorquin, Fénétranges, and from Rechicourt-le-Château, had arrived before ourselves, and every inn was crowded to overflowing.

"Halt!" was shouted, as our troops reached the square.

The guns were stacked; the sentinels were placed to guard them, and the officials of the town came forward to receive Florentin and his staff. They were taken to the Hôtel-de-Ville, where a grand banquet was to take place.

Our party went to Madame Adler's inn. What a noise there was! What a tumult within and without! How many persons there were—peasants, citizens, and members of the National Guard! Picture to yourself a long table glittering with glass decanters and *carafes*. With these were china and many autumnal flowers. On one side of the large hall, in which stood this table, was the kitchen, into which the large door now stood wide open. We could see the enormous fireplace and the ruddy flames, and we could smell a thousand good things—game, fish, and roasts; the smell went out into the very street in hot puffs of air; the saucepans bubbled with a cheerful noise, and the spit turned briskly round. What a sight it was!

Madame Adler came forward to receive us. We were taken at once to a room where we could brush the dust from our clothes and wash our faces.

Justine and I looked at each other with wonder. We were, for once, actually too happy to talk.

But how shall I describe to you that dinner, which began at eleven and did not end until the drums were heard on the Square, and we knew that the hour for the distribution of the flags was at hand!

How can I ever tell you about those pot-bellied soup-tureens, those huge quarters of mutton and beef, those hare-ragoûts, those potted pigeons, those ducks stuffed with olives, those fish fresh from the Sarre—pike, large-scaled carp, tench of a rich golden bronze, born in the clear, sparkling waters that fall from the Donon? How, too, can you expect me to give you the

smallest idea of the vanilla and chocolate creams, of the cakes in the form of a cathedral, with the Gallic cock on the spire? The fruits, too, must not be forgotten; there were pears, peaches, and grapes, piled up on large trays. But I can't do it. It is impossible. Madame Adler was called, and with reason, one of the best cooks in the whole district. Had she not regaled generation after generation of travelers, and the substantial people of the vicinity, as they went to and fro on their business, for sixty years and more? Then there was the good wine of Toul and of Thiaucourt.

No one knows how much a child can eat and really enjoy, particularly a child brought up on the elevated plateau of Phalsbourg. Justine and I did not allow a single dish to be carried past us; we helped ourselves from everything, and neither Frentzel nor Nicole took it into her head to deprive us of anything we wanted. We therefore rose from the table stuffed so full that we could hardly walk—but we laughed all the same; our dinner had done us no harm.

When we heard the drums, we, with the rest of the world, hastened out of doors. Macri, who was eating in the kitchen, ran out and jumped upon his wagon, and standing erect assisted us to mount; then through the dense crowd he slowly took his way, until he reached an excellent position just in front of the sub-prefect's office. We were so high up that it was like the best seats at the theatre, and we lost not one detail of the ceremony: we saw the flags distributed to all the National Guard of the arrondissement; we heard every word uttered by the prefect, who was gorgeous in his blue coat and gold lace; we heard the phrase over and over again, "This noble and national emblem," and we heard the drums beat as each flag was presented; we heard all the speeches made by the town authorities; but to tell you the truth we understood very little of these harangues.

They were far above us, and the few words I had heard spoken between my father and Florentin had told me more about the flags of France and the duties of a soldier than all these solemn sentences. After that, our Phalsbourg flag, surmounted by a magnificent cock, was first saluted, and then intrusted to Lieutenant Blanchet, who was to guard it.

The ceremonies were now over, and every one began to say that it was time to think of returning home, all the more, as the light morning clouds were massing together, and threatened speedy rain. Before starting there was, of course, more drinking; and all I seem to remember after this is, that I was very sleepy, as was also Justine, and that the ladies took us on their knees.

We slept soundly for four hours; neither the

jolting of the wagon nor the rattling of wheels disturbed our profound repose; when, all at once, I awoke with a start.

The wagon had stopped, and I looked over the side. The battalion was drawn up before the advance guard of Phalsbourg. The sentinel of the Eighteenth, at the end of the bastion, challenged, "Who goes there?" They answered:

"France! The National Guard of Phalsbourg!"

The picket at the Porte de France advanced to reconnoitre us, and, at the same moment, from one end to the other of our columns, ran the question:

"The flag—the flag? Where is the flag?"

There was no answer. Only the question was heard, again and again.

Then the sentinel called:

"Pass on!"

Florentin, in a state of frenzy, rushed down the ranks shouting, in his clear, ringing voice:

"Bring up the flag!"

Then Captain Ader, stepping forward not two feet from our wagon, answered in a low voice:

"The color-bearer, Blanchet, and several men of the company have lingered behind; the flag has not been with the battalion for two hours."

"Are they traitors, Captain?"

"No, Commandant, not traitors; but they have stopped in some cabaret, where they have forgotten their duties over their wine. Blanchet is a drunkard!"

Florentin shuddered, and the expression of his eyes, as he turned them on the Captain, was something terrible.

"Why did you not warn me?" he said, between his compressed lips.

"I was sure that they would overtake us before we reached Phalsbourg," answered Ader; "I could not imagine such a disgrace!"

"Wretch!" cried Florentin; and his sword flashed from the scabbard as he spoke, and touched the Captain's breast, who turned pale, but did not flinch.

"Commandant," he said, proudly, "I am an old soldier of the Grand Army!"

At these words Florentin thrust his sword into its scabbard again, with a wild and worried gesture; and then, looking down the road, he shook his hand threateningly.

"Ah, the wretches!" he gasped. "And to think that I can't pass my sword through their bodies!"

His face was appalling; his eyes were blood-shot, and every hair in his mustache was bristling. He saw all results of his toil thrown away, his hopes destroyed. He saw—instead of his

triumphal entrance with the three colors flying—the troops with hanging heads standing before the guard at the gate, who were presenting arms and saluting a flag that lay on an inn-table, surrounded by sprawling drunkards; he saw the smiles and sneers of the envious and the cowardly; and he saw something far worse yet, and far harder for him to endure, the shame and distress of the veterans of the First Empire on seeing the battalion come in like the scattered remains of a vanquished, dishonored army that has left its standard in the hands of the enemy!

His heart grew sick within him, and, looking down the road once more, he cried, in a voice that I shall never forget:

"Break ranks!"

For he wished to avert from the National Guard the shame of entering without the three colors at the head of their columns; he preferred to see them straggle in all in disorder.

The ranks broke, and the National Guard, by twos and by threes, with their guns over their shoulders, went through the gate just as they pleased; and Florentin looked on. When all the men had entered he followed, like a general who has witnessed the rout of his army, and brings up the rear with death in his soul.

Frentzel, and all of us, as we heard and saw this scene, which I have attempted to describe to you, were filled with consternation. It was now the turn of our wagon to pass through the gate. We did not, however, in the least, grasp the extent of the misfortune; Frentzel simply said:

"Poor Florentin! How wretched he must be! Oh, the villains! To think of their loitering behind with the flag! If it were before the enemy, they would all be shot, every mother's son of them!"

And Nicole could not restrain her indignation.

"It is shameful," she cried, "but Blanchet has always been known to be a drunkard!"

Talking thus, we went over the drawbridge. We drove at once to our shop, where we left the wagon.

My father was at the door, leaning on his musket, and as white as a sheet.

"If I see Blanchet," he said, "I will shoot him down as I would any dog of a Prussian!"

The recollection of his departure as a volunteer in 1797 with the national flag before him, let loose to the morning breeze, caused him to feel the ignominy of the position and intense horror of the crime.

But it might have been expected. Men who drink should never be allowed to occupy any post of honor, for it ought to be well understood that they are capable of any and all infamies.

Frentzel and I ran to her house; when we went in we saw Florentin dash his sword and his shako on the table, then he tore off his epaulets and his cross—all this without one word; he then entered the dark alcove, and extended himself, all dressed as he was, upon his bed.

"Florentin!" cried Françoise, in a despairing voice, "will you not speak to me?"

He did not seem to hear her.

"Florentin! in the name of Heaven, answer me!"

He was still silent.

Then I, bursting into tears, sobbed out:

"My friend—my friend! answer us!"

"Go away," he said then—"go away!"

But, as I only sobbed the louder, he added:

"Go away, my little friend, leave me; you are breaking my heart!"

Then Françoise ran out to seek assistance, and I followed her. Florentin was left all alone, absorbed in his terrible grief. In his eyes the flag was honor, and he believed himself dishonored.

What happy creatures children are! They understand nothing of the sorrows and the shames of life; of its anxieties and its despairs, that kill as surely as any dagger could do its murderous work. Children weep sometimes, to be sure, but their grief is soon assuaged. It is for man alone that the supreme trial is reserved of seeing the ruin of all his hopes, and only shame in the future. A child could not bear this spectacle, and would fall to the ground as if felled by lightning. To each is given his burden, according to his strength, and all are heavy enough. But this is the will of God.

Some kind people, seeing me sitting outside my friend's door, sobbing in desperate grief, took me home. As I was very tired, my mother sent me at once to bed, where I speedily fell asleep.

The next day was a rain-storm. When I woke, I heard the water splash against our windows. Except this sound and the steady pour of the rain on the sidewalks, all was quiet in the streets. I dressed leisurely, having almost forgotten the events of the previous evening, when I happened to see two persons run past our windows; these were the military surgeon, Monsieur Billard, and Dr. Poriot, of the town. Child as I was, I at once said that they must be going to some one who was very sick.

A few minutes later Rose came in, and she said to me:

"Your poor friend Florentin is very, very ill."

Then all came back to me, and I went out in spite of the rain, and hurried to the house of my dearly loved friend.

The little room where we had spent so many happy hours was full of people, who looked at

each other in mournful silence. Frentzel was seated in her low chair, with her apron thrown over her head. She was motionless and silent. The two physicians were in the alcove, one on each side of the bed, and we heard Florentin's deep breathing.

The physicians spoke to him, but he did not reply. My father, who was near the window, took me by the hand and led me up to the bed, saying, in a low voice, to the surgeon:

"He loves this child—perhaps he will hear him."

Then they lifted me on a chair, and I saw Florentin—my Florentin. How tall he looked! I had never seen him look so tall! His pale face, his gray mustache, and his scanty white hair gave him such a sad look that I sobbed, and called aloud:

"My friend—my dear friend!"

He slowly opened his eyes and looked at me, but no other feature moved; they were as if carved from marble. He appeared to recognize me, however, and he slowly raised his hand and extended it toward me.

All the others, crowding to the entrance of the alcove, murmured to each other:

"He recognizes the lad!"

"Yes," said the military surgeon Billard, "he recognizes him, to be sure—but he is very low!"

At this moment there was a great noise in the street without, and some one said hastily:

"What is that?"

Then a soldier came in to say that Captain Ader and the drum-major, Padour, had brought back the flag. They had gone the night before in search of it, and Captain Ader, drenched with rain, his sword at his side, and carrying the flag rolled in its case, now appeared. He was wild-eyed and haggard.

"The villain has gone to his account," he said, sternly; "he lies on the turf behind the wineshop at Maladrie; he will never again bring dishonor on brave men!"

His hearers understood what I did not at the time, that a duel had taken place between them, and that Blanchet was killed.

But, as Ader advanced toward the alcove, Françoise, starting up, hastily exclaimed:

"No—no—don't go there! Let Lucien carry him the flag. The shock of seeing you might kill him, Monsieur Ader."

She burst into tears, and all present felt that she was right. The case was drawn from the flag, and I was told to hold it, and then call Florentin. I obeyed. I took the flag, and I shouted loudly:

"Friend Florentin! dear friend! Look here—look at your flag!"

And, for the second time, he opened his eyes.

He looked first at me, then at the flag, his eyes lighted up, his lips parted, and in obedience to a motion of his hand I laid the flag on the bed close to the old man, touching his shoulder.

Then he uttered a long, deep, shivering sigh of contentment; the rigidity of his features relaxed, almost a smile fluttered over his lips, a gray pallor settled down on his face; he ceased to breathe. His left arm was folded over his breast, pressing the flag to his heart.

I thought him sleeping.

Thus died Sébastien Florentin, October 15, 1830. All that long day, until it was dark, all his old friends in Phalsbourg, all the National Guard, who had elected him with such unanimity, filed past his alcove, and looked at him for the last time.

He was noble-looking, as he lay there with the folds of the tricolored flag enveloping him. He seemed to have regained his lost youth, and to have died in the defense of his country, at Valmy, Jemappes, or at Fleurus.

Many years have passed since the death of that old soldier, but I remember the grand funeral as well as if it were yesterday.

It took place on one of those warm, misty days in autumn which so often succeed a storm. The trees looked like shadows enveloped in the fog. The swallows had taken flight; indeed, all the birds had deserted their nests, and there was hardly a sound in the woods through which we passed. All the towns-people, as well as crowds from the vicinity, followed my friend to his grave. On the bier lay his cross and sword.

The drums, covered with crape, gave forth dull, smothered sounds, with little gasps between like sobs. The entire National Guard, with a company of the Eighteenth in front, led the funeral procession, with reversed arms. Then came the honest *bourgeois* and their wives. The procession reached from the cemetery to the town.

Nicole and Françoise were just in front of us; they were weeping convulsively.

Justine and I walked hand in hand.

We had never before been in the cemetery, and had never been near these tombs, these black crosses, nor under these willow-trees, whose yellow leaves, detached by autumnal winds, fluttered softly down. We had never before looked down into an open grave, with the fresh earth piled up around it.

I must confess that I was appalled. And when my friend's coffin was lowered down in this great black hole; when the soldiers came up one after the other and discharged their guns into this gulf; when sobs burst forth among the crowd, I staggered and nearly lost consciousness. Ah! if anything could have aroused Florentin, it would have been this fusillade that he had heard

on every field of battle since '92, and which he had hoped to hear again at Saarlouis, the old French town that had been torn from us after our disasters.

Yes, but it was all over; his pictured image alone could ever stand again before me.

Coming home from the cemetery among the weeping crowd and desolate women, Justine's little hand—I can feel it now—passed over my face to wipe away my tears, and I heard her murmur:

"Don't cry, Lucien. He loves you still! My

mother says that all brave men go to heaven, and that they look down on us from there."

Thus ended the fairest days of my childhood—in desolation! And very soon began the rough experiences of school, of toil, and of lost illusions—the life, in short, to which we are all destined.

Happy are those who can support these with courage, and who can say to themselves, "I have always done my duty!"

This is the greatest consolation that a good man can have in his last hours.

From the French of ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN (Revue des Deux Mondes).

S U W A R R O W .

TO the student of character, especially in its unique and exaggerated aspects, there are few more fertile fields than the annals of the Russian court. The transition from barbarism to civilization is usually marked by the appearance of numbers of men in whose nature the principles of savagery and culture contend for the supremacy; the result being men of a curious, mongrel type of character. This process of transition was begun in Russia under the fostering auspices of Peter the Great; and at the present day it can hardly be said to have reached the fullness of a finished issue.

Among this class of half-breeds appeared one whose pronounced oddities entitle him to be regarded as *sui generis*. We propose to view him chiefly as a social phenomenon, incidentally as a soldier; to walk round and round him if so be that we may learn what manner of man he was; to try to seize the salient features of his character, and find the key to the unity of his nature, which, on a superficial glance, seems so fragmentary and desultory and incoherent. We may be assured that, on that tangled mass of mount-bankeries and superstitions, a jet of light may be turned that will illumine the whole matter, if we are fortunate enough to find it. The wildnesses of most men have in their own eyes a method and order; and we shall never succeed in reducing the apparent chaos and confusion to law till we look through their own organs of vision and see them as they see themselves.

Suwarrow, who in his old age was pinched, shriveled, and dwarfish, was in his prime of a burly build, rather short of stature, but well-proportioned. A malignant gossip says that he had the body of an ape and the soul of a bull. The medals struck in his honor give a false idea

of his personal appearance. The waving ringlets, the finely-chiseled features, the stately presence, bear little resemblance to the great original. The truth is, that he was so ugly as to inspire even his own soul with disgust; and the looking-glass was the only enemy he did not dare to face. The first duty of the officer appointed to secure a lodging for him was to remove all articles of luxury—books, pictures, plate, but especially mirrors; and, if one of the latter proscribed articles had accidentally been overlooked, Suwarrow had no sooner set his eyes on it than he smashed it to a thousand fragments. His restless, spasmodic nature showed itself in his rapid glances; in his laconic remarks where the hearer had to supply from his own suggestiveness the words that were lacking to complete the sense; in his abrupt conversation, which was ever darting from subject to subject like a bird among the twigs. He seemed always anxious to do a thousand things at once, and to follow as many different trains of thought and talk simultaneously. Once, in an engagement with the Turks, he all of a sudden rushed forward into the ranks of the enemy, stabbed several of the Janizaries, cut off their heads, and filled a large sack with them, which he brought away and emptied at the feet of his general. And the impetuosity of resolve and daring which he displayed while a common soldier was in keeping with the fertility and promptitude of expedient he exhibited when, as a Russian marshal, he controlled the movements of armies. If he had been expostulated with for the risk he ran in attacking such fearful odds, he would have answered, as he did on another occasion, when comparing the relative worth of a clever man and a fool: "One man is worth three fools; even three are too few, say six; ay, six are too

few, say ten; one clever fellow will beat them all, overthrow them and take them prisoners."

Suwarrow affected great simplicity of life and coarseness of manners. A heap of fresh hay with a sheet spread over it formed his bed alike on the march, in the fortress, or at home. He could not sleep without abundance of fresh air; and if the windows would not open he would break every pane of glass in them, and even order the frames to be taken out, saying that he did not fear cold. Before throwing himself down to rest, he seldom took off his boots, spurs, or military accoutrements; sometimes, when he wanted either to refresh his exhausted energies or pamper his tired flesh, he might tempt the drowsy god by unfastening one spur. Lest he should slumber too long, he always carried a dunghill-cock with which he shared his bedroom, and whose shrill clarion sounding at his ear always summoned the warrior in good time to the duties of the day. "I hate idleness," said he; "and that bird," pointing to the cock, "is very punctual in waking me." So highly did he appreciate the services of the bird that, in emulation of its virtues, he would go to the door of his tent, and, instead of ordering the drum to beat, or the bugle to sound, imitate its cries as a signal that the camp was to awake. His own imitation of the crowing of the cock was the bugle-call for the march. He drilled his troops in his shirt-sleeves; and often rode in front of the army on a barebacked horse, with no other clothing than his shirt. Summer and winter alike he rose at two in the morning, and took a bath, or rather had bucketfuls of cold water thrown over him by his servants. Thereafter he breakfasted; dinner was served at eight; and breakfast and dinner alike consisted of the coarse, black bread of the common soldiers, which in his case was washed down by deep draughts of brandy. During these repasts an officer stood by, and, at his discretion, informed Suwarrow that he had eaten and drunk enough, and that the servants would now remove the bread and bottles. "By whose orders dare you interfere with me, sir?" Suwarrow would exclaim. "By the orders of Marshal Suwarrow." "If so, he must be obeyed." He had issued general instructions to his subordinates to command him, in his own name, to desist from doing anything likely to injure his health. He owned neither villa, nor plate, nor carriage, nor books, nor liveried servants, nor pictures, nor rare collections of any kind, and, when he came to St. Petersburg, slept in the cart which all his days, on the march and in triumphal entries, was his favorite vehicle. For twenty years at a stretch he never used a looking-glass for the purposes of the toilet; nor did he ever encumber his per-

son with watch or money. In his day personal cleanliness, even among the ladies of the Russian nobility, was not held in much account; and Suwarrow was often seen to take off his shirt and bid his soldiers hold it to the fire, adding that it was the best method he knew for killing certain unclean parasites. In conversation his tone, especially to his equals, was abrupt and imperious; whom he met, or was introduced to, he received with a cannonade of questions, the one following the other in rapid succession. As a test of military fitness, presence of mind, self-reliance, and force of character, it was by no means an unsatisfactory one. All those whom he confused or embarrassed, he despised as fools. Suwarrow met his match in imperturbable coolness and impudence in M. de Lameth. "To what country do you belong, sir?" said Suwarrow. "France," was the reply. "What profession?" "Military." "What rank?" "Colonel." "Your name?" "Alexandre de Lameth." After submitting meekly to this examination, the Frenchman turned on Suwarrow and asked him the same questions, imitating his threatening manner and suspicious look; getting the same laconic answers; after which both gentlemen burst out laughing. It was seldom, indeed, that Suwarrow's questions were so coherent. What would a stranger think when saluted by a grim, snuffy old man, made up exteriorly of dirt and jewels, with the demand uttered in an imperious tone: "How many stars are there in the skies? You don't know: what do you know? How many trees are there in the forest, or fishes in the lake?" And, on your confessing ignorance in a conciliatory manner, how would you like to have a scornful and filthy finger pointed at you, and be baptized amid a grinning company with the name of Monsieur Know-nothing? Nothing lashed Suwarrow into such fury as the use of that handy conversational phrase, "I don't know." His officers, well aware of this infirmity, would hazard any reply rather than acknowledge ignorance on any subject on which it was his whim to examine them. In his old age he would often be seen running and frolicking in the streets of St. Petersburg, bawling at the top of his voice, "I am Suwarrow, I am Suwarrow!" followed by a crowd of urchins, among whom he threw apples to be scrambled and fought for. At court he persisted in kissing the portrait of the Empress Catharine, which every lady wore on her breast, to the dismay of the wearers, who shuddered when the snuffy nose, innocent of handkerchiefs, came near their rich silks and white bosoms. Her Majesty herself had one day to ask him to conduct himself more sanely and decently. In the palace his antics were of the most whimsical description: his facial nerves were never at rest,

and his jerky attitudinizations, his spasmodic movements, his meaningless grinnings and gigglings, snarlings and piteous moanings, his obscene remarks, weak puns and small gibes, led those who knew him not to be Suwarrow to conclude that this grimacing and bejeweled object was Catharine's court fool; and their astonishment may be easily conceived on being told that they beheld a hero who had fought countless battles and never lost one of them; and who at the council-table had proved himself a sagacious and clear-headed reasoner, a crafty politician, and a brilliant epigrammatist. In his riper years he was able to speak a little French and German, which he had probably picked up in his wars and wanderings. His friends aver that he was an adept in the dead languages, and that in his temporary seclusions he studied Hebrew. Several of his sayings have passed into Russian proverbs, especially the sarcasm he uttered on the Emperor Paul's military innovations, which were all of the decorative order: "Hair-powder is not gun-powder; curls are not cannon; and tails are not bayonets"; a bit of doggerel which cost the rhymers his command. The verse in which he announced to the Empress the capture of Tutukay, in Bulgaria, is well known:

" *Salva bogu !
Salva vam !
Tutukay vuala !
I ya tam !* "

" Glory to God !
Glory to thee !
Tutukay is taken !
Here are we ! "

The following satiric episode is simply delicious: His Majesty sent his favorite, Count K—, to congratulate the Marshal on his recall from exile. "K—!" said Suwarrow, when the name was announced. "There is no Russian family of that name; who can he be?" The messenger is brought in. "You are not of Russian birth, I judge; from what country are you?" "Of Turkey: I owe my rank and title to his Majesty's favor." "Ah, I see: you have rendered important services to the state; in what battalion are you? in what battles have you fought?" "I have never served in the army." "Oh, you are in the civil service, then?" "No, I have always been in personal attendance on his Majesty." "Indeed; in what capacity?" "*Valet* to his Majesty." Suwarrow thereupon turned to his own servant, and said: "Ivan, do you see this nobleman? He once held the same menial office as you. What a glorious career you have before you! He is a count now! so may you yet! Be a good lad and you will—who knows?—be decorated with all the orders of Russia!"

It is characteristic of Eastern religions, pagan and Christian alike, to make piety consist in exterior rather than interior adornment, in gymnastic exercises rather than in loyalty to moral

principle or pure affection; and the lower the nation or the individual in the scale of civilization, which is the power to live for and in ideas, the more pronounced is this tendency to propitiate Deity by ceremonies and grimaces which are of the skin, and which have nothing to do with the disposition and character. Suwarrow's religion was as destitute of moral qualities as his habits were of social refinement. He was a savage both in his inward and outward development. His God was a being to be reconciled and cajoled by a state bow, such as a man makes when he attends one of her Majesty's drawing-rooms; a being who could be coaxed to place his own invincible might at the disposal of the man who surpassed all other candidates for that favor in the amount of physical deference he rendered. There never lived a general who insisted more than Suwarrow on the personal piety (as he understood that word) of his soldiers and officers—not even Cromwell himself. On Sundays, and the festivals of Holy Church, he delivered sermons to the superior officers of his army, whom in their turn he compelled to preach and pray in the presence of their regiments, abusing in no measured terms those whose ignorance of Russian disqualified them for praying in the vernacular, and therefore for humoring the national God to whom, like the Jews of old, he ascribed his victories, and in whose protection and favor he had the blindest faith. The Warsaw Butcher never began a battle without reverently and repeatedly making the sign of the cross. He won the silent approval and encouragement of the superstitious people of Italy during his campaign in that country, as much by his devoutness as by his success. Wherever on the march he saw a crucifix or saintly image he stopped to pray; wherever he met a monk he asked leave to kiss his hand, and solicited his benediction, invoking his curse on those French regicides and atheists whom it was his mission to punish. He begged relics of departed saints from the convents he visited; bathed again and again in holy water to make himself invulnerable; consumed cart-loads of consecrated wafers that he might not hunger any more. Priests and Presbyters, Protestant and Papist—to all alike he paid homage; each and all of them must have a presiding God whose special charge they were; and was it not a prudential precaution to secure him as an ally, when a little deference paid to his ministers was all the price that was asked? Suwarrow was clearly a broad Churchman, seeing good in all sects and parties. That he was an intentional hypocrite and impostor seems at any rate not believable. He was religious according to his lights, even when there was little to be gained by pretenses and professions; and

that his ostentatious devotions, genuflections, and comic pieties, secured him the good-will of the people was probably as much due to accident as craft. On one occasion he risked the resentment of Catharine rather than neglect his duty to Heaven. After the "pacification of Poland"—that is, after he had executed all likely to provoke dispeace—the Czarina conferred on him the rank of field-marshal; but Suwarrow, faithful to his religious principles, would not receive the dignity till he had asked the blessing of Holy Church.

It is needless to say that a man of Suwarrow's habits and temper was little fitted for the domesticities of life. There is a story told of his comrade-in-arms, Marshal Romanzow, who was parted from his wife. One of his sons, having finished his studies, came to the army to ask a commission. "Who are you?" said Romanzow. "Your son." "Oh, indeed! you are grown up, I see." The interview finished, the young man asked if there was any place where he could take up his abode. "Why, surely," said the father, "you are acquainted with some officer in the camp." Suwarrow's domestic relations seem to have been on no more cordial footing. He had a daughter whom Catharine appointed one of her maids-of-honor, and whom she afterward married to the brother of her husband *pro tem.*, Plato Zubof—the last of a long list who filled the office; which led the wifings of St. Petersburg to say that Catharine had ended with Platonic love. In this daughter Suwarrow's malformation of mind, to which his eccentricities owe their being, took the form of imbecility. The old man, not having seen his daughter since her childhood, expressed a wish to meet her. "Ah, father," cried she, "how big you have grown since I last saw you!" He quarreled with his wife soon after their marriage, and refused to live with her. On hearing that the Empress had made his son an officer in the Guards, he made the following comment: "Ah, well, if her Majesty says that I have a son, be it so, but I know nothing about it." There seems, however, to have been one little germ of affection in that tough and twisted and gnarled nature: he was much attached to his nephew, Gortschakoff, who was second in command of the ill-fated army of Switzerland led by Korsakoff against the French. Spiteful gossips say that this nephew was a blushing booby, who bedaubed his cheeks as unblushingly as any of the ladies of St. Petersburg who held their toilet-table as incomplete without a rouge-pot, and that he wore whalebone stays to keep his body slim and graceful.

The Empress Catharine, during whose brilliant reign he rose to fame, knew Suwarrow's worth; and, with that instinctive acumen by

which she attached to her person and interest all those whose force of character or genius made them dangerous as enemies and powerful as friends, led the rough, uncultured, and perverse hero by a silken thread. Hard cash that had to be deposited out of sight in the pockets—which could not be hung about the person, and flashed and flaunted in the eyes of the world—had no charm for Suwarrow. But Catharine knew how to reach and play upon the savage nature deep-seated in the man. She operated on him chiefly through his weakness for gaudy trinkets, a weakness which, in common with all savages, he shared. If he loved and prized any possession in the world, it was the brilliant baubles and toys which she gave him, and which the touch of her white, royal hand had invested with a double value and with something of a sacred character. Each new courier that arrived at her court with tidings of a victory, coincided with the dispatch of a messenger bearing a bejeweled gift, and a letter of thanks written by the Czarina's own hand. In this way he had accumulated a large collection of richly-carved gold snuff-boxes; imperial portraits set in gold; swords whose hilts sparkled with all the colors of a prism; rich robes bestarred with badges of the royal favor and friendship; and this motley treasure he carried about with him in all his wars and wanderings, locked and double-locked in a massive iron chest. He never touched one of these gifts on which Catharine's hand had rested; nay, his glance never casually alighted on one of them but, as in the presence of something holy, he made the sign of the cross, and, falling on his knees, reverently kissed it, and with greater solemnity than ever devout pilgrim kissed Papal toe or Caaba-stone. Again and again he refused her Majesty's gifts. On one occasion when the Empress was granting favors to everybody, and when everybody was pressing round her with eyes that said, "What am I to get?" she ordered the mob to stand back till a figure in the background came into the full view of the court. It was Suwarrow. Addressing him, she said: "And you, General; do you want nothing?" "Only that you would order my lodgings to be paid, madame." The rent of his lodgings was three rubles a month. It is averred that he never shared in the plunder of the cities which he gave over to his soldiers to be sacked. "At the fall of Ismail, he did not take even a horse."

Catharine was prodigal in her gifts to her favorites and servants, and rewarded on a scale of right Russian magnificence. But Suwarrow could never find it in his heart to refuse a gold toy; and his Stoic indifference to wealth capitulated at once when the seductive light of a pre-

cious stone bewildered and blinded his eyes. How often did he vex the ears of his officers with the oft-repeated history of each trinket! Again and again he assembled them to admire and eulogize the loveliness of his collection, till the faculty of admiration in them was exhausted, and the language of eulogy had ceased to be fresh. He would stop his army while on the march, that he might open his chest and gloat over his treasures. At dinner, he would, in a rapid succession of shots, fire the following questions at his neighbors: "Have you seen my jewels? Do you envy me them? What do you think they are worth? Why did our mamma give them to me?" A failure to answer these questions as promptly as the report follows the explosion, and the General lost his temper, and a louder explosion followed, in which, amid the confusion of gutturals and growls, the only articulate words that could be made out were, "You blockhead!" "You fool!" while the poor victim, too ignorant to answer rightly, or too honest to lie, or too prosaic to invent a fictitious history of the jewels on the spot, sat blushing and trembling.

But his treatment by Catharine's son and successor, the Emperor Paul—who, hating his mother, hated every one she prized, reversed all the schemes and ends she labored for and cherished—was harsh and ingrate. After Catharine's death, he denuded the grim, sarcastic old marshal—who had sneered at and made some doggerel rhymes about his military reforms—of all his commands, and ordered him to retire to Moscow. Suwarrow was with his beloved troops in southern Poland when he received the imperial mandate, ready to march against France. He determined to break the news of his disgrace to the army himself. Having drawn the troops up in line of battle, he appeared before them in the dress of a common soldier, but decorated with all his orders, and with the portraits of the late Czarina and the Emperor of Austria sparkling on his breast in the sunshine. The soldiers, on hearing the announcement of the Czar's will, broke into cries of indignation and sorrow, which the General vainly tried to hush. He then stripped himself of his military accoutrements and deposited them on a pyramid of drums and cymbals, which had previously been raised in front of the embattled battalions. "And now, comrades," said he, "there may come a time when Suwarrow will be again your general; he will then resume these spoils which he leaves to you and which he always wore in his victories." The "mad Czar," indignant at the honor and deference paid to the exile by the nobles and populace of Moscow, resolved yet further to humiliate his mother's favorite general. He ban-

ished him to an insignificant village. To the officer of police who was deputed to carry out the imperial will, and who had informed Suwarrow that four hours would be allowed him to prepare for his journey, he replied: "Four hours! too much kindness! one hour is enough for Suwarrow." The officer conducted him to the coach which was to bear him to his destination. "A coach!" he said—"Suwarrow in a coach! he will go to exile in the equipage he used when traveling to the court of Catharine or leading the army to victory; go and get a cart."

In course of time the exile's friends succeeded in softening Paul's enmity; they even cajoled the monarch into writing him a letter intimating his reinstallation into the favor and protection of his Majesty. The letter was addressed to Field-Marshal Suwarrow. "This letter is not for me," said the stern, uncompromising exile to the royal messenger; "if Suwarrow were field-marshal he would not be banished and guarded in a village; he would be seen at the head of the armies"; and the courier had actually to bear the letter back to his Majesty unopened.

The exigencies of state, however, obliged Paul to capitulate to his victim and invite him again to lead the armies of Russia. Suwarrow made his appearance at court in civilian costume, without sword or decorative orders. The Emperor was amazed at this daring breach of etiquette. Suwarrow threw himself down on his breast and belly and began to crawl over the floor to the feet of the throne.

"What is this, Marshal," said the Emperor; "come, my son, this will not do; are you mad? get up." "No, no, sire! I wish to make my way too in this court, and I know it is only by crawling that one can get into your Majesty's good graces." At last Suwarrow was to reap the joy which he had often prayed Catharine to grant him—an army of fifty thousand Cossacks with which to make the conquest of France. For his series of brilliant victories over Macdonald, Moreau, and Joubert, the grateful Czar conferred on him the title of prince, with the surname of Italsky; and issued a decree ordaining that the same military honors should be paid to Suwarrow as himself, and that henceforward and for ever he should be considered the greatest captain of every age, of every nation and country of the world. Paul was the first to disobey his own imperial ukase. He attributed to Suwarrow the disasters of the Helvetian campaign; and in reorganizing his shattered armies he left no command for the brave, gray-haired warrior, who retired to St. Petersburg, bowed with sorrow, broken-hearted and neglected. On his arrival there he went to the house of his nephew, Prince Gortschakoff; and lay down never to rise.

Suwarrow, sprung from a family of no social position and held in no respect, began in 1742 the career which he ended as Generalissimo of the Russian forces, as a private soldier in the Fusileer Guards of the Empress Elizabeth. He won every step in his rapid promotion by his prowess and daring on the field of battle. In five years he attained to the rank of corporal; in 1749 he received further promotion; and in 1754 he quitted the Guards with a lieutenant's commission. His first campaign was made in the course of the Seven Years' War with Prussia, when Frederick the Great was "like to be overwhelmed" by his enemies; and he was present at the capture of Berlin by Todleben in 1760. For his valor in this war Catharine presented him, in 1762, with a colonel's commission written by her own hand. As brigadier-general, he marched against the confederates of Poland in 1768; obtaining the full rank of major-general two years later. When finally he was made Marshal of the Empire, he performed in the presence of the army some of the most wonderful antics recorded in the chronicles of the great. Catharine never granted promotion on grounds of seniority, either of merit or of favoritism—merit in the recipients' relation to the state, or favoritism in their domestic and personal relations to the throne. There is an anecdote to the effect that she dismissed General Kamenskoi from her service for having taken command of an army on the march, consequent on the death of his superior, Prince Potemkin; a responsibility which he could not well evade. He sent a report to her Majesty, in which the introductory sentence ran as follows, "Having taken the command in consequence of my seniority," on the perusal of which audacious sentence, Catharine, in her own hand, wrote the marginal comment, "Who gave you orders?" He then proceeded to criticise the disorganized state of the troops—an indirect reflection on the capacity of the deceased general, who, having originally been Catharine's domestic companion, had become her trustiest adviser; retaining as a statesman the influence he had acquired over her through the tender passion. On reading these strictures, Catherine wrote, "He dared not say a word while the Prince was alive"; and, though Kamenskoi was a man of much military capacity, the answer to his elaborate critique was a command to quit the army. The allegorical buffoneries Suwarrow performed, on the occasion of his elevation to the marshalate were of the most grotesque character. Of the half-superstitious, half-religious temper of the Russian boor, he saw the hand of Providence in his success in life. He resolved that he should publicly thank the Deity for it, which he did in the cathedral church of

Warsaw. He packed the nave and aisle of the cathedral with soldiers to witness the following religio-comic entertainment: Having placed in a line as many chairs as there were officers senior to himself and holding military rank between that he had been promoted from and that he had been promoted to, he entered the building in his shirt-sleeves, and in the leap-frog style vaulted over each chair, thereby typifying how he had vaulted over his rivals. Thereafter, in the presence of the grinning yet admiring soldiery, who loved yet laughed at their erratic, brilliant, and vainglorious chief, he dressed himself in his marshal's uniform, covering his breast with his numerous decorations and orders and trinkets. He danced and skipped like a lunatic, and posed and pirouetted in his new costume. Before enrobing himself, he hugged and kissed it, and made again and again the sign of the cross; and the mild, innocent vanity of the man showed itself not only in the way he strutted about, inflated with a sense of his self-importance, but in the remark he made on little Nicholas Soltikoff, who thought himself specially slighted by Suwarrow's promotion over his head: "I don't wonder that they did not give such a dress as this to little Nick; it would be too heavy for him."

His laurels as a general were won in that Russo-Turkish war which has raged through many generations since the descent of the Saracen on Europe. In 1788 Suwarrow commanded the fortress of Kinburn, besieged by the Turks. He suffered the enemy to disembark without opposition; he even encouraged them to proceed by sending out a small force with instructions to retreat, after exchanging a few shots, as though they were frightened. The device succeeded; and, while the Turkish boats had gone back to Otchakow for reinforcements, Suwarrow marched out at the head of two battalions with fixed bayonets, and slaughtered the enemy to a man. In these Turkish campaigns, he heaped deeds of prowess upon each other. At Fokschan, when thirty thousand Austrians fled from the battlefield, leaving the Turkish army of one hundred thousand men victors, Suwarrow put himself at the head of eight thousand Russians and changed the fortunes of the day. "Brothers!" cried he; "never look to the eyes of your enemies! Fix your view on their breasts and thrust your bayonets there."

The sack of Ismail was his crowning triumph in this war. Potemkin, not very anxious for a conclusion of hostilities, had leisurely and playfully besieged the city for seven months; when Madame de Witt, to tempt him into activity, divining by the cards, predicted its downfall within three weeks. The Prince replied that he had

a method of divination more prompt and sure than that; and ordered Suwarrow to take it within three days. On the third day, the hero drew up his soldiers, and addressing them—"Brothers! no quarter, provisions are dear!"—delivered the assault. His forces, twice repulsed, at last scaled the walls; and then followed a scene of rapine, and murder, and plunder, which secured the conqueror the nickname of Muley Ismail—a name borrowed from the bloodthirsty Emperor of Morocco, and by no means misapplied.

After the sack of the city, Suwarrow wrote to the Empress the laconic letter, "Ismail is at your feet." The energies of the conqueror of Ismail and Praga were next directed toward Poland. The patriots of the principality had risen against and massacred the Russians resident in Warsaw. Catharine dispatched Prince Repnin—a general whose services she could not dispense with while she insulted and dishonored him—against the rebels; but "the little Martinest priest," as she nicknamed him, not sufficiently shedding blood to slake her vengeance, she named Suwarrow commander-in-chief. The genius of Kosciusko had to hide its diminished head before that of a general greater than he. Suwarrow celebrated his victories at Warsaw by the arbitrary execution of twenty thousand men, women, and children, of all ages and ranks; and Catharine died in peace. Henceforward the conqueror was known, and for all time will be known, as the "Butcher of Warsaw."

But it was by his Italian and Helvetian campaigns that Suwarrow won European fame. It had been one of the great desires of his life to march against the French; and, as Cato of old concluded all his speeches with the words, "Father! my opinion is that Carthage ought to be destroyed," so Suwarrow wound up all his Polish dispatches with the entreaty, "Mother! bid me march against the French!" The Marshal was in ecstasies when at last his prayer was granted—he danced and clapped his hands for joy; when a stroke of apoplexy removed Catharine from the Russian throne and placed a greater madman than Suwarrow himself in that seat of autocratic sway. Paul recalled the army of France and dismissed its leader. The sentence in which he announced the spirit and temper of his reign bears a striking resemblance to a celebrated modern sentiment, "The empire is peace." Paul's sentiment was not so epigrammatic, but it was quite as beautiful: "In whatever light and in whatever circumstances I wish to view an Emperor of Russia, his noblest part will always be that of a pacificator." But it was just as difficult in 1798 to retain your peaceful intentions with a prosperous and adventurous conqueror at your gates as it was in 1870; and, when Paul

saw throne after throne toppling over before the victories of Bonaparte and the other republican generals, he threw himself into the war with more than his mother's fanaticism and fierceness. General Rosenberg received orders to place himself at the head of that victorious army which Suwarrow once led, and which he was destined to lead again; for dissensions arose among the officers of the united armies of Austria and Russia which the presence of a general of Suwarrow's name and fame alone could suppress and silence.

In a campaign of six weeks Suwarrow undid the work which took Napoleon a year to accomplish. He arrived in Italy in time to reap the laurels which should have gone to adorn the brow of the Austrian General Kray, who had just inflicted on the army of the Republic the most crushing defeat of the year. Suwarrow's wild Cossacks scattered the shattered army before them like sheep. Milan opened her gates to admit the conqueror, who, caring little for *fêtes* and festivities, marched quickly up the Po in pursuit of the French assembled again under the leadership of Moreau. For the first time in the history of Europe these two great military nations met in battle-array on the banks of the Po near Bassagnano, with little result but to teach each to respect the other's bravery. Macdonald, with the Army of Naples at his heels, marched to the aid of Moreau. By a rapid retrograde movement, Suwarrow met him on the field of Trebio, where Hannibal defeated the Romans. The fight was continued, and raged with varying issues for two days, the river flowing between.

On the morning of the third, Suwarrow crossed the stream, determined either to conquer or die, to find that during the night Macdonald had retreated, leaving his wounded behind him. Suwarrow followed in rapid pursuit, to be arrested by the tidings that Moreau's army was in movement. Who does not know his boastful speech, and how faithfully he kept it—"After we have thrashed Macdonald, we will return and trounce Moreau"? and how he broke into laughter when the youthful and heroic Joubert stepped into the arena and tapped his shoulder with his lance—"Ho! ho! here is a stripling come to school; we must go and give him a lesson."

His battles or victories, for in his case the words are synonymous, were gained at a fearful sacrifice of life; but life was a cheap commodity in Russia—"it was so easy for God to make Russians." Of the forty thousand soldiers he led into Italy, he left behind him twenty-eight thousand to fertilize her fields. With the rest he scaled the heights of the Mont St. Gothard—a feat to which history has awarded little praise—

intending to join his victorious force to the army which, under Korsakoff, had followed him from Poland. It is the only occasion on which his "children" whispered a murmur of displeasure at the wild vagaries of his generalship. The snow-clad heights and wide-spreading glaciers of the Alps struck terror to the hearts of all but that of the wrinkled old hero himself, frail and feeble in appearance, but full of restless and unconquerable life. The twelve thousand veterans refused to begin the ascent. Suwarrow at once seized a shovel, and digging a shallow grave, into which he threw himself, cried: "Cover me up, and leave me here; you are no longer my children; I am no longer your father: there is nothing left for me to do but die!" The device succeeded far better in bringing back the allegiance and loyalty of the rebels than the modern device of slinging up the ringleaders on the nearest tree; though it was a device which only a general led on by his genius, and not by his handbook of military instructions, could afford to adopt. It must, however, be added that certain gossips deny the authenticity of this anecdote; but the *a priori* ground on which they reject the evidence for it is quite as striking a testimony to Suwarrow's influence over his soldiers as the scene itself: "There never was a Russian army disheartened when Suwarrow was at its head! And never did a soldier murmur, no matter what were the orders given him!"

The tidings which reached the stout old hero shortly after his descent to the plains of Switzerland almost broke his heart. The battle of Zurich had been fought by Korsakoff and lost. Korsakoff was a soldier of parade, where padding, millinery, and well-trimmed mustaches make the hero. He held Masséna and his republican legions in contempt; and smiled the smile of the strong and self-reliant at the recital of their doings and darings. "The French!" said he, "they don't know how to stand upright, nor march, nor draw up in ranks, nor perform the simplest evolution correctly." It is only such favored ones as Suwarrow whose vaporings Fate does not take a malicious pleasure in scorning; and the memory of Korsakoff's big talk paralyzed his faculties in the hour of action; he lost his head; issued orders wildly and blindly, each one leading more and more to the final issue of defeat and chaos. Suwarrow foamed with passion when he heard of his colleague's defeat; and stormed and raved like a madman when the subsidence of the passion left him voice to speak. He dispatched a messenger to Korsakoff, ordering him to reassemble his forces, threatening him with decapitation if he took another retrograde step. The approach of Masséna made Suwarrow himself retreat. It was the bitterest mo-

ment of his life; in his vaunting way he used to say that an army under his command would never execute this humiliating movement. His retreat was conducted with as great brilliance as and exhibited greater strategic cleverness than his victories; but he grew silent, and sour, and sulky, and ever and anon turned fiercely on his pursuers when they pressed too closely on him. All their efforts failed to force his lines, or make him retreat one step faster than he pleased. The thought of the shame and dishonor of this movement proved too heavy a burden to bear. It slew him. The Emperor Paul embittered his closing hours with reproaches. He retired to St. Petersburg to die—old, forsaken, and neglected. Some signs of reviving interest Paul indeed did show in the old hero's existence, but not till he was told that the Marshal was dying; he asked bulletins of his condition to be regularly sent to the court; he ordered the grand dukes to visit him; but these signs of esteem came too late to gladden the old man's embittered heart. Worrying, fretting, snarling, "like a rat in a hole," he died, his trouble being old age, indignation, and despair.

His military success was probably as much due to the splendid material out of which the Russian soldiers of his day were manufactured as to his own genius. Life in Russia has only a military value; its final cause is fighting, and the peasant has long been taught to regard death in the battle-field for the cause of the Czar as the chief design of his existence; a man is a weapon of war; and the doggedness with which the Russian soldier fights, the readiness with which, under Suwarrow at least, he laid down his life rather than surrender, showed how firmly this theory of life had rooted itself in his nature. To die on the field of battle was believed to be the surest guarantee of and avenue to eternal happiness. It is probable that even yet the Russian soldier believes that if killed in battle he will, on the third day after, come again to life in some sweet and shining valley in the Czar's dominions, where the press-gang will never trouble him. Suwarrow often availed himself of this superstition to bribe his soldiers to greater feats of valor. As the great Frederick, in the bitterness of his defeats at the hands of the Russian soldiers rather than their incapable leaders, said, "It was easier to kill these men than to conquer them." With smiling faces they walked into the cannon's mouth; stood stock-still till they had shot all their enemies, or the last of their own number had been shot. At the siege of Otchakoff, an officer met a picket advancing to a post. "Away, back!" said he; "the Turks have made a sally and are in possession of the post you are going to; you will all be cut to pieces if you go."

"What is that to us?" was the answer; "we are sent there, and Prince Dolgoruki is answerable for us." One of their French conquerors on the field of Zurich, riding over the scene of carnage, seeing their bodies piled corpse above corpse, each one with the image of his patron saint in his hand, as if his last thought on earth had been a prayer, made the comment: "Warriors so contemptuous of death and so fanatical can not but be terrible on a day of battle; and certainly we know to our cost that they are so." No general, with the exception of Mohammed, ever succeeded in inspiring his followers with such fanatic fervor and faith in his invincibility as Suwarrow. His soldiers idolized him, and, though his officers laughed at his eccentricities, they obeyed his wildest commands with the unquestioning trust of children. He shared the frugal fare of the rank and file of the army—black bread seasoned with rape-oil, tallow, or onion, washed down by a drink called *quass*, which those who have tasted it speak of with disgust. On the march and in active service he was his own surgeon-major, and his prescriptions were of the simplest character; he thrashed the invalids out of their beds, saying that "it was not permitted to the soldiers of Suwarrow to be sick." The only other medicine in his pharmacopœia was rhubarb and salts, which, to those whose sickness was too manifest to be gainsaid, he administered in such doses that he added to the terrors of the hospital. He drilled his soldiers himself; and his instructions are about the quaintest reading in print, for he actually issued a military manual. When the order "march against the Poles" was given, "the soldier had to plunge his bayonet once"; "march against the Prussians, the soldier strikes twice; march against the execrable French, the soldier makes two thrusts forward, a third in the ground, and there sinks and turns round his bayonet." But here is an extract:

"Heels close! Knees straight! A soldier must stand like a dart! I see the fourth; the fifth I don't see. Soldiers! join elbows in front! Give the drum room! Keep your ball three days, it may happen for a whole campaign, when lead can not be had. Fire seldom but fire sure! Push hard with the bayonet! the ball will lose its way, the bayonet never; the ball is a fool, the bayonet a hero! Stab once! Off with the Turk from the bayonet! even when he is dead you may get a scratch from his saber. If the saber is near your neck dodge back one step and push on again. Stab the second; stab the third; a hero will stab half a dozen. Be sure your ball is in your gun! If three attack you, stab the first, fire on the second, bayonet the third! This seldom happens! When you fire, take aim at their guts and fire about twenty balls. Buy lead from your economy!

It costs little! If you see the match upon a gun, run up to it instantly; the ball will fly over your head; the guns are yours; the people are yours; down with 'em! stab 'em! to the remainder give quarter! it is a sin to kill without reason: they are men like you. Die for the honor of the Virgin Mary! for your Mother; for all the royal family!—the Church prays for those that die, and those who survive have honor and reward! Offend not the peaceable inhabitant: he gives us meat and drink. The soldier is not a robber! Booty is a holy thing! if you take a camp it is all yours; if you take a fortress it is all yours! . . . There are the God-forgotten, windy, light-headed Frenchmen! if we should ever happen to march against them we must beat them in columns! . . . The cavalry instantly fall to work! hack and slash! stab and drive! cut them off! don't give them a moment's rest! . . . One leg strengthens the other! One hand fortifies the other! By firing many men are killed! The enemy has also hands, but he knows not the Russian bayonet! Draw out line immediately and instantly attack them with cold arms."

"*Rules for Diet.*—Have a dread of the hospital! German physic stinks from afar; it is good for nothing and rather hurtful! A Russian soldier is not used to it. Messmates know where to find herbs and roots and ants. A soldier is inestimable; take care of your health! Scour the stomach when it gets foul! Hunger is the best medicine! He who neglects his men, if an officer, arrest; if a sub-officer, scourge; to the private, lashes, if he neglects himself! Remember, gentlemen! the field physic of Doctor Bellypotki! in hot fevers eat nothing even for twelve days, and drink your soldier's quass! that's a soldier's physic! In hospitals the first day the bed seems soft! the second comes French soup! the third the brother-in-law is laid in his coffin and they draw him away! One dies and ten companions round him inhale his expiring breath; but all this is frivolous! While one dies in a hundred with others, we lose not one in five hundred in the course of a month. For the healthy, drink, air, and food! For the sick, air, drink, and food! Brothers! the enemy trembles for you! But there is another enemy greater than the hospital! the d—d I-don't-know! From the half-confessing, the guessing, lying, deceitful, the palavering, equivocation, squeamishness, and nonsense of I-don't-know, many disasters originate! Stammering, hesitating, and so forth, it is shameful to relate. Pray to God! from him comes victory and miracles! God conducts us; God is our general! For the I-don't-know an officer is put in the guard! a staff-officer is served with an arrest at home! Instruction is light; not-instruction is darkness! The work fears its master! If a peasant knows not how to grind, the corn will not grow."

It is supposed by some writers that Suwarrow's oddities and eccentricities were inspired by deliberate purpose: that they were cunningly selected to reach a carefully chosen end. Their theory of Suwarrow is, that he resolved to act

the fool in order to quiet the jealousies of the great, and even to win their contemptuous patronage, with the view of ultimately supplanting them; and that his undoubted luminousness of intellect, fertility of imagination, and force and firmness of character, presided over by a cunning rather of the Reynard than the human type, were persistently directed toward this end. Had he chosen to pose as a genius, instead of an inspired buffoon incapable of a sustained ambition, the slips of patrician birth, candidates for the favor and smile of the sovereign, would have intrigued to crush him. As it was, they laughed at and petted him; regarding him as one who could interpose no serious obstacle between them and the attainment of their designs.

If this conception of Suwarrow had been the true one, we should expect to have found him discarding the motley when nothing more was to be gained by wearing it. But may not his oddities, feigned at first, have grown into his nature and become part of his essential character, bone

of his bone and flesh of his flesh? It is hardly probable that such a daring plan for realizing the dreams of a daring ambition would suggest itself to the mind of an illiterate and low-born soldier in a nation where the sentiment, that every private carries a possible marshal's wand in his knapsack, had never been whispered, and would at once have been suppressed as revolutionary. It seems more rational to believe that Suwarrow lived out honestly the manhood that was in him—sport of Nature though that manhood may have been. A man's career in life is the result of two factors—the spirit within him and the circumstances around him; and the true theory of Suwarrow seems to be that he rose to exalted station and command because his peculiar environment, reacted on by a nature of his peculiar type, favored his rise; and, if ever in the history of the world the same inner and outer conditions of life and lot should be repeated, we may expect that the result will be another Suwarrow.

Temple Bar.

THE CRITERION OF POETRY.*

I DON'T know that criticism wants any other vindication than that good critical writing is very pleasant reading. Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Arnold have of late used words so dainty, bright, and expressive in instructing us as to what true poetry is, that, apart from the value of the lesson (which I estimate highly), we like the receiving of it. These eminent critics have laid stress mainly upon the selection of examples, not indeed excluding system and formula, but, on the whole, choosing rather to *show* what poetry is than to say. The method is a delightful one for the pupil, and the examples quoted by Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Arnold are, with hardly an exception, so apt and beautiful that I wish they could be indefinitely extended. But it is a method that obviously belongs of right only to those who have a great and just confidence in themselves. To such it is given by the acclamation of their contemporaries, and the acquiescent consciousness of genius, to wield the scepter of the realms of admiration; to touch, with golden authority, this, that, and the other poetic gem, and to say: "These are admirable; admire what are like these." I shrink from the presumption of adopting this imperial method.

* From "Two Great Englishwomen: Mrs. Browning and Charlotte Brontë; with an Essay on Poetry," etc. By Peter Bayne, author of "Lessons from my Masters," etc. London, 1881.

Sooth to say, however, there is another objection to this mode of teaching the art of poetical criticism. The samples, though chosen with infallible tact, can consist, severally, of but a few lines, and can bear no proportion to the works from which they are taken. If these are by great poets, the probability is that, for every line quoted, its author has written at least a thousand. A poem is an organized thing. That is self-evident and indisputable. From the lyric of three stanzas to the epic of four-and-twenty books, every true poem is a unity of many parts. Its organization is fine and complex—so fine, complex, and mysterious that Mr. Ruskin does not scruple to pronounce a true poem a living thing, and that not in mere metaphorical illustration, but with aim at clear scientific precision. Now, a handful will tell you the quality of a quarter of wheat, a tumblerful will tell you the quality of a cubic league of sea-water, a chip will tell you the quality of a block of granite weighing a thousand tons; but people have been very properly laughing, for more than two thousand years, at the man who carried about a brick as sample of a house, and a brick may give you much more information about a house than a line, or a couple of lines, or even a stray stanza, about a poem. If we add, what is again indisputable, that the greatest poets have weak, flat, bombastic passages, and that very little poets occasionally strike a lofty note, we

shall have the more reason to distrust the critical method which depends upon selected lines or stanzas. Two critics, equally adroit and equally well read, would have no difficulty in bombarding each other with separate lines, to prove, in the one case, that Shakespeare was a great, in the other that he was not a great, poet; and the simple hearer, unacquainted with Shakespeare's works, might find himself utterly unable, at the end of an hour, to decide as to the place he deserves to occupy among poets.

But it is the simple reader, not the man whose born instinct and disciplined and cultured skill enable him to dispense with rules, that requires to be assisted to discriminate between excellent poetry and such as is not excellent; and, in his interest, we may ask whether it is not possible to define the characteristics of true poetry generally, in such a way that he may intelligently assign a reason for considering one poet, on the whole, greater than another. In endeavoring to arrive at a comprehensive, and at the same time practically useful, criterion of excellence in poetry, I shall continue to avail myself of the pleasant help of Mr. Matthew Arnold, though not in a spirit of too servile pupillage.

Poetry, as Mr. Arnold first and fundamentally conceives it, is "a criticism of life." More particularly it is "a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty." This addition, however, only seems to help us; for it is clearly a truism to say that poetry is criticism under poetical conditions. We do not define an island when we call it land situated under insular conditions. The question is, What are the conditions which distinguish that criticism of life which is poetical from that criticism of life which is not poetical? To have poetical value, he explains from Aristotle, criticism of life must have high truth and high seriousness—it must, in both respects, be higher than history; and excellent poetry is such as involves "the noble and profound application of ideas to life."

Let us apply these principles to a passage quoted by Mr. Arnold from Wordsworth:

"Oh, for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure,
For all the children whom her soil maintains,
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth!"

These lines accord well with Mr. Arnold's main conception of poetry. They are manifestly a criticism of life. No criticism could be more

serious, and I do not see that any criticism could be more true. Does the passage not embrace, also, a "noble and profound application of ideas to life"? What form of life could be presented to the imagination more august than that of a mighty nation? And what idea bearing upon national life could be nobler than that all the children belonging to a nation ought to be instructed? Applying Mr. Arnold's test, then, to these lines—inquiring whether they exemplify a noble and profound application of ideas to life—we are shut up to the conclusion that they are excellent poetry. To our surprise, however, on turning to him for that confirmation of our decision which we have a right to expect, we are greeted with this estimate of the passage: "Wordsworth calls Voltaire dull, and surely the production of these un-Voltairean lines must have been imposed upon him as a judgment. One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress; one can call up the whole scene: A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without to declaim these lines of Wordsworth; and, in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe!"

In other words, Mr. Arnold thinks Wordsworth's lines exceedingly bad poetry, so bad that only such persons as are worthy of bitter contempt would listen to them. Why the members of the Social Science Congress should be selected for anointing from the vials of Mr. Arnold's scorn, it is not easy to see. About the practical operations that precede pleasant results there is apt to be a certain dinginess, dreariness. Follow a gardener as he digs about and dungs young apple-trees, a school inspector as he examines stupid classes, a Florence Nightingale as she looks into the details of hospital-work, and you will meet with matters as unromantic as the "dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight" in which "men with bald heads and women in spectacles" do their best to broaden the thin margin of white on the page of life, and find some anodyne for human pain. But it is not our present business to inquire into Mr. Matthew Arnold's view of the contemptibility of trying to bring scientific precision of thought and knowledge into the operations of benevolence. What we are concerned with is the discovery that Mr. Arnold's quotation, himself being witness, is very defective poetry, although, to the best of our judgment, it is admirable criticism of life. It happens that I agree with Mr. Arnold that Wordsworth's lines are not of high poetical val-

ue; but I hope to be able to assign a better reason for thinking so than is touched upon by Mr. Arnold's test.

Let us take another example from Mr. Arnold. The poet is again Wordsworth:

" . . . One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

Could any criticism of life be higher in its seriousness, nobler in its tone, than this? Those who disbelieve in the existence or providence of God will say that, for them, it is untrue criticism; but it is difficult to see how any one should deny that, from the poet's standpoint, it is profound criticism. Were we treating of the poet of a vanished civilization, an extinct religion, we should be constrained to admit that lines into which he condensed the quintessence of that consolation which all races and tribes of men accepting the religion in question had derived from it were, as criticism of life, both noble and profound. Here, too, however, Mr. Arnold holds that the lines are not good poetry. They fail, he says, to exhibit "the characters of poetic truth." We have a fair smile at Mr. Arnold for his italics, and remind him that he has been teaching us that criticism of life, qualified by a few adjectives—true, serious, profound, noble, each taken in a very high degree—is excellent poetry. He was bound to show either that the lines *are* shallow and ignoble as criticism of life, or that they are *not* inferior as poetry. I do not think the poetical quality of Mr. Arnold's second quotation so poor as that of his first; but I do not think it is poetically worth much. And again I think I can assign a reason for this estimate more tenable than its worth or worthlessness as a criticism of life.

Once more I take a sample from Mr. Arnold. It is now Shakespeare that is the poet, the lines occurring in Henry the Fourth's expostulation with sleep:

" Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge?"

Can it be alleged that, in any practical, tangible, not fantastic sense, these lines contain any criticism of life whatever? They are an exceedingly imaginative—a most picturesque and powerful—description of the influence of sleep in lulling into unconsciousness all sense of danger, all capacity of joy or pain; but as a criticism of

life they can scarcely be weighed or measured, and no one could aver that, in seriousness or profundity of meaning, they excel a grave summing-up of the consolation mankind has derived from the consciousness of God. Yet Mr. Arnold tells us that these lines are unsurpassably fine poetry. I agree with him for reasons that will presently appear; but in the mean time I reiterate the question, What profit can be had of a test of poetic quality that fails so egregiously? Mr. Arnold's criterion is like the Bank Act—made to be suspended exactly in those emergencies which it was intended to provide against. We should want Mr. Arnold always at our elbow to apply, or rectify, or suspend his own test. His intuitive perception of what is excellent in poetry, and what is not excellent, may be so trustworthy that it enables him to dispense with his own formula; but less gifted or cultured persons are driven to inquire whether it can not be replaced by a better.

Mr. Arnold goes astray at the outset in seeking a definition of poetry by reference to the judging faculty. Criticism of life is not primarily or distinctively the function of the poet. If it were, mankind would have been wrong in placing Aristotle, Plato, Epicurus, in one category, and Homer, Sophocles, Pindar, in another. There is no criticism of life better than that of Bacon's Essays, yet these are not poetry at all. Professor Huxley was right, on the other hand, when, one day lately at Birmingham, he claimed for science a place of importance in the criticism of life. Doubtless—and the remark is of moment—criticism of life is involved in poetry, but it is not distinctive of poetry, it belongs to prose as well as to poetry.

The fundamental idea on which a sound and a practically useful definition of poetry may be based will be found indicated by Wordsworth himself. In the beginning of his sonnet to the painter Haydon, are these words:

" High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art,
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)."

Poetry is that branch of creative art which works in and with harmonious words. The essential characteristic of all art is that it makes something; the arts distinctively called useful serving the body, the arts distinctively called fine serving the soul. Science looks upon the universe and asks what is the relation between its parts, what are its processes of change, what is going on beneath its surface. Art looks out upon nature and upon man, rejoicing in the vision; essays to imitate, to re-present it; and, from its materials, visions forth a world of man's own, the world of music, sculpture, painting, poetry. A simple and adequate principle of classification

and distinction between these is obtained by reference to the materials with which they work. Poetry is the most spiritual and the highest of the arts; by the more than magical spell of words, she makes all other arts her vassals.

Aristotle traces poetry to imitation; Bacon, in dealing with the same subject, lays stress upon imagination. There is beyond question, as Professor Masson has pointed out, a certain antithetic opposition in their ways of viewing the matter; but there is, I submit, a still deeper agreement. Aristotle himself affords the hint on which a reconciliation between their views can be effected. The poet, he says, may imitate in one of three ways—showing men *better* than they are, *worse* than they are, or *as* they are. The first of these—Homer's way—he describes as producing the noblest poetry; and this is obviously what Bacon would have called the imaginative, the improving, the idealizing poetry.

I discussed this matter very carefully a good many years ago, and I may be permitted to quote from myself some sentences relating to the importance of the instinct of imitation, as *giving the initiative* in art. "It was characteristic of the unimpassioned and comprehensive observation, the strong sense, and the masculine simplicity of Aristotle, to make this instinct his starting-point in his theory of poetry. In so doing, he virtually recorded the suffrages of the great mass of mankind. I once had an opportunity of observing the play of the great human instinct of imitation in a fresh and interesting manner. I was in conversation with a mechanic, on board a steamer, in one of the most magnificent estuaries of our island. My companion was a rough-hewn, sturdy, hard-working man, thoroughly read, as very many of our mechanics are, in the political history of the day, but who had probably reflected little, or not at all, on theories of art. The time was summer, and the general tone of the landscape was that of still grandeur and majestic calm. The atmosphere, though cloudless, was suffused with faint vapor, and bathed the prospect in a pale brilliancy of light. From right and left the mountains stooped undulating to the bay, the tint of their green, softened by the pearly veil of air, melting into the amethystine floor of sea. One or two yachts, slim and graceful, cleft tenderly the glistening ripples, amid the general serenity of radiance, like maidens stepping delicately in the dance to the mild music of the breeze. The combination of splendor with a certain faintness and pallor in the aspect of the scene—as if Nature, oppressed with light, had grown languid in this hour of Pan—was somewhat remarkable. My admiration was awakened, and I called the attention of my fellow-passenger to the beauty of the pros-

pect. He expressed sympathy with my feelings, but passed instantly to another emotion, which was called forth more vividly in his own breast. He spoke of the keen desire, instantly experienced by the beholder, to copy such a picture. The pleasure he had in possession, arising from his sensibility to the beauty of the scene before him, was evidently slight, in his estimation, compared with that pleasure at which he conceptively grasped in reproducing it for himself."

The artist is, first of all, the man who, awakening to the world of nature in his youth, is stirred by irrepressible longing to take some copy of it, to reproduce its sights or its sounds, to express the feelings and thoughts it calls forth within him, to fashion, produce, create from its materials a something, be it a statue, be it a landscape, be it an epic poem, be it a lyric song, which he can call his own, a something on which his spirit shall look with unique and ravishing gladness, as a man looks upon his first-born son. It is this impulse that makes the future Mrs. Browning flood her father's parsonage with her singing before she is eight years old. It is this impulse that sends the idle boy from the noisy crowd of his playfellows up into the still pavilion of a leafy tree, where, literally like a bird among the boughs, he may pour forth reams of puerile verse. It is this impulse which sets the keen-eyed, nimble-fingered child, William Turner, to scratch copies of everything he sees, if only with a pin on a pewter plate, and which, when power has yielded to age, and the eye is becoming filmed, makes him still insist on having, by the bed on which he lies dying, the pigments and the pencils that remind him of the glorious sovereignty of his art.

In seeking, therefore, a practically useful criterion of greatness, of excellence, of degree of merit in poetry, we are not to ask, in the first place, how the poet in question criticises life, but how much of nature and life he reproduces, and whether he reproduces greatly or not greatly; only in the second place, as having a highly important bearing on the general character and quality of his poetry, are we to inquire into his criticism of life.

This criterion has the advantage of exceeding practicality. It is derived from a broad view, first of all art and then of poetry. Any one can apply it. Glance, for example, at those whom the world has decided to enthroned as the greatest of poets. Homer embodies in the "Iliad" a whole form of civilization, a long-since-vanished type of manners, usages, beliefs, feelings, relations. From Olympus, where the upper ten, or rather the upper twelve, of heaven sit on their golden three-legged stools, and Zeus keeps the universe with ease, and his wife with difficulty,

at bay, and the celestial meal is enlivened by inextinguishable laughter at the limping Hephaistos, to the shore where the black ships of the Achæans are drawn up, and dogs and vultures are feeding on the pestilential corpses that taint the camp, and the king of men and the prince of heroes are engaging in a fierce brawl about a stolen girl, and Thersites is railing, and Nestor is praising the past, and Chryses is harping on his daughter, all that stirring world is vividly present to us. It is ideal, visionary, painted on the mind's retina by the miracle-working power of Homer's imagination; and yet the personages in the scene are intensely real, the human character, whether seen under Olympian conditions or those of mortality, is utterly true to the human character of to-day.

Dante is another of the poets whose work is universally acknowledged to be of sovereign excellence. His great poem represents a succession of regions peopled with human creatures, displaying an immense variety of character and passion. The mediæval age is almost as comprehensively, almost as graphically, portrayed in the "Divine Comedy" as the heroic age of Greece is portrayed in the "Iliad." Once more, Shakespeare brings to the actual world of his time a more subtle and penetrating observation, a more comprehensive sympathy, a mightier imagination than either Homer or Dante, and the world of his art embraces a still larger number of typical characters, a still wider vision of human affairs and human life than theirs.

It is interesting, and can hardly be uninteresting, to observe that Keats, himself a fine poet and critic, instinctively contemplates the work of poets from the point of view I have been suggesting. Excellent poems are, for him, "goodly states and kingdoms," "islands," "which bards in fealty to Apollo hold." He had heard of the spacious realm that owned the sway of Homer; but he had not really known it till Chapman revealed it to him. Was it then a new "criticism of life," or a new world bodied forth to the eye of imagination, that he was aware of?—

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken."

In applying our test, it will be conducive to intelligence and perspicuity to distinguish the two elements which it embraces, to wit, what the poet *takes from* nature, and what the poet *gives to* nature. The spirit of man creates nothing out of nothing, and it will be found that the quality and value of what a poet produces depend upon the power with which he can observe, and upon the richness of the materials which are used by his imagination in its constructions. In the actual exercise of the poetic gift, the two

processes—observation, imagination—may go together in the same moment of time, and the exact relation between the two, in any case of high and original production, is too subtle for analysis; but both are necessarily present, and very useful suggestions as to the order of greatness in which poets are to be classified may be derived from simply considering what they chiefly observe, what supremely interests and delights them.

Poets of one class observe the beauties of nature with exquisite accuracy, but have, comparatively speaking, no hold upon the interests, passions, thoughts, activities of men. These poets love color for its own sake, form for its own sake, and are consummate in execution. With the warring, the working, the passionate loving, of the dusty throng around them, they have little sympathy; from humanity they ask only such lovely tints and hues as may afford play to their artistic skill. Their highest name, perhaps, is Keats. In delicate felicity of execution his work will challenge comparison with any the world ever saw. Shakespeare himself can not excel him in his own walk. But he cares little for common interests, common feelings, common life. A hundred generations of fighting-men have thrilled to the harp, or to echoes from the harp, of Homer. The gray-haired farmer, as he harnesses his old mare, thinks of the genial notes of Burns. The furnaceman, as he groans and sweats, is happier because Schiller sang the song of the bell. But what plowman or blacksmith ever heard the name of Keats? what carpenter, as he plied adze or hammer, what fisherman, as he furled his sail, ever murmured a ditty of the London school? They are experts writing for experts.

But the power of fresh and vivid delineation of beautiful objects in nature is a true mark of poetical genius. If, indeed, we might venture on any one assertion respecting the poets of all climes and periods, it would be that they had a sense of keen enjoyment in the beauties of nature. Homer did not describe particular flowers, or dwell upon the features of a landscape for their own sake; but there is a pervasive feeling of the open air in his poetry, and he is constantly referring to the sea, or to starry nights, and knows better than any London or Lake poet the proper office of flowers to heighten, by gush of sympathetic radiance, the impassioned joy of lovers. In modern poetry, however, this gift of graphic presentation of the beauty of nature plays a much more important part than in ancient poetry; and, though it may be in excess, and may thus offend a masculine taste, its presence must be pronounced indispensable to all poetry that will satisfy the demands of modern

readers. The more artificial society becomes, the more we are pent up in smoke-darkened cities, the more enchanting, probably, will be those talismanic touches whereby the poet suddenly wafts us into far-away woods, or places us again on the hillside or the river-brink where we played in childhood.

Nature being, to all practical intents, infinite, the secret of freshness in describing her beauties lies in the habit of first-hand observation. If you watch the breakers as they crash on the shore when the scour of the receding wave suddenly takes their feet from under them; if you try to count and name the colors of the stranded foam in full sunlight, while the breeze passes over it, fluttering its myriad emeralds and rubies and amethysts and topazes; if you note the characteristic groupings and humors of the clouds in any one locality—you will find that no poet or painter can exhaust Nature's variety. It would not be easy to find a better example of that kind of description by which modern poets bring Nature's facts not only to the eye but to the ear, than we have in Mr. Arnold's admirable poem on *Dover Beach*:

"Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in."

We may be sure that no man who has not this eye for nature will obtain recognition and honor among modern poets; it is more, perhaps, from the deadness of their sense on this side than from any other characteristic that Dryden, Pope, Johnson are firmly and unanimously denied the distinctive glory of poets by the present generation. The lilies of the field are in array against them. They have said no tender, heartfelt things, instinct with music, about the birds and the brooks. Not one of those splendidly clever, keenly intellectual men, felt about a daisy like Chaucer or like Burns. I do not believe that any one of them had such delight in the sea, and the stars, and in green meadows, as old Homer. It has become second nature with us to exact from our poets, as an indispensable pledge of tenderness, sweetness, melodiousness, that they shall take us with them to the country.

Poetry, viewed in relation to the poet, is language uttered under the influence of that *glow* of the spirit which renders it picture to the eye and music to the ear. The poetic product may be a little thing or a great thing, a lyric or an epic, a

single vase or a town with all its towers; but now, as in the days of Orpheus and Amphion, it arises before the eye, and it arises to strains of music. The poet rejoices in his work. No word is truer than this:

"What poets feel not, when they make,
A pleasure in creating,
The world, in *its* turn, will not take
Pleasure in contemplating."

Mr. Matthew Arnold gives this as a *caution to poets*; I respectfully suggest that it may be useful also as a caution to critics who are tempted to think that poetry can be defined as criticism of life.

Music is the mother-tongue of joy—Nature's mode of expressing rapture in sentient beings. Science has in these last times taught us to compare and connect Nature's methods with each other throughout all the families of life; and we now know to be a fact, what might formerly have passed for a mere flourish of rhetoric, that the nightingale illuminating the night of the spring woods with song is a lyric poet, and that, by fundamentally the same law that sets the nightingale singing, the fountains of exultant power, of joyful sympathy, of delight in nature, of affection for man, overflow in the poet in melodious words.

The poetic glow is, of course, like all the most important facts, a mystery. To analyze it into its elements, to understand and classify its methods of operation, may well be beyond us. What criticism, modestly observing of the workings of genius, can do is to distinguish a few of its more notable characteristics.

One of these, first, perhaps, in the order of importance and distinctiveness, is its tendency to make the poet view all things as alive. If the reader has not remarked this unique quality of poetic genius, he will be surprised to observe its universality, and the sharpness with which it divides the most accomplished versifier from the poet. It is more or less an accident whether the poet writes in the form of verse or the form of prose, but be sure, if he is a poet, that he scatters largess of life abroad upon creation. If he is not a poet, he can not do this. He may array his figures with exquisite taste, adorn them with jewels, crown them with gold; but they will be wooden figures, after all. He may apostrophize flowers and trees; he may speak very finely about the whisperings of Windsor Forest and the tuneful gliding of the Thames; but he does not—Pope, for example, does not—in the least believe in his own illusion. Mr. Ruskin, on the other hand, though he, unfortunately, abandoned the metrical forms which he used in boyhood with richly promising skill, constantly betrays the es-

sentially poetical character of his mind by giving life to all he loves, to all that intensely interests him. The crossing ripples of the tidal wave advancing on the shore are for him children kissing and clapping hands; the mountain flowers come forth to his eye, "crowded for very love," crushing their leaves into strange shapes "only to be nearer each other"; and the delicate pines "follow each other along the soft hill-ridges up and down." Homer knew perfectly well that the mortality in the Greek camp, spoken of in the first book of the "Iliad," was occasioned by disease arising from the heat of the sun, and that dogs and men, dying of plague, are not struck with arrows. He speaks expressly of disease. And yet, with the glow of poetic vision and creative imagination in heart and brain, he sees, and can not help seeing, Apollo, the angry sun-god, striding along the mountains, the silver arrows in his quiver clanging behind him as he moves, and taking up his position opposite the Greek camp and bending his bow. Shelley gives life to winter, making it a colossal giant, with the wind for a whip:

"He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles."

Shelley's sensitive-plant is as alive as one of Ruskin's pines, and nature becomes beautifully and tenderly alive around her:

"A sensitive-plant in a garden grew,
The young winds fed her with silver dew,
And she opened her fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night."

He who has not this life-giving power is no poet; he who possesses it, appearing from the fact of his possessing it to be either inspired or a maniac, as we interpret his symptoms, is a poet. If he is a great poet, he gives life to men, he dowers his Achilles or his Hector with an immortality that will be fresh when Cheops and his pyramid are "blown about the desert dust"; if he is a true but not a great poet, he can not, imaginatively, give life to men, but he fancifully gives life to a thousand inanimate things: in all cases, where there is no life there is no poetry, where there is the life of fancy there is true poetry, where there is the life of imagination there is great poetry.

If, now, we glance back at those lines quoted by Mr. Arnold from Wordsworth, and pronounced by him to be inferior poetry, we shall, I think, find grounds for considering them such without reference to their quality as criticism of life. What they want is not critical depth or accuracy in dissertating on life, but life itself. They have the calculating self-possession of prose;

the eye of the writer, as he gravely recites them, is not dilated and inflamed by the ecstasy of poetic vision. England is an "Imperial Realm." A geographical, political, thoroughly prosaic expression! Turn to Milton's prose, often grander in its rhythm than his verse, and note how he gives imaginative life to England, whether, as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, or as a veiled mother weeping for her banished children, and learn the difference between genuine poetic work and those lines which Mr. Arnold quotes from Wordsworth. Applying our principle to the three lines quoted from Shakespeare, we find that they are a vivid picture, the mind's eye of the duller reader being compelled to see the ship-boy on the giddy mast, rocked in the cradle of the surge, while sleep draws near to him, a subtle, mysterious, living thing, to lull him into fatal slumber. This is faultless poetry, though perhaps it shows Shakespeare in his highest fanciful rather than in his strictly imaginative power; but I do not see how, as a criticism of life, any high value can be attached to the lines.

It will probably be felt, and justly felt, by practical readers, that criticism is bound to give a more precise account than I have yet attempted of the association between poetry and metrical form. Though poetry may occur in the form of prose, it never occurs without cadence, without rhythmic swell and melody, in one word, without tune; and verse is its legitimate, its consummate form. The poet who writes in prose has never succeeded in "beating his music out." Perfect verse, then, is the most precious and enchanting illustrative instance that exists, of that law of modulated continuity, of measured progression, of ordered movement, of living balance and symmetry, which pervades nature. The expansion and contraction of the lungs in respiration, the beat of the pulse, the rise and fall of rippling waves, the succession of leaves on the branch, the lull and swell in gales, are cases in which the law is observed. The earliest dawn of art, in the strict sense, as distinguished from mere compliance with the demands of animal nature, is in law and order. The savage who covers his water-jug with confused scratches, not for any pleasure they give him, but in sheer vacancy of mind, has not made the first step in fine art; but when he draws a steady line round its neck, or two lines parallel to each other, or zigzag lines in a definite order, he is on the threshold of art; and when he puts one broad line in the middle, and two thin lines, one on each side, or remarks that a curved line becomes more interesting from being opposed to a straight line, then he has struck upon that leading principle of all composition, contrast, and is prepared to grapple with the problem that presents

itself to artists in every province, the combination of breadth with variety. The earliest efforts in poetry and in music—the two probably went together—were doubtless of a kind corresponding to those rude yet ordered lines and zigzags which we find on prehistoric pottery—ilts in which the low, sweet monotone was suddenly interrupted by the shrill notes of surprise, delight, or apostrophe. Speech in all races, though custom may have dulled our ears to its apprehension, proceeds with more or less of wave-motion, associated with respiration and the correlated physical conditions; and when there is strong and noble emotion the wave-measure becomes more marked, the tones more full, melodious, and thrilling. Poetry in its purest form—which I agree with Mr. Pater in holding lyrical poetry to be—has always been directly associated with music, and the primeval bard was doubtless a singer. In all impassioned feeling there are pitch, modulation, correspondence between the feeling and the sound. "In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast." That is one of Nature's arrangements. In the spring a deeper, clearer, more melodious rapture comes into the nightingale's voice. That, again, is one of Nature's facts. In all the spring-tides of human emotion, in the elevation of intense and noble sympathy with all great human interests, the passion of the feeling announces itself both in the color and the modulation of the speech-picture, as I said before, unfolding itself to music.

When, therefore, Mr. Carlyle, in his epoch-making essay on Burns, laid stress upon the test of melody as enabling us to discriminate between prose and poetry, between eloquence and song, he put his finger on one of those truths which ought not to be forgotten or discarded; and Mr. Matthew Arnold, in referring us to true and serious, noble and profound, criticism of life as a criterion of poetical excellence, does not take us beyond the point to which Carlyle conducted us, but back from it. Edgar Poe was very right when he said that a good off-hand way of gauging the poetical quality of verse was to write it in form of prose, and try whether it still forced us to feel that it was poetry. Of lyrical poetry it may, I think, be stated universally that, if the reader does not feel himself under some impulse to sing or chant it—if he can recite it with perfect comfort while taking no account of the division into metrical feet or into lines—it is not

good lyric poetry. You feel the song-element in this of Victor Hugo:

"Je suis le Cid calme et sombre,
Je n'achète ni ne vend,
Et je n'ai sur moi que l'ombre
De la main de Dieu vivant."

The attainment of perfect modulation will imply choice of the most picturesque and expressive words, and it is characteristic of a young poet that such words have a charm for him and are hoarded in his memory. Of such precious stones his poetical architecture will be built. The melody and charm of the verse are heightened also, not only by just and powerful thought and by noble feeling, but by every one of a thousand nameless touches and tones of association by which the poetical fancy and the poetical imagination, working with all the spells of remembered fact and metaphorical enhancement, can suggest pleasant places and happy hours. All nature is a harp for the poetical imagination, and by an apt metaphor, or assemblage of metaphors, the emotion which the poet expresses is suddenly and transcendently excited.

"The pale moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And time is setting w' me."

No words can measure the heightening of the impression of sadness wrought by such a tone of nature's music as that.

"The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve,
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve."

Here it is the serene exaltation of intensest joy that is expressed, and again the power of the metaphoric spell is beyond all measuring. A single line will show that a man has the poet's ear for melodious words:

"Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood."

The charm of true poetry is a subtle, complex, and unique charm, having many elements; but it depends mainly on this, that it combines the intense delightfulness of law with the intense delightfulness of freedom. Law is charming, even in zigzag lines; how much more, then, in the wave-like, star-like movement of perfect verse!—freedom is charming, even in the frolic wind or flying cloud; how much more in the bounding ecstasy of lyric song!

ON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS:

BY ONE WHO HAS PERSONATED THEM.

[DEAR MR. EDITOR: These two or three letters were written in the autumn, at the instigation, and for the gratification, of a dear and gifted friend who has since passed away. No thought of their being made public was in my mind, so they naturally ran into many personal details which I knew would make them more interesting to an intimate friend, but which otherwise I should not have thought worth recording. These details, I am told, I could not remove without altering the nature of my slight attempts to illustrate by the pen characters which, with much greater pleasure to myself, I have had to illustrate upon the stage. The few friends who have seen them appear to be all of one mind, that my "thoughts" may have an interest for a wider circle; and, indeed, I have been entreated, past all refusing, to give them to the world. But I confess to yielding up my own wish for privacy with great reluctance, all the more because the fear haunts me that I may appear to be dictating—to say, as it were, "This is Shakespeare's Ophelia"; whereas I only mean this is Ophelia as she has appeared to my mind—as she has lived, and lives for me. I hope this may be understood.—Believe me, etc.,

H. F. M.

31 ONSLOW SQUARE, LONDON, S. W.]

I.—OPHELIA.

BRYNTYSILLO, August 10, 1880.

"O rose of May! Sweet Ophelia!"

AND so you ask me, my friend—indeed, I may almost say that you insist—after our late talk over her, that I should put down in writing my idea of Ophelia, that you may make, as you say, a new study of her character.

Accustomed as you are to write fluently all your thoughts, you will hardly believe what a difficult task you have set me. My views of Shakespeare's women have been wont to take their shape in the living portraiture of the stage, and not in words. I have, in imagination, lived their lives from the very beginning to the end; and Ophelia, as I have pictured her, is so unlike what I hear and read about her, and have seen, that I can scarcely hope to make any one think of her as I do. It hurts me to hear her spoken of, as she often is, as a weak creature, wanting in truthfulness, in purpose, in force of character, and only interesting when she loses the little wits she had. And yet who can wonder that a character so delicately outlined, and shaded in with strokes so fine, should be often gravely misunderstood?

Faint and delicate, however, as these shadowings are, they are yet so true to nature, and, at the same time, so full of suggestion, that I look on Ophelia as one of the strongest proofs our great master has left us of his belief in the actor's art (his own), and of his trust in the power of filling up, at least by sympathetic natures, and of giving full and vivid life to, the creatures of his brain. Without this belief, could he have written as he did, when boys and beardless youths were the only representatives of his women on

the stage? Yes, he must have looked beyond "the ignorant present," and known that a time would come when women, true and worthy, should find it a glory to throw the best part of their natures into these ideal types which he has left to testify to his faith in womanhood, and to make them living realities for thousands to whom they would else have been unknown. Think of a boy as Juliet! as "heavenly Rosalind!" as "divine Imogen!" or the gracious lady of Belmont, "richly left," but still more richly endowed by nature—"The poor rude world," says Jessica, "hath not her fellow."—Think of a boy as Miranda, Cordelia, Hermione, Desdemona, who "was heavenly true"—as the bright Beatrice, and so on, through all the wondrous gallery! How could any youth, however gifted and specially trained, even faintly suggest these fair and noble women to an audience? Woman's words coming from a man's lips, a man's heart—it seems monstrous to think of! One quite pities Shakespeare, who had to put up with seeing his brightest creations thus marred, misrepresented, spoiled.

But to come back to Ophelia. She was one of the pet dreams of my girlhood—partly, perhaps, from the mystery of her madness. In my childhood I was much alone—taken early away from school because of delicate health; often sent to spend months at the sea, in the charge of kind but busy people, who, finding me happy with my books on the beach, left me there long hours by myself. I had begged from home the Shakespeare I had been used to read there—an acting edition by John Kemble. This and the "Arabian Nights"—how dear these books were to me! Then I had the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Milton's "Paradise Lost." Satan was my

great hero. I think I knew him by heart. His address to the council I have often declaimed to the waves, when sure of being unobserved. I had also a translation—I do not know whose (poor enough, but good enough for me then)—of Dante's "Inferno," some lines of which sank deep into my heart. I have not seen the book for years and years; but they are still there:

" . . . Up; be bold!
Vanquish fatigue by energy of mind!
For not on plumes or canopied in state
The soul wins fame!"

How often since, in life's hard struggles and troubles, have these lines helped me!

My books were indeed a strange medley, but they were all that were within my reach, and I found them satisfying. They filled my young heart and mind with what fascinated me most, the gorgeous, the wonderful, the grand, the heroic, the self-denying, the self-devoting.

Like all children, I kept, as a rule, my greatest delight to myself. I remember on some occasions, after I had returned home to my usual studies, when a doubt arose about some passage which had happened to be in my little storehouse, being able to repeat whole chapters and scenes of my favorites to the amused ears of those about me. But I never revealed how much my life was wrapped up in them, even to my only sister, dear as she was to me. She was many years older than myself, and too fond of fun to share in my day-and-night dreams. I knew I should only be laughed at or quizzed.

Thus I had lived again and again through the whole childhood and lives of many of Shakespeare's heroines, long before it was my happy privilege to impersonate and make them, in my fashion, my own. During the few years I acted under Mr. Macready's management, almost the first, as you know, in my theatrical life, I was never called upon to act the character of Ophelia—I suppose because the little snatches of song (merely what we call the humming of a tune) kept still alive the tradition that an accomplished singer was required for the part. I had my wish, however, when in Paris, a little later, I was asked, as a favor, to support Mr. Macready in "Hamlet" by acting Ophelia. I need not say how nervous I felt—all the more because of this *singing* tradition. The performances were given in the Salle Ventadour, on the "off-nights" of the Italian Opera.

Oh, how difficult it is, however much you have lived in a thing, to make real your own ideal, and give it an utterance and a form! To add to my fright, I was told, just before entering on the scene, that Grisi and many others of the Italian group were sitting in a private box on

the stage. But I believe I sang in tune, and soon forgot her and all. I could not help feeling that I somehow drew my audience with me. And what an audience it was! No obtrusive, noisy applause, for there was no organized *claque* for the English plays; but what an indescribable atmosphere of sympathy surrounded you! Every tone was heard, every look was watched, felt, appreciated. I seemed lifted into "an ampler ether, a diviner air." Think, if this were so in Desdemona, in Ophelia, what it must have been to act Juliet to them! I was in a perfect ecstasy of delight. I remember that, because of the curtailment of some of the scenes in "Romeo and Juliet" (the brilliant Mercutio was cut out), I had to change my dress very quickly and came to the side-scene breathless. I said something to Mr. Serle, the acting manager, about the hot haste of it all—no pause to gather one's self up for the great exertion that was to follow. He replied, "Never mind, you will feel no fatigue after this." And he was right. The inspiration of the scene is at all times the best anodyne to pain and bodily fatigue. But who could think of either before an audience so sensitively alive to every touch of the artist's hand?

But to return to poor Ophelia. I learned afterward that, among the audience, when I played her first, were many of the finest minds in Paris; and these found "most pretty things" to say of the Ophelia to which I had introduced them. Many came after the play to my dressing-room in the French fashion—to say them, I suppose; but, having had the same scene to go through before, after Desdemona, the character in which I first appeared in Paris, my English shyness took me out of the theatre as soon as I had finished, and before the play ended. All this was of course pleasant. But, really what gratified me most was, to learn that Mr. Macready, sternest of critics, watched me on each night in the scenes of the fourth act; and among the many kind things he said, I can not forget his telling me that I had thrown a new light for him on the part, and that he had never known the mad scenes even touched before. How I treated them specially, it would be difficult to describe to you in words, because they were the outcome of the whole character and life of Ophelia, as these had shaped themselves in my youthful dream.

And now to tell you, as nearly as I can, what that dream was.

I pictured Ophelia to myself as the motherless child of an elderly Polonius. His young wife had first given him a son, Laertes, and had died a few years later, after giving birth to the poor little Ophelia. The son takes much after his father, and, his student-life over, seeks his

pleasure in the gayer life and country of France; fond of his little sister in a patronizing way, in their rare meetings, but neither understanding nor caring to understand her nature at all.

The baby Ophelia was left, as I fancy, to the kindly but thoroughly unsympathetic tending of country-folk, who knew little of "inland nurture." Think of her, sweet, fond, sensitive, tender-hearted, the offspring of a delicate dead mother, cared for only by roughly mannered and uncultured natures! One can see the lonely child, lonely from choice, with no playmates of her kind, wandering by the streams, plucking flowers, making wreaths and coronals, learning the names of all the wild flowers in glade and dingle, having many pet ones, listening with eager ears, and lulled to sleep at night by the country songs, whose words and melodies (the former, in true country-fashion, not too refined or modest) come back to her memory again vividly, as such things strangely but surely do, only when her wits have flown. Thus it is that, when she has been "blasted with ecstasy," all the country customs return to her mind: the manner of burying the dead, the strewing the grave with flowers, "at his head, a grass-green turf; at his heels, a stone"—with all the other country ceremonies. I think it important to keep in view this part of her supposed life, because it puts to flight all the coarse suggestions which unimaginative critics have sometimes made, to explain how Ophelia came to have in her mind snatches of such ballads as are scarcely to be expected from a young and cultured gentlewoman's lips.

When we see Ophelia first, this "Rose of May" is just budding; and, indeed, it is as a bud, never as a full flower, that she lived her brief life.

"Et, rose—elle a vécu, ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin."

She was still very young, in her early 'teens, according to what Laertes says, when he last sees her. We can imagine her formal, courtly father, on one of his rare and stated visits to his country home (ill spared from his loved court duties), noting with surprise his little daughter grown into the promise of a charming womanhood. The tender beauty of this budding rose must be no longer left to blush unseen; this shy, gentle nature must be developed, made into something more worthy of her rank. She must imitate the court culture, and live in its atmosphere. She must become a court lady; and this hitherto half-forgotten flower must be made to expand, under his own eye and teaching, into the beauty of a full-blown hot-house exotic.

When we first see her, we may fairly suppose that she has been only a few months at court.

It has taken off none of the bloom of her beautiful nature. That is pure and fresh and simple as she brought it from her country home. One change has taken place, and this a great one. Her heart has been touched, and has found its ideal in the one man about the court most likely to reach it, both from his rare and attractive personal qualities, and a certain loneliness in his position not very unlike her own. How could she but feel flattered—drawn toward this romantic, desolate Hamlet, the observed of all observers, whose "music vows" have been early whispered in her ears? On the other hand, what sweet repose it must have been to the tired, moody scholar, soldier, prince, dissatisfied with the world and all its ways, to open his heart to her, and to hear the shy yet eloquent talk, which he would woo from her—to watch the look and manner and movements of this graceful child of nature—watch, too, her growing wonder at all her new surroundings, the court ceremonies, the strange diversities of character, and the impressions made upon her by them—what delight to trace and analyze the workings of this pure, impressionable mind, all the more interesting and wonderful to him because of the contrast she presented to the parent stem! In all this there was for him the subtle charm, which the deep, philosophical intellect must ever find in the pure unconscious innocence and wisdom of a guileless heart.

One can see how the pompous officiousness and the platitudes of Polonius irritate Hamlet beyond expression. What a contrast the daughter presents to him! Restful, intelligent, unobtrusive, altogether charming, and whom he loves "best, O more best, believe it. . . . Thine evermore, most dear lady, while this machine is to him, Hamlet." And to Ophelia, how great must have been the attraction of an intercourse with a mind like Hamlet's, when she first saw him, and had been sought by his "solicitations"! How alluring, how subtly sweet to one hitherto so lonely, so tender-hearted, shy, and diffident of her power to please; yet, though she knew it not, so well fitted to understand and to appreciate all the finest qualities of the young lord Hamlet! We see how often and often they had met, by Polonius's own telling. Nor could he possibly have been ignorant that they did so meet. He says:

" . . . But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me.)"

Then, all that her brother says to her shows complete indifference to her feelings. I never could get over the shock of his lecturing her,

"touching the lord Hamlet," when we first see them together as he is starting for France. Poor maiden! to have this treasured secret of her inner life, her very life, her very soul, a secret so sweet, so sacred, so covered over as she thinks from all eyes—thus dragged rudely to the light; discussed in the most commonplace tone, and her very maidenly modesty questioned! Who will say she is not truthful, when, on being asked, as she is soon after, by her father, "What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?" she replies at once, notwithstanding all her pain, "So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet"? Think how her sensitive, delicate nature must again have shrunk and quivered, while listening to the cautious and worldly platitudes of her father, which follow! Then, to be commanded to deny herself to the one being dear to her, and with whom she has sympathy; and what a feeling of degradation as well as anguish must have been behind the few words she utters! "I shall obey, my lord."

Ophelia naturally had her attendants, whose duty it was to tell her father of these meetings, and who evidently did so. They were clearly not objected to by him, and he let the interviews go on, till he thought it might be as well, by interfering, to find out if Hamlet were in earnest in his attachment, and if it would be sanctioned by the king and queen. By this interference his worldly wisdom overreached itself. It came at the wrong, the worst time. He bids Ophelia deny Hamlet access to her, trusting that this will make him openly avow his love; and, of course, in entire ignorance of the fearful scene, the dread revelation, which had meanwhile taken place, and which was to cut Hamlet's life in twain, to obliterate from it all "trivial fond records," and to shake to its foundations all faith in womanhood, hitherto most sacred to him in the name and person of his mother, the mother whom from his boyhood he had fondly loved, and whom he had seen so cherished and adored by his dead father.

Pause a moment with me, and think of the extraordinary attractions of this mother. Another Helen of Troy she seems to me, in the subtle fascination which she exercises on all who come within her influence; not perhaps designedly, but like the Helena of the second part of Goethe's "Faust," by an untoward fate which drew on all insensibly to love her:

"... Wehe mir! Welch streng Geschick
Verfolgt mich, überall der Männer Busen
So zu bethören, dass sie weder sich
Noch sonst ein Würdiges verschonten."

"... Woe's me, what ruthless fate
Pursues me, that, where'er I go, I thus
Befool men's senses, so they not respect
Themselves, nor aught that's worthy!"

What a picture is presented of the depth of her husband's love, in Hamlet's words that he would not "beteem the winds of heaven visit her cheek too roughly"! And this spell still exercises itself upon his spirit after his death. Observe how tenderly he calls Hamlet's attention to the queen in the closet scene:

"But see, amazement on your mother sits!
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul!"

Claudius, his successor, perils his soul for her. She is his all in all. See what he says of her:

"She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her."

She is tenderness itself to her son. "The queen his mother," says Claudius, "lives almost by his looks."

I can not believe that Gertrude knew anything of the murder of her husband. His spirit does not even hint that she was privy to it; if she had been, could he have spoken of her so tenderly as he does? Hamlet, in the height of his passion, does indeed charge her with this guilty knowledge in the words—

"... Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother."

Again he calls Claudius in her hearing "a murderer and a villain," but in both cases the imputation clearly wakens no echo in her soul; and she puts it down, with much else that he says, to "the heat and flame of his distemper." "The black and grained spots" in her soul, of which she speaks, are the stings of her awakened conscience, to which her husband's spirit had warned Hamlet to leave her—remorse for her too soon forgetfulness of her noble husband, and her almost immediate marriage with his brother, the shame of which Hamlet's passionate words have brought home to her so unexpectedly and so irresistibly.

Gertrude evidently sees with satisfaction the growing love between Hamlet and Ophelia. She loves the "sweet maid," and hopes to see their betrothal, and to strew her bridal bed. On her side, Ophelia had felt fully the gracious kindness of the queen; had gratefully returned the affection shown to her; and, like the rest, had been drawn toward her by her beauty and winning graciousness. A proof of this breaks out in her madness, when she clamors for, and will not be denied, the presence of "the beauteous majesty of Denmark."

Ophelia's conduct in reference to the meeting with Hamlet, concerted by her father and the king, has drawn upon her head a world of surely unjust censure and indignation. When the poor

girl is brought, half willingly, half unwillingly, to that (for her) fatal interview, we must not forget the previous one, described by her to her father, when she rushes in affrighted, and recounts Hamlet's sudden and forbidden intrusion upon her in her closet, where she was sewing; presenting an appearance such as no sane gentleman could make before a lady—slovenly, "his stockings foul'd, ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle," the woe-worn look, the sigh so piteous and profound, the eyes, as he went backward out of the chamber, bending to the last their light upon herself. Her father's interpretation is, that "he is mad for her love"; the special cause for this outbreak, that "she did repel his letters, and denied his access." Here his worldly wisdom is again at fault.

"I am sorry that, with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted him; I feared he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee."

All this is startling and sad enough, but not entirely hopeless or remediless. Ophelia has, at least, the solace of hoping, believing, that she is beloved by her "soul's idol." Could she, then, but see him once again, she might learn whether Hamlet's strange agitation were really what was represented—whether, as her father had said, he were indeed "mad for her love"! In this state of mind, surely she is not to be much blamed, or judged very harshly, if she consented to lend herself to the arrangement proposed by her father; acutely painful though it must have been to her fine nature, after denying him access to her repeatedly, thus to thrust herself upon her lover's notice, and become, as it were, the partner in a trick. She has, too, the sanction of his mother, the queen, who says:

"And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors."

Her fault, if fault it were, was cruelly expiated. She will test his affection by offering to return his love-tokens, his gifts and letters—anything to end this torturing suspense. We can believe how cautiously, how tenderly her approaches are made to this so deeply loved, and, as she fears, afflicted one. That Ophelia should, after denying her presence to him, thus place herself in Hamlet's path, and challenge his notice, at once excites in his mind a suspicion of some device to circumvent him. Saluting her at first gently, his tone alters, as he sees in the offer of the return of his "remembrances" a repetition of the plot laid for him before in the persons of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. That he is

again to be thus played with, and that this innocent girl, as he had thought her, should lend herself to entrap him, drives him past his patience; and without mercy he soon begins to pour down upon her the full vials of his wrath. In their last interview he had been touchingly gentle and sad: voiceless—showing a pathos beyond words: like the reluctant parting of the soul from the body. Now, his rude, meaningless words, his violent manner, his shrill voice, "out of tune and harsh," the absence of all courtesy, convince her that he is mad indeed. How can it be otherwise? In all their former intercourse he had appeared to her as

"The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers!"

His gifts were offered to her with "words of so sweet breath composed as made the things more rich."

He could not be more pitiless if the worst of her sex stood there, and not this young creature, this tender willow, swaying, bending before the storm-bursts of his wrath, the cutting winds of his fierce words. Many of these words, these reproaches, must have passed harmless over the innocent heart which did not know their meaning. But what a picture (who could paint it?) is that of the stunned, bewildered, heart-stricken lamb, thus standing alone to bear the sins of all her sex thrown at her! She can only whisper a prayer or two for him—no thought of her own desolation comes to her then. "Oh, help him, you sweet Heavens! . . . Heavenly powers, restore him!" When suddenly challenged, "Where's your father?" the question recalls to her remembrance what she has for the time forgotten in deeper matter, that he is at this very moment acting the degrading part of eavesdropper. What can she do but stammer out in reply, "At home, my lord"? Shall she expose the old man, when thus called to answer for him, to the insults, the violence of Hamlet's mad anger, which must have fallen upon him had she told the truth? No; like Desdemona she faces the falsehood, and, to screen her father, takes it upon her own soul: "Oh, who has done this deed? . . . Nobody; I myself. Farewell; commend me to my kind lord." Who thinks of condemning Desdemona? As Emilia says, "Oh, she was heavenly true." And yet I have seen Ophelia's answer brought forward as a proof of her weakness; and this weakness of character asserted to be the cause of Hamlet's failure, or, at least, to play an important part in the tragedy of his character. Such weakness I call *strength*, in the highest, most noble, because most self-forgetting, sense of the word.

And so Ophelia, in her "weakness," fears to tell the truth, lest, in this too terrible paroxysm of madness which now possesses him, Hamlet might possibly kill her old father. But this is soon to follow, and proves to be the drop too much in her cup of lonely anguish. When Hamlet has left the scene, even then not a sob is heard, no tears are shed: there is no time yet for self-pity. Her soul's agony is too deep for tears—beyond all utterance of the common kind. First in her thoughts is the "noble mind o'erthrown," and "most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled." At last, when she has gone through the catalogue of his rare virtues, his princely qualities, his noble attributes—"all quite, quite down"!—*at the end* she looks at herself—she who had "suck'd the honey of his music vows." What is left for her?—for her "of ladies most deject and wretched"? "Oh, woe is me! To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!" This is all she says, "still harping on" Hamlet.

In the usual stage arrangement Ophelia leaves the scene with these words. But how much more touching is Shakespeare's idea that she shall remain! Her heartless father, knowing nothing, seeing nothing of the tragedy that is going on before his eyes, unconscious from first to last how deeply she has been wounded, and still treating her merely as a tool, says:

" . . . How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all."

He and the king had only eyes and ears for Hamlet; and so she drifts away from them into a shoreless "sea of troubles," unheeded and unmixed.

We see her once again, playing a sort of automaton part in the play-scene—sitting patiently, watchfully, with eyes only for the poor, stricken one who asks to lay his head on her lap. You see, in the little that passes between them, how gently she treats her wayward, smitten lover. And then, having no clew to his trouble, no thread by which to link it with the past, she is scared away, with the rest, at what appears to be a fresh outbreak of Hamlet's malady. By this time her own misery and desolation must have come fully home to her—her hurt mind, her wrecked happiness must be more than the young, unaccustomed spirit can stand up against. She is not likely, after the previous experience, to seek solace in her father's sympathy: nor is hers a nature to seek it anywhere. If found, it must have come to her by the way. The queen is, by this time, wrapped up in her own griefs—inclined to confess herself to Heaven, repent what's past. "O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain. . . . What shall I do?" She is grieved enough for

Ophelia when she sees her "distract," but has had no time to waste upon her amid her own numerous fast-growing cares—not even, as it seems, to break to her the news of her father's death. There might have been some drop of comfort, if she had told Ophelia, as she told the king, "He weeps for what is done!" Most likely, in the usual marvel-loving way of common people, the news of Polonius's death by Hamlet's hand was conveyed hurriedly, without any preparation, to Ophelia's ears, by her attendants. Shock upon shock! The heart already stricken, the young brain undisciplined in life's storms, and in close and subtle sympathy with him who was her very life—she catches insensibly the infection of his mind's disease, her wits go wandering after his, and, like him, she falls down—"quite, quite down." One feels the mercifulness of this. The "sweet Heavens," to which she had appealed to help Hamlet, had helped her! Her mind, in losing memory, loses the remembrance of all the woful past, and goes back to her childhood, with its simple folk-lore and nursery-rhymes. Still, through all this, we have the indication of dimly remembered wrongs and griefs. She says she hears "there's tricks i' the world, and hems, and beats her heart; . . . speaks things in doubt, that carry but half sense, . . . would make one think there might be thought, though nothing sure, yet much unhappily." But the deeper suffering—the love and grief together—can not (perhaps never could) find expression in words. The soul's wreck, the broken heart, are seen only by Him who knows all. Happily, there is no vulgar comment made upon the deep affection which she had so silently cherished—no rude, pitying words. "Oh! this," says the king, "is the poison of deep grief; it springs all from her father's death." Laertes says:

" . . . O rose of May!

O Heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?"

He comes a little nearer the truth in what follows:

" Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves."

But one sees he has not the faintest insight into the real cause of her loss of wits. The revenge he seeks upon Hamlet is for his father:

" . . . his means of death, his obscure burial—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question."

A matter of family pride in Laertes, as well as grief for his father's loss. Then at her grave, he says:

" . . . Oh, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!"

Only "when they shall meet at compt" will even Hamlet know the grief he has brought upon, the wrong he has done to, this deep and guileless spirit. So far as we see, he has indeed blotted her from his mind as a "trivial fond record." He is so self-centered, so wrapped up in his own suffering, that he has no thought to waste on the delicate girl whom he had wooed with such a "fire of love," and had taught to listen to his most honeyed vows. He casts her from him like a worthless weed, without a word of explanation or a quiver of remorse. Let us hope that, when he sees her grave, his conscience stings him; but beyond ranting louder than Laertes about what he would do for her sake—and she *dead*!—there is not much sign of his love being worthy, at any time, of the sweet life lost for it.

Perhaps you will think that, in the fullness of my sympathy for Ophelia, I feel too little for Hamlet. But this is not really so. One can not judge Hamlet's actions by ordinary rules. He is involved in the meshes of a ruthless destiny, from which by nature and temperament he is powerless to extricate himself. In the infirmity of a character which expends its force in words and shrinks from resolute action, he drags down Ophelia unconsciously with him. They are the victims of the same inexorable fate. I could find much to say in explanation and in extenuation of the shortcomings of one on whom a task was laid which he of all men, by the essential elements of his character, seemed least fitted to accomplish.

But, you see, I only touch upon his character, so far as it bears upon Ophelia, on what he is and has been to her. Before the story begins, he has offered her his love "in honorable fashion." Then we hear from her of the silent interview which so affrights her. After this, when for the first time we see them together, he treats her as only a madman could, and in a way which not even his affectation of madness can excuse. Again, in the play-scene which follows, the same willfulness, even insolence, of manner is shown to her. Now, whatever his own troubles, perplexities, heart-breaks, might be, it is hard to find an apology for such usage of one whose heart he could not but know he had won. He is even tenderer, more considerate, to his mother, whom he thinks so wanton and so guilty, than to this young girl, whom he has "importuned

with love," and "given countenance to his speech with almost all the holy vows of heaven."

I can not, therefore, think that Hamlet comes out well in his relations with Ophelia. I do not forget what he says at her grave:

"I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum!"

But I weigh his actions against his words, and find them wanting. The very language of his letter to Ophelia, which Polonius reads to the king and queen, has not the true ring in it. It comes from the head, and not from the heart—it is a string of euphuisms, which almost justifies Laertes' warning to his sister, that the "trifling of Hamlet's favor" is but "the perfume and suppliance of a minute." Hamlet loves, I have always felt, only in a dreamy, imaginative way, with a love as deep, perhaps, as can be felt by a nature fuller of thought and contemplation than of sympathy and passion. Ophelia does not sway his whole being, perhaps no woman could, as he sways hers. Had she done so, not even the task imposed upon him by his father's spirit could have made him blot her love from his mind as "a trivial fond record," for it would have been interwoven inseparably with his soul once and for ever.

When Ophelia comes before us for the last time, with her lap full of flowers, to pay all honor and reverence, as she thinks, in country fashion, to her father's grave, the brother is by her side, of whom she had said before, most significantly, that he should "know of it. . . . I can not choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground." Then he can lavish in her heedless ears the kind phrases, the words of love, of which in her past days he had been too sparing. "O rose of May! dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!" But the smiles are gone which would once have greeted these kind words. He has passed out of her memory, even as she had passed out of his, when he was "treading the primrose path of dalliance" in sunny France. She has no thought but to bury the dead—*her dead love*—her old father taking the outward form of it. Even the flowers she has gathered have little beauty or sweetness—"rosemary for remembrance; pray you, love, remember"; he has said he never gave her aught! "I loved you not"—"rue," for desolation; fennel, and columbines—a daisy, the only pleasant flower—with pansies for thoughts. Violets she would give, but can not. "They withered all" with her dead love.

To Ophelia's treatment of her brother in this scene, I ventured to give a character which I can not well describe, but which, as I took care

it should not be obtrusive, and only as a part of the business of the scene, I felt sure that my great master, the actor-author, would not have objected. I tried to give not only his words, but, by a sympathetic interpretation, his deeper meaning—a meaning to be apprehended only by that sympathy which arises in, and is the imagination of, the heart.

When Laertes approaches Ophelia, something in his voice and look brings back a dim, fitting remembrance; she gives him of her flowers, and motions him to share in the obsequies she is paying. When her eyes next fall upon him, she associates him somehow with the "tricks of the world." A faint remembrance comes over her of his warning words, of the shock they gave her, and of the misery which came so soon afterward. These she pieces together with her "half sense," and thinks he is the cause of all. She looks upon him with doubt, even aversion; and, when he would approach her, shrinks away with threatening gestures and angry looks. All this was shown only at intervals, and with pauses between—mostly by looks and slight action—a fitful vagueness being indicated throughout. The soul of sense being gone, the sweet mind had become "such stuff as dreams are made of." The body bore some resemblance to the rose of May; but it was only as the casket without the jewel. Nothing was left there of the thoughtful,

reticent, gentle Ophelia. The unobtrusive calm which had formerly marked her demeanor had changed to waywardness. The forcing her way into the presence of the queen, where she had been used to go only when called, clamoring for her will, and with her winks, nods, and gestures, "strewing dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds," tells with a terrible emphasis how all is changed, and how her reason too has become "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

Poor rose of May! Who does not give a sigh, a sob of grief, at miserable Gertrude's beautiful account of the watery death of this fragile bud, cut down by a cold spring storm, before her true midsummer had arrived? She sings her own requiem, and carries the flowers of her innocence along with her to the end. Like the fabled swan, with her death-song on her lips, she floats unconsciously among the water-lilies, till the kindly stream embraces and takes her to itself, and to "that blessed last of deaths, where death is dead."

Dear friend, these are little better than rough notes. I have written much, yet seem to have said nothing. "Piece out my imperfections with your thoughts."

Yours always affectionately,

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

To Miss GERALDINE E. JEWSEBURY.

Blackwood's Magazine.

TENNYSON'S NEW DRAMA.

THE Laureate's new play has an amount of dramatic force which may not have been expected. Part of "The Cup" is in the best sense both dramatic and poetic. It is deliberate rather than slow in action, and in this as in some other things has or suggests a resemblance to the Greek tragedy, and, as in Greek tragedy, the action waits but does not halt. Like the French poet with whose name M. Taine contrasted that of Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Tennyson has caught that sense of impending fate which Musset delighted to catch, and has impressed it upon his audiences with delicacy and force. Musset gave both to his modern dramas and to his dramas of definite past periods, and most especially to his dramas which might have belonged to any period, that curious feeling of a grim fate waiting to overtake the personages who seemed to themselves to be living untroubled lives, which has been often commented on. It was his singularity that he never went back into the time with which Mr.

Tennyson has dealt, and dealt successfully. The story of "The Cup," as told by Plutarch, is one which in its motive is unhappily enough common, like all really moving tragedies, to all time. Mr. Tennyson has made of it a play which refuses to a great extent the opinion that his genius had no dramatic side, and which may rank hereafter among his best works.

The plot of the play, in spite of Plutarch, of Thomas Corneille, and of other dramatists, is not likely to be familiar to the majority of English readers or playgoers. In the "Camma" of Thomas Corneille—too little known by his really good work; too much known perhaps by the great Dumas's celebrated repartee, "Adieu, Thomas!"—Sinorix appears as a usurping tyrant who has poisoned Sinnatus, King of Galatia, because, having promised his hand to Hesione, daughter of Sinorix, he has found that he likes Camma, Sinorix's wife, better than Hesione. In the first scene Sinorix tells Phœdime, his confidant, in words

which can not but amuse people who remember a well-known modern comedian's well-known catchword :

"Cependant, tu le saïs, je ne suis pas heureux."

Meanwhile Sostrate, a friend of Sinnatus, is embarrassed by his coexisting affections for Hesione, for Camma, and for Sinorix. Here, of course, is plentiful matter for that kind of intrigue in which the French classical drama delighted, and equally, of course, regard to the unities and to the conventional decencies of that drama, makes the catastrophe of Thomas Corneille's play very different from the catastrophe of Mr. Tennyson's. Death is not seen, but is reported by eye-witnesses, and, in many other minor matters into which it might be tedious to go, the difference between the two methods is strongly marked. In Mr. Tennyson's version, as presented at the Lyceum, the first scene shows us a distant view of "A City of Galatia among wooded hills. Before the Temple of Artemis." Sinorix appears upon the stage, and his first speech gives some clew to his character and to the tragedy which underlies the beauty of the first two scenes :

"Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering-in
The city where she dwells. She passed me here
Three years ago when I was flying from
My tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touched her—
A maiden slowly moving on to music
Among her maidens to this temple—O gods!
She is my fate—else wherefore has my fate
Brought me again to her own city. Married
Since—married Sinnatus, the tetrarch here—
But, if he be conspirator, Rome will chain
Or slay him. I may trust to gain her then—
When I shall have my tetrarchy restored.
I never felt such passion for a woman—
What have I written to her?"

This fine speech, as finely delivered as possible by Mr. Irving, may serve in some measure to illustrate the comparison which we have made between some of Musset's plays and "The Cup." It is charged with the sense of impending trouble of which we have already spoken; and yet it must be noted that, like Musset, Mr. Tennyson has left it to the actor to understand and express this sense. Sinorix, during the last few lines, produces a cup from under his cloak, and what he has written, and what he reads to himself, is this :

"To the admired Camma, wife of Sinnatus the Tetrarch, one who years ago, himself an adorer of our great goddess Artemis, beheld you afar off worshipping in her temple, and loved you for it, sends you this cup, rescued from the burning of one of her shrines in a city through which he passed with the Roman army. It is the cup we use in our mar-

riages. Receive it from one who can not at present write himself other than *A Galatian serving by force in the Roman Legion.*"

From the reading of this letter to the end of the first act the action of the piece is close and steady. Sinnatus passes with his hounds and followers. Sinorix invites himself to join the hunt, and the scene changes to the interior of Sinnatus's house, where Camma is waiting anxiously for her husband :

"No Sinnatus yet—and there the rising moon—
Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wold,
Moon bring him home, bring him home,
Safe from the dark and the cold,
Home, sweet moon bring him home,
Home with the flock to the fold
Safe from the wolf."

These lines are sung by Miss Ellen Terry with exquisite grace and feeling to a harp or lyre accompaniment, music of the most attractive and appropriate kind having been written for them by Mr. Hamilton Clarke. Sinorix, who has introduced himself under the assumed name of Strato, comes in with Sinnatus, and, overhearing some communication from a soldier to Sinnatus touching "our anti-Roman faction," sees his way to his plot. Left alone with Camma, he tells her that Antonius, the Roman general encamped outside the city, has orders to capture Sinnatus and put him to death by torture. Camma's entreaties may prevail against this, and she will do well to intercept Antonius as he passes in the early morning outside the Temple of Artemis. Meanwhile, Sinorix has been recognized, and the populace are clamoring for his life, for the tale which Antonius says in the former scene he has heard—

"That your own people cast you from their bounds
For some dishonor done to some man's wife,
As Rome did Tarquin"—

is a true one. Sinnatus, loathing the man, but remembering that he is his guest, though self-invited, tells him in the same breath of his hatred for him and of a way of escape. Camma, presently left alone after a charming love-scene with Sinnatus, debates with herself as to what is best to do. She says of Sinorix :

"His face was not malignant, and he said
That men maligned him. Shall I go? Shall I go?
I go—but I will have my dagger with me."

The third scene shows an open space before the steps of Artemis's Temple. Sinorix, after a brief colloquy with Antonius, speaks a soliloquy which seems to be the clew to his character :

" . . . I have my guard about me.
I need not fear the crowd that hunted me
Last night across the woods ; I hardly gained
The camp at midnight. Will she come to me
Now that she knows me Sinorix ? Not if Sinnatus
Have told her all the truth about me. Well !
I can not help the mold that I was cast in ;
I fling all that upon my fate—my star !
I know that I am genial, and happy
Would be, and make all others happy—so
They did not thwart me. Nay, she will not come.
Still, if she be a true and loving wife,
She will perchance, to save this husband. Ay !
See, see ! my white bird stepping toward the snare !"

There is a villainy about this which may seem revolting enough when it is read in cold blood, but which, as Mr. Irving speaks the lines, is curiously impressive. A short and stormy dialogue ensues between Sinorix and Camma, who at once suspects the trap into which she has fallen. She refuses to walk with him toward the camp, and he replies :

" . . . Then for your own sake—
Lady, I say it with all gentleness—
And for the sake of Sinnatus, your husband,
I must compel you."

At this she draws her dagger ; Sinorix wrests it from her ; and Sinnatus, rushing in upon Sinorix, is stabbed with his wife's weapon. With his dying breath he tells her to take refuge in the Temple of Artemis, and Sinorix ends the act with a fine soliloquy over the dead body.

Thus far the tragedy is both poetical and dramatic ; the second act, while it contains some admirable poetry, has, as it seems to us, far less of dramatic craft. Half a year has passed, and Camma has, "for her beauty, stateliness, and power," been chosen priestess of the temple. Sinorix's ambition, meanwhile, has been gratified by his being made King of Galatia, and Camma, seeming to yield at last to his oft-repeated entreaties that she will marry him, puts poison in the cup from which they each drink as part of the ceremony, and which is the same cup that Sinorix presented in the first act. Here, as it strikes us, is matter for dramatic effect which the poet has neglected. All through the latter part of the act one expects some fiery scene between Camma and Sinorix, when she reveals to him what her true purpose in bringing him into the temple has been. No such scene is given to us, and the want of some such scene is the more marked by the odd carelessness which Sinorix displays when Camma (*after* she has poisoned him, be it observed) cross-questions Antonius as to the lies told by Sinorix to gain his end in the first act. All the effect produced upon him by these sudden and pointed questions

is to make him say, "Go on with the marriage rites." Almost immediately afterward he dies, saying to her, "Thou art coming my way, too." Her death follows close upon his with the speech :

" My way ? Crawl, worm ; crawl down thine own dark hole

To the lowest hell ! . . .

. . . Have I the crown on ? I will go
To meet him, crowned, crowned victor of my will—
On my last voyage—but the wind has failed—
Growing dark too—but light enough to row.
Row to the blessed isles !—the blessed isles !—
There—league on league of ever-shining shores
Beneath an ever-rising sun—I see him,
Sinnatus ! Sinnatus !"

It is impossible to imagine this speech being more beautifully delivered than it is by Miss Ellen Terry, and yet it can not avoid having a certain suspicion of anti-climax. One singularly fine passage in the scene has the dramatic force and impressiveness which seem to us to be wanting in the final scene. This is the invocation of Artemis, first by Sinorix, then by Camma, with its accompanying chorus. This is, both from a poetical and dramatic point of view, as good as possible, and the music is admirably arranged by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, who produces a most striking effect by taking the last "Artemis" in the last invocation by the chorus an octave higher than it is taken in the corresponding notes of the previous passages.

Miss Ellen Terry's performance of Camma fully justifies the opinion as to the extent of her powers which has frequently been expressed in these columns. It is charged with grace, dignity, and tenderness, and the conflicting passion of the last act is given with extraordinary force. The invocation of Artemis already spoken of might alone stamp Miss Terry as a great actress. Without any trick of gesture or of voice, almost without any perceptible departure from her ordinary method, the actress yet manages to give a deadly force to every word. Here the excellence of Mr. Irving's by-play serves to accent more strongly Sinorix's really stupid indifference to the burning questions which Camma afterward puts to Antonius. In the part of Camma the one fault which we have sometimes observed in Miss Terry's acting, a certain tendency to monotony or trick of gesture, has completely disappeared. Nothing could be finer than her action and attitude throughout. Sinorix is, as may be guessed from our quotations, a singularly difficult part. Mr. Irving plays it with rare skill, picturesqueness, and impressiveness. Mr. Terriss gives a pleasant bluffness and manliness to the hunter Sinnatus. What is meant by the observation

that he seems "modern," we are unable to understand. Mr. Tyars gives weight and dignity to Antonius. It is impossible by description to convey an adequate idea of the beauty and artistic correctness of the scenery and mounting of the piece. The most striking effect is produced by the last scene in the interior of the temple,

with its seemingly solid pillars, and colossal image of Artemis at the back. Here there is artfully suggested a sense of vastness which recalls De Quincey's wonderful description of his "Consul Romanus" dream. The grouping and the management of color shown in it are alike admirable.

Saturday Review.

GEORGE ELIOT.

ENGLAND has suddenly lost the greatest writer among Englishwomen of this or any other age. There can be no doubt that George Eliot touched the highest point which, in a woman, has been reached in our literature—that the genius of Mrs. Browning, for instance, though it certainly surpasses George Eliot's in lyrical sweetness, can not even be compared with hers in general strength and force. The remarkable thing about George Eliot's genius is, that though there is nothing at all unfeminine in it—if we except a certain touch of scientific pedantry which is not pedantry in *motivo*, but due only to a rather awkward manipulation of somewhat unfeminine learning—its greatest qualities are not in the least the qualities in which women have usually surpassed men, but rather the qualities in which, till George Eliot's time, women had always been notably deficient. Largeness of mind, largeness of conception was her first characteristic, as regards both matters of reason and matters of imagination. She had far more than many great men's power of conceiving the case of an opponent, and something approaching to Shakespeare's power of imagining the scenery of minds quite opposite in type to her own. There was nothing swift, lively, shallow, or flippant about her; and yet she could draw swift, lively, shallow, and flippant people with admirable skill and vivacity, as, for example, Mrs. Poyser, Mrs. Cadwallader, and many more. Her own nature was evidently sedate and rather slow-moving, with a touch of Miltonic stateliness in it, and a love of elaboration at times even injurious to her genius. Yet no characters she ever drew were more powerfully drawn than those at the very opposite pole to her own, for example, Hetty's childish, empty self-indulgence, Tito's smooth and gliding voluptuousness passing into treachery, Rosamond's tender susceptibility and heartless vanity. She herself was painstaking, even beyond the point up to which genius is truly defined as the power of taking pains. She often took too much pains. Her greatest stories lose in force by their too wide reflectiveness, and especially by an in-

grafted mood of artificial reflectiveness not suitable to her genius. She grew up under Thackeray's spell, and it is clear that Thackeray's satirical vein had too much influence over her from first to last, but especially in some of those earlier tales into which she threw a greater power of passion than any which she had to spare for the two great efforts of the last ten years. "Adam Bede," which might otherwise be the greatest of all English novels—many, no doubt, really think it so—is gravely injured by those heavy satirical asides to the reader, in which you recognize the influence exerted over her mind by the genius of Thackeray—asides, however, which are by no means in keeping with the large, placid, and careful drawing of her own magnificent, and, on the whole, tranquil, rural cartoons. The present writer, at least, never takes up these earlier stories—"Silas Marner" excepted—without a certain sense of irritation at the discrepancy between the strong, rich, and free drawing of the life they contain and the somewhat falsetto tone of many of the light reflections interspersed. George Eliot had no command of Thackeray's literary stiletto, and her substitute for it is unwieldy. Even in the "Scenes from Clerical Life" this jars upon us. For example, this sentence in "Janet's Repentance"—"When a man is happy enough to win the affections of a sweet girl, who can soothe his cares with *crochet*, and respond to all his most cherished ideas with braided urns and chair-covers in German wool, he has at least a guarantee of domestic comfort, whatever trials may await him out of doors"—does not please an ear accustomed to the happy bitterness of Thackeray's caustic irony. It is heavy, not to say elephantine; and this heavy raillery rather increased upon George Eliot in "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss." One is annoyed to have so great a painter of the largest human life turning aside to warn us that, "when Tityrus and Melibœus happen to be on the same farm, they are not sentimentally polite to each other"; or that a High-Church curate, considered abstractedly, "is nothing more than a sleek, bima-

nous animal, in a white neckcloth, with views more or less Anglican, and furtively addicted to the flute." These sarcasms are not good in themselves, and still less are they good in their connection, where they spoil a most catholic-minded and marvelous picture. George Eliot's literary judgment was not equal to her reason and her imagination, and she took a great deal too much pains with the discursive parts of her books.

Imaginatively, we hardly recognize any defect in this great painter, except that there is too little movement in her stories—they wholly want dash, and sometimes want even a steady current. No novelist, however, in the whole series of English novelists, has combined so much power of painting external life on a broad canvas with so wonderful an insight into the life of the soul. Her English butchers, farriers, auctioneers, and parish clerks, are at least as vigorously drawn as Sir Walter Scott's bailies, peasants, serving-men, and beggars; while her pictures of the inward conflicts, whether of strong or of feeble natures, are far more powerful than any which Sir Walter Scott ever attempted. Such a contrast as that between Hetty and Dinah, such a picture as that of Mr. Casaubon's mental and moral limitation and confusion, such a study as that of Gwendolen's moral suffering under the torture administered by Grandcourt, was as much beyond the sphere of Sir Walter Scott as his historical pictures of Louis XI, Mary Stuart, Balfour of Burley, Claverhouse, or James I, are beyond the sphere of George Eliot. On the only occasion on which George Eliot attempted anything of the nature of historical portraiture—in "*Romola*"—the purely imaginative part of the story is far more powerful than the historical. The *ideas* of the time when the revival of learning took place had quite possessed themselves of George Eliot's mind, and had stirred her into a wonderful imaginative effort. But her conceptions of the purely imagined figures—of Bardo, of Baldassarre, and of Tito—are far greater than her study of Savonarola. The genius for historical portraiture, for gathering up into a single focus the hints of chroniclers and historians, is something distinct from that of mere creation, and demands apparently a subtler mixture of interpreting with creating power than most great creators possess. Even Sir Walter Scott failed with Napoleon, where he had not free movement enough, and the wealth of historical material shackled and overpowered the life of his imagination. It would not be true to say that George Eliot failed in like fashion with Savonarola. No doubt her picture of the great Italian reformer is fine, and up to a certain point effective. But in looking back on the story, Savonarola fades away from the scene.

It is Bardo, the old enthusiast for the Greek learning, or the fitfully vindictive gleam of Baldassarre's ebbing intellect as flashes of his old power return to him, or the supple Greek's crafty ambition, which stands out in one's memory, while the devout and passionate Dominican is all but forgotten.

No one can deny that the moral tone of George Eliot's books—"Felix Holt" being, perhaps, a doubtful exception—is of the noblest and purest kind, nor that the tone of feeling which prevails in them goes far in advance even of their direct moral teaching. We should say, for instance, that, in regard to marriage, the spirit of George Eliot's books conveys an almost sacramental conception of its binding sacredness, though, unfortunately, of course, her career did much to weaken the authority of the teaching implied in her books. But the total effect of her books is altogether ennobling, though the profoundly skeptical reflections with which they are penetrated may counteract, to some extent, the tonic effect of the high moral feeling with which they are colored. Before or after most of the noblest scenes, we come to thoughts in which it is almost as impossible for the feelings delineated to live any intense or hopeful life as it is for human lungs to breathe in the vacuum of an air-pump. After she has breathed a noble spirit into a great scene, she too often proceeds to exhaust the air which is the very life-breath of great actions, so that the reflective element in her books undermines the ground beneath the feet of her noblest characters. In "*Adam Bede*," she eventually justifies her hero's secularistic coldness of nature, and makes you feel that Dinah was an enthusiast, who could not justify what she taught. In "*Janet's Repentance*," again, she expresses in a few sentences the relief with which the mind turns away from the search for convictions calculated to urge the mind to a life of beneficent self-sacrifice, to those acts of self-sacrifice themselves:

"No wonder the sick-room and the lazaretto have so often been a refuge from the tossings of intellectual doubt—a place of repose for the worn and wounded spirit. Here is a duty about which all creeds and all philosophies are at one; here, at least, the conscience will not be dogged by doubt, the benign impulse will not be checked by adverse theory; here you may begin to act, without settling one preliminary question. To moisten the sufferer's parched lips through the long night-watches, to bear up the drooping head, to lift the helpless limbs, to divine the want that can find no utterance beyond the feeble motion of the hand, or beseeching glance of the eye—these are offices that demand no self-questionings, no casuistry, no assent to propositions, no weighing of consequences. Within the four walls

where the stir and glare of the world are shut out, and every voice is subdued, where a human being lies prostrate, thrown on the tender mercies of his fellow, the moral relation of man to man is reduced to its utmost clearness and simplicity; bigotry can not confuse it, theory can not pervert it, passion, awed into quiescence, can neither pollute nor perturb it. As we bend over the sick-bed, all the forces of our nature rush toward the channels of pity, of patience, and of love, and sweep down the miserable, choking drift of our quarrels, our debates, our would-be wisdom, and our clamorous, selfish desires. This blessing of serene freedom from the importunities of opinion lies in all simple direct acts of mercy, and is one source of that sweet calm which is often felt by the watcher in the sick-room, even when the duties there are of a hard and terrible kind."

There speaks the true George Eliot, and we may clearly say of her that in fiction it is her great aim, while illustrating what she believes to be the true facts and laws of human life, to find a fit stage for ideal feelings nobler than any which seem to her to be legitimately bred by those facts and laws. But she too often finds herself compelled to injure her own finest moral effects by the skeptical atmosphere with which she permeates them. She makes the high-hearted heroine of her "Mill on the Floss" all but yield to the physiological attraction of a poor sort of man of science. She makes the enthusiastic Dorothea, in "Middlemarch," decline upon a poor creature like Ladislaw, who has earned her regard chiefly by being the object of Mr. Casaubon's jealousy. She takes religious patriotism for the subject of her last great novel, but is at some pains to show that her hero may be religious without any belief in God, and patriotic without any but an ideal country. This reflective vacuum, which she pumps out behind all noble action, gives to the workings of her great imagination a general effect of supreme melancholy.

We should rank George Eliot second only in her own proper field—which is not the field of satire, Thackeray's field—to Sir Walter Scott, and second to him only because her imagination, though it penetrates far deeper, had neither the same splendid vigor of movement, nor the same bright serenity of tone. Her stories are, on the whole, richer than Fielding's, as well as far no-

bler, and vastly less artificial than Richardson's. They cover so much larger a breadth and deeper a depth of life than Miss Austen's, that though they are not, perhaps, so exquisitely finished, they belong to an altogether higher kind of world. They are stronger, freer, and less Rembrandt-like than Miss Brontë's; and are not mere photographs of social man, like Trollope's. They are patient and powerful studies of individual human beings, in an appropriate setting of social manners, from that of the dumbest provincial life, to that of life of the highest self-knowledge. And yet the reflections by which they are pervaded, subtle and often wise as they are, to some extent injure the art of the pictures by their satiric tone, or, if they do not do that, take superfluous pains to warn you how very doubtful and insecure is the spiritual footing on which the highest excellence plants its tread.

And this, too, is still more the fault of her poems, which, in spite of an almost Miltonic stateliness, reflect too much the monotonous cadences of her own musical but over-regulated voice. The poems want inspiration. And the speculative melancholy, which only slightly injured her prose, predominates fatally in her verse. Throughout her poems she is always plumbing the deep waters for an anchorage, and reporting "no soundings." The finest of her poems, "The Legend of Jubal," tries to affirm, indeed, that death, the loss of all conscious existence, is a sort of moral gain—as though the loss of self were the loss of selfishness, which it not only is not, but never could be, since selfishness can only be morally extinguished in a living self—but the lesson is so obviously a moral gloss put on the face of a bad business, that there, at least, no anchorage is found. And in "The Spanish Gypsy" the speculative despair is even worse, while the failure of the imaginative portraiture is more conspicuous, because the portraiture itself is more ambitious. It will be by her seven or eight great fictions that George Eliot will live, not by her poems, and still less by her essays. But all these, one perhaps excepted, will long continue to be counted the greatest achievements of an Englishwoman's, and, perhaps, even of any woman's brain.

The Spectator.

ORLANDO'S REVENGE.

I.

IF Margaret had only been twenty-five! Then Love could have nestled on her rounded shoulder: his soft whisperings in her ear might have been listened to. But Margaret was thirty-one, and her clavicles, if not ridgy, were at least slightly accentuated, and Love had found it uncomfortable to perch there. Now, in my younger days, in lieu of the pomp and ceremony of a challenge by gauntlet, we boys were wont to place a chip on a fellow's shoulder, and, if by the least shake, shrug, or accident, that fragment of wood fell to the ground, it was a regularly understood thing that a pitched battle would ensue. It might have been a certain mental or physical conformation which always inclined Margaret's chip to fall from her neatly padded shoulder.

I must lay some stress right here on the lady's wonderful taste and skill in dress. I am even forced to believe that the trips she made every year or so to France were undertaken, one half with the intention of visiting her brother and nephew in Paris, the other half having for objective point the careful selecting and fashioning of dresses, which toilets Margaret would display in all their crackling freshness or limp elegance at New York, Saratoga, and Newport, on subsequent periods. Had the lady ample means? Yes; much more than she could possibly use, and you may see her name, Margaret Perkins, as patroness of a number of charitable institutions in New York.

There was really good cause for that expression of annoyance which Margaret's handsome face bore, as she sat in a chair on the deck of the France, on a dingy, uncertain kind of day last November. The telegraphic message she held in her hand, received at the very last moment, ten minutes only before the sailing of the steamer, told of some sudden illness which would prevent a gentleman and his wife acting as her escort on the voyage. If it had been possible Margaret would have postponed her trip, for she was prompt in making a decision, but there was such a crowd, such confusion, it was so difficult to see captain or purser, to find her maid even, to make herself understood, that before she knew it the hawser were slipped and the vessel was slowly steaming past the Battery.

"What a wretched, uncomfortable time I shall have! That stupid Clare is sure to be as ill as a dog the first day out, and of no possible use to me. Of all sick women, a French sick lady's-maid is the sickest! I had better go be-

low and find her. On my last trip I scolded her into a day or so of convalescence. What a horrid, motley crowd of people! it looks as if there was not a single English-speaking person in the whole lot—and it is going to drizzle" (and Margaret looked at the dull waters of the bay), "and it will be very sure to blow—and be wet and miserable from the very start. Well! I am in for it, and must make the best of it," and Miss Margaret did go below, and found her maid, who, as if at the point of death, was unpacking the valise, and, apparently at her last gasp, arranging some articles of toilet in the state-room.

How old Orlando was I do not know. His preservation was, however, quite perfect, for he had something of that portliness which men take on with age, which hides the years. Margaret and Orlando became acquainted the second day out. If an ugly cross-sea had slightly incapacitated the mistress, it had entirely disabled the serving-woman. The same green sea which made the France swerve caused Margaret to execute an eccentric and complicated *glissade*, and Orlando, somewhat to his discomfort, had performed the functions of an animated buffer. Margaret's *aplomb* was quite equal to the occasion. Not the faintest exclamation was audible on her part: all she did was to wave her gloved hand in a deprecating manner. In doing so, she again lost her balance, and was in the act, in an involuntary way, of course, of sitting down in Oriental style on the sloppy deck, when Orlando was fortunate enough to grasp Margaret's arm and to adroitly slip a folding chair under her. To take his rug and fold it around Miss Perkins, to move her chair and all under the shelter of a life-boat out of the way of the flying scud, concluded the performance.

Margaret, amazed, glanced at a bright-blue rug, which bore a medallion in the middle of it, picturing a blood-red fox scampering along with a green goose in his mouth, and was about removing this obnoxious bit of animated nature, when the Captain, who happened to be near, seeing the flapping end of the rug, very methodically tucked it all in again, and even passed and tied a bit of lanyard around the lady's knees and the chair. Then Miss Perkins, securely lashed, was fairly in prison.

A rapid introduction was due to the Captain, and Miss Perkins and Mr.—something (was it Faust, or Fauss, or Foss, or Fuss?—the wind blustered a great deal, and the Captain's English was rather uncertain) were supposed to know one another—at least, the ice was broken.

I rather like the ice-idea, because in a certain measure it consorted with Margaret's present state of mind, whose refrigerating powers, when she wanted to be glacial, were phenomenal of their kind. Some women are acid or alkaline in their talk. Margaret could be both sharp and bitter, but few could excel that lady in floating lumps of ice into the current of her conversation.

The first thing Margaret said, was: "Mr.—Mr. Foss, untie this cord. The situation is—"

"Ridiculous," interposed the gentleman, who did not even smile, but looked as if he really meant it.

Margaret resented the word at once, for she thought that there was no possible accident in life, at least in its relation to her, which could ever render her ridiculous.

"Insupportable, if you please, Mr. Foss," and here Margaret wriggled.

Then the gentleman came behind her, and worked at the knot. His digits were either benumbed, or he was awkward, for Margaret felt him execute a dumb piano scale on the back of her chair.

"Was he dawdling there on purpose?" thought Miss Margaret. "If your fingers are all thumbs, sir, why don't you cut it?—cut it, sir!" she said, sharply.

"No knife," from a voice behind her.

"What on earth are you doing, then?" she cried, impatiently.

"Teeth." It was apparently teeth that did the business, for presently she felt the cord loosen, and in a moment the liberator appeared with one end of the string in his mouth, and the other in his hands.

There was such an air of simplicity about the man that Margaret's inclination to be curt and sharp was held in abeyance.

"It must have been the beau Persé, which he release la belle Andromède from the monster of the sea, which is me, exactly in that way," said the Captain, with that mixture of gallantry and badinage that Frenchmen delight in.

"Absurd!" cried Miss Margaret, reddening, as she flung the rug on the chair, and went below.

Miss Margaret was then more annoyed than pleased by Orlando's first attentions. To her the assistance of a waiter or sailor would have been more acceptable.

"Foss or Fuss," she said; "both names are equally stupid and insignificant."

It took three days more of tentative civility on the part of the gentleman, before the slightest token of greeting, the most flitting of smiles, would play around Margaret's compressed lips. There was something abnormal about the ripening of this acquaintance, for the mellowing of it

took place under peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances. All across the Atlantic during that November passage, barometric indications foretold storms and gales. There were but few blue skies or starlit nights. A French theatrical company, which had come to grief in the United States, formed the bulk of the passengers, with a certain number of South Americans, and Margaret found no one to talk to on board.

I would beg you to believe that Miss Perkins was fully cognizant of all the proprieties. It was not the first time that accident or caprice had placed her in a somewhat isolated condition, and she knew how to take the best care of herself. It happened that at the Captain's table Miss Perkins and Orlando had their places. Once or twice, after the third day out, Margaret had thought she would sit at another table, but, on mature consideration, she was not inclined to venture among the theatrical people, who were rather too noisy and hilarious to suit her ideas of decorum. The duties of his position, the continuance of bad weather, kept the Captain on deck during the hours of dinner, and Margaret's lingual capacities were hardly equal to conversing with the ship's officers. Between the two people there came then some slight social contact. It might have shown bad taste on the part of Margaret to assert herself and her position to Mr. Fuss (for she had decided now on that name), but quite certainly she thought nothing at all about it. At the very beginning of their acquaintance, she conveyed to Orlando the fact that she moved in a higher social plane than the one in which he could possibly revolve. I am sure that Margaret had not the least idea that she was offensive, for by no intonation of her voice did she lay any stress on it. She only said five times a day, "Well, Mr. Fuss, among the people I have to do with, we neither think nor act in that way."

The gentleman received this in such a deferential manner, that unconsciously she improved the occasion by changing its form, without varying the application, as "Dear me, where can you have lived?" or, "What exceedingly preposterous ideas of life, its duties and obligations, you have, to be sure!"

Had Orlando only disputed with her at the outset, she might have given him more consideration. If he had differed with her radically, she would have been quite capable of cutting him. She had thoughts of giving him the cold shoulder, of ignoring his existence in the most placid way, only there would have been something absurd in doing such a thing on shipboard. Then the Captain, Margaret was afraid, might notice it, and her introduction to the man was due to him.

Such acerbity, then, as she evinced, was re-

ceived by the gentleman with the most provoking imperturbability. She might be sharp or acrid, or freezing, snub or try to discompose him, and he never would as much as wince. She thought, however, that when she had launched some more than carefully barbed arrow he showed the smart, by twirling an old-fashioned seal which hung from his guard-chain. The sixth day out Margaret hated that seal. From feelings of irritation directed toward the man, her displeasure was diverted by this harmless bit of blood-stone.

Margaret was neither taciturn nor voluble; still she liked to hear herself talk. For the last five years she had read hard, and, to use a commonplace expression, had cultivated herself. Whatever harvest she had raised was like that which comes from a sod-crop, tending toward tall stalk and voluminous leaves, without much grain. Too much self-made shade kept away the warmth from the soil.

I ought to be humane at once, and call for a good deal of sympathy for Margaret. Ten years before she had been a fairly natural young woman, a little spoiled by wealth, and, very unfortunately, in her childhood had been left an orphan. But, what was the saddest of all, at nineteen, from an accident of temper, she had lost the man she had really loved. That this person was unworthy of her she had now made up her mind about, or rather she had fostered this idea and found but little comfort in it. This had been her own bitter secret, but the last tear that she had shed over it had fallen a good many years before. Strength of mind with her was more assumed than natural, and, though conscious of her own willfulness, she rather prided herself on her nipping qualities. If entirely too well bred to indulge aloud in personalities, she had a habit of assorting in her own mind certain ludicrous epithets with persons. In searching for something typical of her fellow-passenger she had adopted Fuss, and had added to it "smug." Now, if the man's *physique* had been in the least ridiculous, the word would have fitted him. He was dapper, but she could not help seeing that he was manly enough, and then was forced to concede that an indifferent person was rarely fussy. One evening when Margaret was standing alone on the cabin-steps, peering into the sea-mist; she had seen Orlando chatting with a French acrobat. The gymnast, practically demonstrating a feat of strength, had gone through some performance, clutching one of the iron davits. Mr. Fuss took off his coat and tried the trick, and, though he became very red in the face, he went through with it to the applause of the Frenchman. "With a little more practice and thinning down, monsieur might make an *amateur de première force*"—that is what Margaret heard.

At first Margaret was very much inclined to laugh at a man whom she had seen with his head down and his feet up in the air, but she could not understand how she, in sympathy, had given a stamp with her foot at one particular part of the performance, when it was doubtful whether the amateur acrobat would gain his equilibrium. Though she hated to acknowledge it, she felt that certain respect which all women have for the possessor of thews and muscles. Margaret now racked her brain for something fitted for the man. She even changed Fuss back again to Foss. It irritated her that she could not place him—give him a profession, a calling. Might he be a retired minstrel—a sporting-man?

The most tantalizing thing about him was, now that she deigned to converse with him, she never could induce him to talk about himself. With a good deal of feminine shrewdness, almost the watching of a cat over a mouse-hole, Miss Margaret waited for him to come, but he never did come. He was an aimless kind of person, then, for she never could lead him up to a fixed opinion. I beg you to believe that discussions on ethics were rarely indulged in. Once or twice, with a condescension which surprised her, Margaret lent a helping hand in dragging him up into the frigid steppe of an abstraction, but Mr. Foss slipped down in a most absurd way. After a while, when her fellow-passenger twirled his seal, Miss Margaret was horrified with the idea that he was bored—worse than that, something more humiliating was evolved, a feeling of serious mistrust, a dread that he was making game of her. When the voyage was three fourths accomplished, she became quite conscious that there were many topics of which he was master. It was not by his talk to her that she was aware of this, but by his conversation with other people. At the dinner-table a South American had advanced some ideas as to the character of the United States Government, which displayed dense ignorance and bad temper. Margaret, being hot-headed, had taken up the chip, and, before she knew it, had entered into a rather acrimonious battle, when Mr. Foss had very quietly, at first, put in a word or so, rather hesitatingly, and then had, in the best of taste, developed Miss Perkins's rather crude ideas, and silenced the Peruvian. When he concluded, Margaret had said to herself: "All very well, Mr. Foss, and I have half a mind to be obliged to you. But why do you never talk to me in that way? Am I too insignificant to draw your fire?" Then Margaret felt rather more incensed than humiliated. The next day, on deck, the Captain had asked the gentleman for some details as to the measurement of a star having some bearing on nautical matters, and the passenger had repeated certain

figures off-hand, and given a word of explanation, which information the Captain had apparently taken as authority. Now, Margaret had remembered how, the night before, when there had been a brief hour of starlight, she had talked volubly about solar spaces and nebulae, expatiating on some half-digested theory she had read in a recent review, and how, all the time she had been talking, a certain gentleman's seal had been twirled backward and forward. "Is this a kind of wretched Admirable Crichton come to annoy me? I wonder if I have been making a fool of myself! Do amateur astronomers ever do tricks on the trapeze? There is nothing of the pedagogue about him. One thing is very certain—I shall never talk stars to him again."

This story is full of ifs, for if Orlando had been gushing or expansive for once, and would have only allowed Margaret to rap him over the fingers, verbally, of course, it would have satisfied her. She wanted a little cheap triumph of some kind or other, such as all the world she lived in had been willing to accord her, from her position, money, and good looks. If he had only given her that, she would have had her chariot-wheels rubber-tired, so that she might not have hurt him.

"Yes—he is torpid, and tortuous, and wants to conceal something. He hides his hand," she said, "just as if I care to see it."

The idea that he was hiding something pleased her exceedingly for a whole afternoon until evening came, when she sought her state-room. Then she felt ashamed because she found herself wondering why the man frequented so much of late that part of the steamer where the second-class people lived. A sudden flush rose to her temples, and she was conscious that her heart was beating a good sound succession of throbs. Mind you, Margaret was no better nor worse than are many other very honest women of her years, for the very next thought was a great deal like this: "If I were not too old for it! a flirtation, if only of a day or so, with this passenger, might be the means of satisfying my curiosity, solving, in fact, this Fuss or Foss problem. Don't I know, though, that the sympathy a man may have for a woman, or the curiosity of a woman in regard to a man, is dangerous?" Poor Margaret! let her be forgiven; for just then there rose, ghost-like, another face, and she was scared. The state-room oppressed her; she left it, but in the cabin found another humiliation. On a table, face downward, was a book; one, she thought, belonged to the ship's library. There was a name written on the fly-leaf. Yes—Orlando (silly name), but the patronymic was neither Fuss, Foss, nor Fausf, but simply Frost; and so she had been making an idiot of herself by

emphasizing Fuss and calling a man by his wrong name for almost a week, and he had never resented it! She looked at the book, one of the later poets.

"The wretch!" she cried. "It was only two days ago I aired a quotation from this very poem, and just as likely got it wrong—let me see. Horror! he has turned down the leaf, and, as I live, has underscored the passage—and here is a big pencil-mark of exclamation in the margin! and he prevaricated, for he told me he rarely read such stuff, but I suspected something, for he just then twirled that abominable seal."

Would it be believed that tears came into the eyes of that woman of thirty, and the inclination arose to open a dead-light and drop the book into the howling sea!

"He is making a fool of me—and I never—never will forgive him!" she said. All the next day Margaret never left her cabin, and the seasick maid caught it heavily, but was none the better for the rating.

In anticipation of catching a first glimpse of the Scilly Islands, the day afterward Margaret was on deck. Seeking the few rays of sunlight which were sifting through the fog, there sat, propped up in a chair, a rumpled *ballerine*. It was some dancing-woman who, a year before all bloom and sprightliness, was now coming home to die. Some fatal intermittent fever, caught at Para, was slowly yet surely killing this limp butterfly. Her dress was scanty, her clothing thin; she had been too poor to secure the comforts of a first-class passage. Some kind soul had evidently brought the woman on deck so that she might see the land. Around her knees the rug with the fox and goose had been placed, and she was muffled up in a man's dressing-gown. Very possibly but a few months before she had been perfectly at her ease, coquettishly graceful in male attire, and had had a plentiful reserve of brass, cheek, go, *entreint*, *espiglerie*, what you please. Now, pale and shivering, she was glad enough for the warmth this masculine gear afforded. How did Margaret know that this dressing-gown was Frost's? Why, as he stood looking at the ill woman, she touched his sleeve, nodded her head, and kissed with a pitiful remnant of grace the upturned collar of the dressing-gown which was nearest to her lips. "If only I could get at my trunks! unfortunately they are not in my room; I have some odds and ends which would be more decent for that woman. I wish that man had not *affiché* himself in such a public way. What shocking vulgar taste he must have, to be sure! chocolate merino, with blue sprawling palms over it, and the most absurd of bell-pulls for a cord and tassel."

Margaret Perkins was not an angel, for she

even arranged a sharp speech for Mr. Frost, in readiness for him when he should join her, but Mr. Frost did not come just then; in fact, he seemed to have a way of not coming now, when he was wanted. The purser of the ship, whose civilities Miss Perkins had by no means encouraged, and who, I regret to state, had called her to *une chipie avec des idées assommantes*, was sent for by Margaret.

"You will be good enough to supply that sick woman with the delicacies she may require, and you will charge it to me," had said Miss Margaret.

"Entirely unnecessary. I fully appreciate mademoiselle's kindness; but we all have, so it seems, a good heart on board, from Mademoiselle Perkins down to the Captain. The very first day, though, M. Fross see the poor leetle one was sick, and he instruct that attention be paid her, but we could not allow that; the Captain, the doctor charge themselves; she have all she want. *Pauvre chatte*, she have dance, I am afraid, her last pirouette before the grand jump."

That afternoon Mr. Frost was about leaving the table, and Margaret was toying with her coffee-spoon, when she said—"One moment, Mr. Fross—do you not think you have overdone it?"

"And pray how?"

"Please do not twiddle with your seal; it is a most childish habit. Now, charity and all that kind of thing I admire."

"Do you?"

"But ostentation in such matters is really distressing. That shocking rug of yours, with the fox and goose, though I hate it, might have suited the occasion, but the *robe de chambre*—"

"Sorry you did not like it, wadded all through—"

"Dear me, Mr. Fross, among the people I live with we give beef and bread and shoes and coals, but the Worcestershire sauce, the jam, the high heels, the fire-screens, we deem superfluities." (Let it be said, to Margaret's credit, that she had no inclination to tell Mr. Frost that her own charities cost her a couple of thousand dollars every year.) "Now" (here Miss Margaret softened a little), "had you thought it worth your while to ask my advice, I should have told you in the chaos of baggage I have a trunk marked M. P., No. 3, and if you will find it for me, Mr. Fross, I can give you a warm dress, suited to the wants of a dancing-woman."

"Oh! it is not worth while now. As we approach soundings, temperature diminishes, and that dancing-woman won't want it." That was not a polite way of receiving her advances. "We were talking of Worcestershire sauce," he went on; "I have no partiality for jelly, chutney is so much nicer, but I adore guava-jelly. We never

have had a culinary conversation yet, Miss Perkins. It really affords great opportunities for expansiveness. We might try it—possibly it would be a novel topic for you."

"Can you not advance an opinion for once in your life and stick to it, sir? Are you in the least bit ashamed of what you did, which was a good action, a kindness? I like frankness, and I think you are wanting in it. There, do say, for once: 'I will not be offended. Confound it, Miss Perkins! what is it your business?'" Mr. Frost did look amazed, and opened his eyes very wide indeed.

"I dare say it would have been better had I turned that confounded—you see I use the word—that confounded gown inside out; it is then all one color."

"I am not going to be put off that way. You have not, then, the courage I hoped you had? I would not give that" (she picked up a bit of almond-shell in her fingers) "for a man without an opinion! I may be a woman, but I think what is right, and I do it, or rather, I must do it—it is the inevitable."

"Do you want me to repeat that? I hope, then, what I think is right, and I do not always do it. That is my creed, Miss Perkins."

"That is an existence of expediency. You must be forced to shuffle."

"Shuffle? why, yes. I double and twist around things."

"That is an acknowledgment, at least."

"Shuffle! By the way, that reminds me of cards, a source of amusement we have not yet tried, engrossed as we have been in conversation of a highly entertaining character so far."

"I wish your connections of thought had less eccentricity. I can't pin you down to anything."

"I should not like to be an insect for your entomological researches," said Mr. Frost, so suddenly and sharply that he took Margaret by surprise. He was not so torpid, then, after all, she thought, and she liked him the better for it.

"Cards—you want me to play cards? I dislike them. I have not played cards since I was a little girl."

"With your particular bent of mind, Miss Perkins, I have the firm conviction that you would soon become an expert player."

"My bent of mind?" That was a second personal remark. He was improving. "What do you mean?"

"Why, that for fun or love your card-playing might be careless or indifferent, but once engage you in a stake, a certain very fortunate characteristic which you possess, and which I admire exceedingly—"

"What is it? Of course, I am flattered."

"An imperturbable coolness would come to

your aid. Then your deliberate judgment would rise superior to the dictates of fortune."

"You think, then, that at my age I could develop into a gamester? The idea is too preposterous. You may teach me cards, and I am impulsive enough to want to learn at once."

It was unpleasant on deck; the two then remained at table, a pack of cards was brought, and, when the evening was over, Margaret, an essentially bright woman, with a certain undeveloped mathematical turn of mind, became fairly proficient in a rather simple game of cards. When the stakes were sugar-plums, Margaret counted with glee that she had won some pounds of bonbons. This card-playing, which was continued at intervals next day, the last one on board, removed a great deal of constraint, and, without knowing it, Margaret was gay, cheerful, and quite natural. She had not the courage to call him either Foss or Fross, and evaded it entirely. The apology which was due him she would await some future opportunity to make.

"Your game, again," said Mr. Frost. "I should not be surprised if you were a capital business woman."

"Do you judge from such an absurd trifle as a game of cards?"

"In some slight measure. I might have counted on such a novice as you are exhibiting a certain recklessness which would have induced blunders. People who are too grasping in the game of life mostly come to grief. It is coolness and deliberation that win the odd trick."

"I have heard that so very often, though its application never was made personal before!"

"If ever, then," continued the gentleman, with a laugh, "there came a contest, say between your inclinations, the better ones playing against your fancies—"

"My fancies!"

"I am afraid, at that kind of play, whims—"

"Whims! Mr.—Mr.—" (she wanted to say Frost).

"Your caprices, then, would be the victors, and your gain wretchedness. We all play these games by ourselves at times—kind of mortal *solitaires*."

Margaret looked puzzled. How much of mystification or of *persiflage* was there in this? It was a novel stop for him to play upon.

"In all the circumstances of my life I shall be at least guided by my better judgment, the discretion of a woman of thirty. To me all the concerns of life have to be settled on the purest business principles. Your perspicacity is in some respects not at fault. I am essentially a business woman, and have had entire control of my own affairs ever since I was of age."

"Too much business—will you deal, if you

please?—too much business—I am to play—and chaffering with the world may make a woman hard, and has been known to—" He hesitated.

"What, sir? I half suspect you are trying to confuse me, so as to get the advantage of me in this game. I score the point, however. You were saying—about business women—and I am expecting something incisive."

"I was thinking that business sometimes unsexed women. In some feminine natures it stifles instincts, even feelings—translates her out of her sphere."

"Indeed! Do you intend that speech as an exhibit of the sentimental side of your character? Though it is novel, it is certainly neither kind nor gracious."

"Do you know that I hate a card-playing woman?" said Mr. Frost, slowly and reflectively.

"Complimentary to me, certainly. Then, pray, why did you take the trouble to teach me?"

"I never indulge in personalities, Miss Perkins. I rather feel obliged to you for having furnished me with a certain amount of amusement."

How should she take that word amusement? "Only—only at cards?" inquired Margaret, almost breathless. "Do you assure me that you have not been laughing at me—at me—from the time I put my foot on board?"

She did not say anything more, nor wait for his answer, but rose, bowed to Mr. Frost gravely, and sought her room. That she was not in a rage somewhat dismayed her.

Next morning, by daybreak, the voyage was ended. Margaret was aunt to a young American lad of fifteen who was awaiting her at Havre. Though the boy was manly and intelligent, it was Mr. Frost who had to care for Margaret's luggage. Without his assistance she never could have caught the mid-day train to Paris. It was Mr. Frost who went with her to the station and bought the tickets.

"Might I ask him to call on me in Paris?" thought Margaret. Margaret had pondered over that question in latitude 42° 07'; when she had placed her well-arched foot on the gang-plank; when she had kissed her nephew—and it kept bothering her now. "Should she give him her address?" A few commonplace civilities might have some weight when extended to him in the handsome house on the Champs Elysées. She might impose on him then. As she sat in the station the matter had resolved itself into something like this: "If he really cares to see me again, he will ask me for it; he must ask me, though I never have intimated that I should like to renew the acquaintance. He is certainly not a curious man, and never asked any questions. What he knows about me I must have told him; and then he really did not seem to care."

Mr. Frost came just then with four tickets in his hand.

"Good gracious!" thought Margaret, "he must be coming with us. He is quite capable of doing so, and sitting in another car." Mr. Frost gave three tickets to the nephew, and was paid for them.

"If he is going with us, he might at least say so; and then he can not but help knowing where I live, and the matter of my address finds a natural conclusion. I am not going to worry myself about it any more," she said.

Mr. Frost went to the other side of the room, and put the remaining ticket in the sick actress's hand. Though his back was turned to Margaret she could see the Frenchwoman open, with trembling fingers, her portemonnaie and offer payment, which the gentleman declined. Then he shook hands with the woman, folding over her arm the fox-and-goose rug, then he made her a grave bow.

"He shall have my address, for he has a good soul. I am so glad that that fox-and-goose horror will never be seen again, at least by me! I wonder if that cloak of King Louis's was in the fashion when he gave it away?" thought Margaret.

An official just then opened a door. There was a great rush of passengers. The nephew rose with his aunt and the maid, and the three were swept forward. Before Margaret knew it, she was seated in the cars. When her brother welcomed her at the station in the Rue St. Lazare that evening, she looked around her. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Frost had made the journey with her to Paris.

What is the use, I pray, of my being guarded or ambiguous? If anybody has not already discovered that Margaret Perkins has not much more than a strong liking for Orlando Frost, I am to be blamed for having written this, the first portion of my story, in a most clumsy and inartistic way. I intended, from the very beginning, to make Orlando a mysterious personage, and, though my story may want a Mephistopheles, it might be modeled on that very veridical history which Goethe has made immortal. As we can not always indulge in high comedy, I want to impress on my readers the fact that this is a real tragedy, with a very terrible *dénouement*. I commenced directly with allusions directed toward Margaret. I may have deprecated her charms with a malign purpose. If Margaret had only been happy, or had wanted to be so! If she had been lethargic and subsisted on a cream or farinaceous diet, and so gained only five pounds more of adipose tissue! Then she would have been a very good-natured woman, sweeter, from the full ripeness of her age.

This is my chorus, in the approved Greek style, and it has this great advantage—it sets matters straight at once, and prevents misconstruction. Now, this world is not entirely peopled with the good, the wise, the honest, the straightforward, or the sincere. Personal eccentricities are less common than neutral foibles among the men and women I meet with. It may be an ungrateful task, then, for me to portray human weakness, even to expatiate on it. I am very sorry that the goody-goody element has made so little impression on me.

Margaret I met not very long ago, and I liked her exceedingly. As to Frost, whose name was known among all boating-men twenty years ago as the model stroke-oar of the colleges—whose good nature made him so popular—well! he was the very last man I had ever thought who would nourish a vengeance.

II.

CERTAINLY the best way to forget people is not to nurse a grievance against them, and Margaret was well aware of that. If Mr. Frost had called during the first week, she might have received him quite pleasantly. When a month had elapsed, how he would have been received might have partaken of the *imprévu*.

All that winter, even into the spring, the opportunity of renewing her acquaintance with Mr. Frost was not vouchsafed her. When full summer came, accident brought it about.

Aunt and nephew were at St. Germain. Margaret, who had the sharpest of eyes, saw Mr. Frost seated in one of the alleys, and presently so did Harry Perkins.

"O aunt, if there is not Mr. Fross."

"Not Fross!—Frost, my dear. You don't say so?"

"Well—whatever his name is." Then Harry escaped, ran toward Mr. Frost, and had offered his hand with a "How d'y do, sir?—don't you remember us?"

"Why, of course—and—" Mr. Frost stopped. "Here is Aunt Margaret coming along. Been doing St. Germain?"

But Margaret was apparently intent on examining some mythological divinity, which chance had placed in her way. Orlando took the lad's outstretched hand and was led toward Margaret.

It partook somewhat of the character of a Timbuctoo ceremonial, for a man to doff his hat of a piping hot day to a light buff-silk parasol dotted with black spots. There was an aggressive ferule to it all, and, though that was smoothed in lace, it was pointed directly at Frost. Very gradually the handle was raised, then shouldered, just as Mr. Frost was replacing his hat.

Margaret's inclination to be a trifle rude found

its expression in the parasol-act, for presently she held out her disengaged hand, which Frost took. Then she waited for him to begin.

"I have been in the south of France, in Italy, all the winter, Miss Perkins, and only arrived in Paris a few days ago. I should have called on you, but for my absence."

It was an apologetical speech.

"Indeed?"

"I had a letter to your brother."

"Had you?"

"And the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Perkins yesterday, through our consul. I had, however, known Mr. Perkins, at least by reputation, for some years, and was well acquainted with his high business standing."

"Then, Mr. Frost, why for patience' sake did you never tell me before these very simple facts? you might have placed me in rather an awkward situation."

"And why? Why should I have told you? Of what weight were those passing civilities which any man owes to a woman. Traveling acquaintances are so accidental, one can hardly expect a lady to lay much stress on them."

"With a man it makes no difference, perhaps, but with a woman—"

"By the way, how is that unfortunate maid of yours?" inquired Mr. Frost.

"Is it that same rather eccentric connection of thought, Mr. Frost, which joins me to my maid? Might I ask what became of that sick actress?"

"Lingered through the winter—so I have learned—and died in the spring."

Then there was a pause. They were alone, for the nephew was a long way off, quite out of call, leaning over the terrace, looking at far-distant Paris.

"Now, I ought to have asked you to come and see me—I suppose you expected it," said Margaret, very quietly.

"I can't say that I did. I only know that you did not."

"You were exceedingly kind and thoughtful about me on that trip. So you know my brother?"

"Only very slightly; he was courteous enough to ask me to dinner, and I really regret that I am to leave for Vienna to-morrow."

Margaret bored a deep hole in the sward with her parasol.

"Vienna! Come, Mr. Frost, can I not make amends for what you may have conceived were quite a series of mistakes on my part? You never knew exactly the prime cause of my being—may I call it out of sorts?—during that wretched voyage. I was left in the lurch at the very last moment. There, is not that frank? I never

made an apology quite as self-humiliating as that before. Now, as you travel, I suppose, for pleasure—"

"But I do not travel for pleasure."

"Well, business is never quite so important that a day or so makes much difference."

Then she paused, and Mr. Frost had to extricate the parasol which had stuck in the ground. As he handed the parasol, Orlando thought he saw something of an appeal in her fine hazel eyes.

Mr. Frost did dine with Mr. Perkins that very next day, and proved himself to be a pleasant, entertaining guest.

"He brought me the very highest letters of introduction," Mr. Perkins had said to Margaret, "and Mr. Frost has an amount of general intelligence and information of a really surprising character."

Now, Margaret's brother was not an expansive man, and, if there was anybody in this world from whom she would take an opinion, it was from that brother. She really felt pleased that Mr. Frost was lauded.

As to Margaret, without Mr. Frost's having in the least changed his peculiarities, for he still twiddled his seal, he took the place of a pleasant friend. Being both Americans, and old enough to take care of themselves, Frost was quite willing to accompany Miss Perkins to the shops and galleries—the first, perhaps, providing the lady with the greater amount of business and pleasure.

Mr. Frost was welcome to come in of an evening, and, if he did not talk to Margaret, her brother would engross his conversation. Frost was not only a good listener, but a happy suggester. Margaret, who had sense enough now to hold her tongue, would listen to Mr. Frost developing some ideas for or against free trade, a favorite hobby of her brother's, and really participated in Orlando's quiet triumphs when he worsted Mr. Perkins. Sometimes she would have liked to make some inquiries on these subjects, if her pride would have allowed, with Mr. Frost as the exponent; but just as likely some hard seam of irritability would crop out, because she thought that Orlando only liked to talk trifles with her. As his social status was now fairly established, she could no longer indulge in the irritating process. She sometimes longed, though, to strike at him as if he were a flint, so that a spark might fly: she liked sparks. She never perceived that there was any difference in Mr. Frost, though she felt that there was a change in her. Certainly Margaret was getting happier. That excitement which Paris of former years had afforded her, and which she had craved, no longer exerted the same influences. She found a certain charm in her sumptuous Paris home,

its elegant comforts which she had scarcely appreciated before. "It is all right, I suppose," she said, "I can not go round and round as I did before, that is all. It is the thirty years that are telling on me."

It was her rather languid and invalid sister-in-law who once jested with Margaret about Mr. Frost. Margaret might have developed some abnormal sweetness, but her brother's wife had right then and there to be taught, by a hot reply, that a radical change in character can not always be depended upon from passing appearances. When Harry looked slyly, as Mr. Frost was announced that evening, Margaret could not snub the lad, though she resented the annoyance.

Something in it? There was, for now, at the close of the second month of their better acquaintance, Orlando Frost had asked Margaret Perkins to let him love her, and Margaret's triumph had come. But was it a triumph? She felt that she was a little—just a little—vanquished too. She had not declined him out and out. No, it was not that. All hope was not to be stamped out; she did not smother the blaze exactly, and dance on the ashes. But—he might flicker; she would acknowledge the light of the flame as a possible thing, though not the heat of it. He was to be put on an unlimited period of probation.

"I am no boy, Margaret," he had said, "and can not wait."

"And my trouble is, my supremest trouble is, Mr. Frost, that I am no girl."

"Might I not inform Mr. Perkins?"

"No, not just now. If anything came of it—"

"It! It is frightful!"

"I am afraid if you spoke to my brother—though I am perfectly independent of him—in this sudden way, it might not compromise me, but would give your most complimentary allusions to me a gravity which they really do not yet deserve. Do not, please, go on so absurdly, Mr. Frost. It is my misfortune, as I have told you before, that I am a very, very old girl."

When you take a bit of steel and warm it, and freeze it, and bend it, and snap it, scientific persons teach you that its crystalline properties change, and it becomes amorphous; in fact, that the time will come when it is certain to snap under but slight tension. Margaret did care for the man, but really liked to keep up a battle royal between her inclinations and her caprices. She lost strength during this kind of contest. Her nerves would twitter, and little chokings would come in her throat, and once, in the midst of a burst of tears—a terribly ugly thing for a woman of her age—Orlando took her hand, and she was startled at the ravenous way in which he kissed it. Had he won her, Margaret Perkins, who, up to the age of thirty, had given the "No, I thank

you, sir," to half a dozen men with the same quiet indifference as she would have pushed aside a bit of silk or trimming which did not become her particular style?

I wish that that particular stage of tutelage a woman ought to wish herself in when she plights her troth to a man had been frankly accepted by Margaret. Still, she insisted that even now no mention should be made of an engagement to her brother, though Frost had pleaded that concealment might be calamitous.

In good faith Orlando had given Margaret some idea of his own circumstances, which he assured her were ample for the moment, and very sure to be augmented by an inheritance from a well-to-do uncle, who was almost his second father. He was a New England man, and, though he commented but slightly on lineage, Margaret, who studied American genealogies, knew that he sprang from a stock which, in early provincial times, had asserted its dignity. As to himself, he might have given her, if she had only allowed him, more particular details as to himself; but, with some very little bit of vanity—she did rather parade it, intoned it, in fact—she ran over the schedule of her dollars and cents. It was a very handsome, well-minded total, big enough, in vulgar parlance, to buy and sell him. I do not know whether it was not intended by her to be an expression of confidence. As a prudent business man, such explanations as he had made, or wanted to make, he felt the situation demanded, but he did not require any such explicit exhibit from the woman he loved. Such information he would much rather have had from Mr. Perkins. Frost was a fool, just then, because he did not utter some commonplace expression about her money, and then kiss her boldly on the lips. This little act, foreshadowing a possible copartnership, where each member of the future firm distinctly states the amount of capital to be risked in the venture of life, rather distressed Frost from its very business-like characteristics.

For a full ten days Margaret was moderately happy. Just now and then she thought that she had yielded a little too readily, but Mr. Frost was apparently so much in love with her, there was so little of the man *à bonne fortune* about him, that any doubts as to the sacrifice of her own dignity were temporarily allayed.

All men have their own little pet speeches, turns of phraseology, bits of familiar talk, which they have been bred and born to. They may forget them for a time, but, when they are supremely happy, such little things involuntarily come back again. They are nonsensical, being mostly the impressions of early days, but the pleasures of childhood return by their repetition. Margaret, when he attempted any of these phrases,

would not accept them; she even thought them out of place, and they were jarring. She never had used or employed any of them, and was afraid she never could. Did he expect her to appreciate them? Then, if he did not, what right had he to look hurt when she did not smile when he repeated such stuff. There was ever coming up in her mind some fancy that Mr. Frost was wanting in fixity. Yes, that was it, fixity of purpose. There was apparently some Draconian code which she wanted to have fulfilled to the letter, which should govern all the circumstances of her life. If Mr. Frost had been passive before, just occasionally evincing a semblance of spirit, now he showed no fight at all, and would not argue with her.

"If it pleases you, it does not hurt me, as the man said when his wife beat him," Frost had laughingly remarked after some rather aggressive words of Margaret's. Margaret flashed at this, which she stigmatized as a vulgarism, and rattled away with a vigor which Frost thought their present condition hardly justified. Margaret became depressed, then ashamed of her irritability. I am forced to state that it was Frost who was weak enough to sue pardon in these wolf-and-lamb disturbances. He had some little pugnacity, but what pepper there was in him he held in abeyance. There came about many one-sided differences, and corresponding one-sided conciliations. Margaret really suffered from all this, and grew nervous. As to Orlando, I am constrained to say that he was apparently proof against vexation, and ate his meals with the utmost regularity.

At last a crisis came. The chip which Margaret had been balancing on her shoulder was hurled to the ground.

They were in the garden, attached to the house, where they met of a pleasant summer's day. The evening before there had been some difference, not much more weighty than on many prior occasions. Orlando was entirely unsuspecting of the blow he was about to receive. Margaret tried to see in him the appearance of a happiness which was too well assured. In her eyes there was an excess of personal satisfaction, and this exhalation of beatitude annoyed her.

She neither fainted nor played about it; she did not care to fence, but to drive in the point at once, and well home at that.

"I never can confide my future, Mr. Frost, to a man whom, though I respect, I can not look forward to as a guide through life."

"And why?" His voice did not show much emotion, because she had perhaps intimated the same thing more than once before. As far as tone went, Frost showed no resentment.

"Because of your want of—of steadfastness.

Such theories of life as I may have are perhaps vague; but may I tell you—frankly?"

"Pray do so." He bothered with his seal. "Of course, Margaret, what you will now say I must consider as final, because your words must have that significance which only mature thought can give. I listen."

"I can not allow you to assume the air of a judge. If you want to know, it is the forebodings of a very much troubled woman. I dread your want of firmness; you vacillate between two opinions. I am afraid I could turn you on my finger. Your lack of gravity shocks me continually. It is a difference of temperament, I suppose. Perhaps, after all, in the more serious circumstances of life, we might not differ so materially, but in the constantly recurring minor ones we should always be, I am sure, in opposition. My age is the trouble. I can not match your colors. I do want, or did want, to lead a life, if it were a—married one—where the lesser things would be treated with the same circumspection as the more momentous ones. I never must feel ashamed. There must not be the smallest link in my chain which shall not stand the strain."

"My mitten is elaborately embroidered; my walking-stick has a pretty head and a tassel. I might have expected it. Must I accept it?—Good-by."

"Good-by! No—why good-by? You can remain my friend. I must insist on that."

"Insist! I might laugh at that if I felt so inclined." But he did not laugh.

Reject her friendship! She had never thought such a thing possible. "If only to save appearances—Mr. Frost—for I hate—talk."

That stung the man, for he brought down his malacca cane, a good-sized one, on the bench, with such a whack that the cane was shivered. Margaret gave a little jump, and rather liked the passing dread of physical injury. Possibly next day she would have examined that bench, to see how deep was the dent in the wood. Mr. Frost had turned from her. She called him, she even held out her hand to him as he slowly faced about.

There might have been a doubt in Orlando's mind whether Margaret was, after all, in sober earnest.

"Come, Mr. Frost, don't think I have not suffered from all this. I might even express the wish that—that we had met ten years before. I was perhaps different then. Do not be offended. Why can't we both see how impossible this matter is? Why are we not to be friends as of old? Pshaw! I don't insist; that was hardly the word I really meant" (and she sat down, and looked distressed and penitent). "Why can't we at once

enter into the same pleasant conditions of life we enjoyed before—before you commenced to care for a woman who possibly never could have made you as happy as you deserve to be! Did you not promise that you would go out with me this morning? We were to have done some shopping. I would not like to release you from your engagement."

"I was very silly to vent my rage on my poor stick, Miss Perkins, and I am sorry," said Frost.

"For the stick! Nonsense! I shall give you another, that is, when I receive those bonbons which you owe me. Pray do—do come! I have a dreadful long list of things to purchase—silks, satins, laces for myself, and little bronzes, and jewelry, and gloves, for a lot of bothering people at home. I am committed to it, and ought to charge a commission. I never, though, undertake such things for friends unless they give me the money beforehand, otherwise you get left in the lurch. When you come to New York you shall see me in my nicest of toilets."

"Then you return to New York?"

"Certainly. In a month or so at the very latest." He was a very torpid man, after all, she thought.

"I shall go to England to-morrow."

"What haste!"

Just here a servant came, and announced that the carriage was waiting.

"Pray wait for me. I am quite dressed, and will only want to put on my hat," and she was gone.

Frost sat down on the bench, folded his arms, and was motionless. Presently he was touched lightly on the shoulder by a parasol, and he started to his feet. Margaret stood before him in all her elegance, a really stately figure.

"You really want me to go with you?"

"The carriage is in the street, at the foot of the garden."

"Certainly—I understand."

"My sister-in-law has taken the *coupé*."

"Precisely; our period of—"

"*Tête-à-tête* has passed. Shall I say *heigh-ho!*"

"You are a very cool-minded and circumspect person."

"Yes, circumspect old person. Will you help me in? Oh! depend upon it, we shall be the best of friends."

"I wish—" Frost said, as he sat down on the seat opposite to her; and the carriage started.

"What do you wish—to sit alongside of me? As for that, you can if you want to."

"No, not that."

"What then?" inquired Miss Margaret, gayly. "Do talk. Say exactly what you mean. Now

that we are friends again, you have full license to 'speak as you please.'"

"That these horses would run away and dash my stupid brains out on the first stone wall we came to."

"And I?"

"That you might live a hundred years, and learn what intense suffering you have caused me."

"All your bitterness must have ended now; after that speech, the whole vials of your wrath are emptied."

"I do not know that my anger is all spent, Margaret. I have a strange feeling—somewhat like the prescience of a revenge."

"Startling and dramatic! A young gentleman of—of—"

"Forty—"

"On my word, I thought you older—kills a young chit of thirty-one, for I shall be of that mature age before long. Now, there come in just here those incongruous ideas which you sometimes indulge in of giving a romantic *dénouement* to very commonplace circumstances. I never was flattered by such things."

"Margaret, men and women use nowadays other weapons than poniards, pistols, and poison, for vengeance; ridicule kills sometimes."

"I don't know; but, if I remember rightly, the first word you ever said to me, Mr. Frost, was, that I was ridiculous; and perhaps I am more sensitive in that direction than I thought for. But, come—I am afraid I am getting aggressive again, and I want to be pleasant and good-natured; and for you to have the kindest impressions about me, in which there shall be a mite of forgiveness."

It was unfortunate that the carriage stopped, just then, before the Maison Delille, the great lace-shop of Paris, or, in somewhat of a more tender mood, that better impression which she desired to make might have left its mark.

Into the shop they went, and all the most delicate spider-webs were placed before Margaret. In the pleasure of examining and selecting, Margaret showed an animation, a talent, an appreciation, which surprised Mr. Frost. Mr. Frost, if rather destitute in taste, at least in Margaret's opinion, was an excellent judge of material, and had a woman's delicate eye for fineness of quality, and was frequently asked for advice. Miss Perkins evinced a certain shrewdness in her bargains, and invariably had her money's worth. It was a clever stroke of trade, when she obtained a deduction of two francs a yard on a Valenciennes lace flouncing, by taking, too, a *point d'Alençon* which had been offered cheap as a lure. Her arithmetic was excellent, perfectly

undisturbed by metres, francs, and centimes; her calculations were quite as quickly made as were those of the clerks. In a neat little *carnet* she methodically wrote down all items, so that there could not be any mistakes. Bills were carefully and rapidly examined, were endorsed by her with an initial in one corner in perfect clerical style, and were to be paid for on delivery. So far, Mr. Frost could not help but admire her decision and promptness. She asked for exactly what she wanted, and was not to be led off by the many wheedling side issues by means of which adroit shopmen allure custom. It was an hour, though, before she was through.

"If it had been any other woman than Margaret Perkins, Mr. Frost, you would have been in that shop half a day. I hate to shilly-shally. Now, we are not more than quarter finished.—Driver, go to the Rue de Bac, Petit St. Thomas.—We are to revel in silks and satins now. You are not tired, I trust?"

"Not in the least; I am simply amazed at your aptitude—your business qualities."

"Are you? I am going to get enough for a couple of seasons' wear. Some of the things I will have made up, others not. Now I want a bronze-colored silk, a black one, and possibly one or two light, tender things for evenings." She rather emphasized the "tender things" at the shop in the Rue de Bac. Miss Perkins's talents in shopping were again most brilliantly displayed. It was not quite so rapid a business as when purchasing the laces. She puzzled for some time—her only hesitation—over two very quiet light silks. Mr. Frost's taste was called upon. He rather descanted on the material than over the exact shades, and indicated one of them as the better. Margaret took it at once. Instead of the material for four dresses being wanted, the purchase was extended to six. The sum total, as she figured it up, would be quite thirty-six hundred francs. "Now," said Miss Margaret to the shopman, "this all comes to thirty-six hundred francs, a fairly large purchase. Do not cut the silks yet; I always buy here, and I want a deduction. Some of these things are for commissions. I will pay exactly thirty-four hundred and fifty francs for them, and not a sou more."

"Permit me to observe," said the English clerk, "that we made you a very low price, as we wish to introduce these new styles into America."

"Gammon!" replied Margaret.

"I must ask the *chef* of the department," interposed the clerk.

"I have offered you thirty-four hundred and fifty francs, which is exactly what I will pay. You may take it or leave it; and pray, let this

bargaining cease," Margaret said, rather disdainfully.

Why did Frost grin in such a sardonic way?

The price was accepted, the bill ticked off, the address given, and Miss Perkins and her escort betook themselves to the carriage again. Shops where they kept gloves, and where fans could be found, and perfumery, and special houses who dealt in women's toys, to recall a good word used by old chroniclers to designate many expensive articles in feminine use, were all visited and purchases were made. The last place to go to was a famous establishment where bronzes were sold. Margaret selected, capriciously enough, a Cupid, and called it a Stoopid, and laughed at it, and found fault with the color of the metal, which was a pale olive, saying that she would have preferred a green one. At last the shopping was over. For herself and her friends Margaret must have spent twelve thousand francs. Frost had curiosity enough to sum up the total—had even been able to memorize the items. Perhaps this mental distraction was a relief.

As they drove homeward, Frost was certainly constrained, but Margaret was in the best of spirits. She seemed to be quite determined not to resent his mood, and was even a particle caressing in her manner.

"Shopping allows me such an opportunity to give vent to suppressed energy! I do like it. I shall not have more than five years to dress, and then, without a regret, will relegate myself among that most respectable set, the dowdies."

"It is quite possible that you will be happier when you are older, and I trust you will be," said Mr. Frost, earnestly, as he handed her out of the carriage.

"I had hoped you would dine with us. We shall see you this evening?"

"Certainly," and he touched his hat and left her.

That evening there was a place for him on the lounge, and for the better part of an hour they were quite alone. Whether through amiability or not, I do not know, but Margaret was never once disputative. Orlando was even cheerful, though he talked about matters which had no relationship with their past. He seemed to avoid most sedulously the least allusion to that. Margaret would have liked some reference to it, for she wanted to feel its pain and pleasure. If he had staid only an hour more, perhaps Margaret's better nature would have prevailed; she might have hinted that a reconsideration was possible; that a woman's decision was not always to be taken as irrevocable. She felt very uncertain about herself, after all. A very trivial thought

entered her mind; it was the color of one of her recently purchased silks. Why had she selected a light mauve, unless she had fostered the idea that it might be worn for a very peculiar occasion? There came some slight foretaste of an undefined wretchedness: she might have to bury that silk where she could never see it again for years. Then she might look at it, when it was faded, with the creases worn into it.

It was before his usual hour of departure when Frost arose and made a most formal adieu.

"Why this—this hurry, Mr. Frost?"

"My hasty departure necessitates a great deal of preparation."

"Then it is sudden. On my word, I am very—very sorry. Is it decisive?"

"You ask me—you ask me that?"

She rose—held out both her hands. "Must it be? Do let me see you, then, among the first, the very first, when I arrive home."

"It will be a religious duty."

"Religious!" She still held out her hands. He did not take them.

"You would not have me say a duty of affection, Miss Perkins?" and, with renewed ceremony, Frost bowed and left.

Fortunately for her, she was alone for the moment, and no one heard her. "He is unmannerly—rude—and—and—" She strode up and down the drawing-room. "Refuse to shake hands with me! Has it come to pass that this man slights me?"

A servant came in just then with a parcel, saying, "Mr. Frost has left this for mademoiselle." She opened it breathlessly. It was a package of sugar-plums. There was his card, and not a word on it.

She slept badly that night. If she felt anything at all, she smothered it. She tried to think that Mr. Frost had deserted her, and that it was she who was to be pitied. He had misunderstood her, and all the hateful world, as for that, had misunderstood her. Her toilet next morning was elaborate. Look in the glass all she could, even that night of worry had not made her haggard. She consoled herself with the fancy that in New York some patching-up process might happen. "Men and women patch up things of this kind every day," she thought.

"Mr. Frost has sent me a most courteous word of good-by, Margaret," said Mr. Perkins, at breakfast. "He takes the Cunarder from Liverpool to-morrow."

"Does he? Any other people we know?"

She thought of the promise he had made of seeing her again. She wondered if he really was so angry after all. He had always been so uncommonly good-natured.

III.

SCENE.—*A bright, pleasant October day on the North River. Custom-house officers, policemen, hackmen, loungers, 'longshoremen, on the pier. Large concourse of well-dressed people anxious to welcome passengers on steamer. The Britannic has just arrived at the dock. Gang-plank in place. Baggage is being rapidly piled up in the shed. Miss PERKINS comes down the gang-plank, accompanied by a lady and gentleman.*

MISS PERKINS. Oh, dear, no. I never could think of detaining you. So much obliged for your kindness! I can't allow you to wait, so anxious as you must be to see those dear children! I am perfectly capable of attending to my own baggage—always do it. It is mostly a formality, and I flatter myself I understand the business. So good-by. [*Lady kisses Miss PERKINS; gentleman bows. They go.*] Such a nuisance it is, after all. Rather polite set of custom-house officers on board; and such a lot of funny questions! Asked me if I was the senior member of a family coming together. So preposterous! And that singularly worded document—which I just glanced over—about implements, instruments, and tools of trade, which are free. I suppose there are people who actually do bring over hammers, and trowels, and pickaxes, just as women carry with them rouge, and enamel, and false fronts; but I signed it all. (*To the nearest custom-house officer.*) Now, my good man, my number, or ticket, or whatever you call it [*exhibits a dingy bit of yellow paper*] has a 3 on it. I am, then, among the first. I wonder where my carriage is? Oh, yes, there they stand, those sedate old bays. John is always punctual. (*Waves her hand to a colored coachman in livery, who takes off his hat.*)

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER. Yes, ma'am. You have read the ticket given you on board. It says—

MISS PERKINS. I am sure I don't know what it says. Pray get through with it.

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER. (*the two go amid a mountain of trunks.*) Anything to declare?

MISS PERKINS. I signed something—an entry, I believe—while on board. You have it, I suppose. I have put down a dress or so, which I am willing to pay for. Do begin your prying, so that we get through with this.

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER. You are very sure that—

MISS PERKINS. (*holy*). Can't you understand English when it is spoken? (*Puts her hand in her pocket and exhibits a sovereign. In a low voice.*) Here, take this, and don't bother over the things!

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER (*who really has not heard her. He is a little deaf*). You have considered the character of the oath, "I do solemnly swear," and so on?

MISS PERKINS. The provoking man! (*Aside.*) I am afraid a sovereign is not enough. Let us say two. Can human cupidity go further? Ought I to make it three? Say three. (*Shows three pieces.*) It is a good bit of money. Three?

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER. How many pieces?

MISS PERKINS. Ah, here we are at last! Three.

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER. Trunks, parcels, to contain personal effects only?

MISS PERKINS. Seven.

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER. It is a sight of baggage.

MISS PERKINS. And suppose it was seventy or seven hundred, what is it your business? Possibly your wife or sister or daughter travels with less. I never met this man's equal! (*In a low voice.*) If three sovereigns are not enough, make it four.

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER. I am not quite sure—

MISS PERKINS. Nobody is looking—

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER. Of your name.

MISS PERKINS. Can't you read? There on that paper, and on the tags on the trunk: PERKINS painted on them. Take the money, and let me go.

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER (*bawling it out in a loud voice*). Mr. Jodkins! I say! Here is a lady—for she calls herself sich—as is a-trying to pervert my morals, and a-shoving sovereigns at me. Please you come take her in tow. (*Crowd collects at once.*)

FIRST LOUNGER. Oh! I say, don't you be pushing.

SECOND LOUNGER. Have just as good a right to see as you, I guess.—I say, Bob, there's something up.

DEPUTY-SURVEYOR (*who has made his way through the crowd*). Goodness gracious! is it possible? Never heard of such a thing! Have you any proofs of this, officer?

SEVERAL CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS. It's straight enough—we have been watching her. She has got the money in her hand now.

SMALL BOY. Hi! hi!

DEPUTY-SURVEYOR (*approaches MISS PERKINS. She endeavors to pocket the money, but it falls on the dock*). Bless my soul! Miss, this really, now, really—looks bad. The unsullied honor of the New York Custom-house—

'LONGSHOREMAN. Bully for you!

POLICEMAN. Shut your head!

SMALL BOY. Hi! hi!

DEPUTY-SURVEYOR. Custom-house is at stake. Search them trunks thorough! Officers, do your duty.

A PASSENGER. What's the row? See here, we ain't going to be blocked up this way. Ain't five of you officers enough around that woman? See here, now!—

A LADY-PASSENGER IN A DUSTER. We ain't a-smuggling nothing. Git through with me and my husband's things. Me and him has got to ketch the Chicago train by two o'clock. It's that stuck-up piece as is in trouble, is it? Just like her! She didn't look none too good for it.

DEPUTY-SURVEYOR. Your keys at once, miss. We can't allow your business to interfere with the passengers. Now, right away with your keys! Are these the right ones?

MISS PERKINS. I protest against this rudeness—this unjustifiable coarseness. Can I not appeal to some one? Is there no gentleman here who will care for an unprotec—

DEPUTY-SURVEYOR. We don't want to use extreme measures, nor bust open your trunks, but my general opinion is that you are in for it this time. Ever done it before? Kind of remember you, a couple of years ago, coming in with a lot of things that ought to have paid duty.—There, now (*takes the keys and opens a trunk*). Does this piece of baggage contain what you want to pay duty on? The entry calls for a black silk. (*A black-silk dress is exhibited, elaborately trimmed.*)

APPLE-WOMAN. Oh, but it is foine—swate!

DEPUTY-SURVEYOR. Bill, it looks worn, not much. Still, let it pass.—We give you, as you see, the benefit of the doubt.—Dive down, Bill, in the sides of that Saratogy. Bless us! Here are a lot of gloves, and in the tray a silk pattern. Attention there! No use to snigger. It's how many—five?

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER (*he is up to his elbows in the trunk*). Eight pair corsets, all new.

DEPUTY-SURVEYOR. Call 'em stays, Bill—it's more polite.—You wasn't going to keep a shop, was you?—That's lace—folds of it. Don't shake out that under-clothing so. (*A fan falls out.*) It ain't no use to conceal anything, for we shall have to dump out the whole of your blessed duds now.—Bill, open this one. More lace—and shoes, stockings, and feathers; flowers too! That's false hair.—It wasn't bought for you, that's evident, for your hair ain't carrot. Bought for friends, I suppose. There ought to be a brand-new statoo of a brass Cupid somewhere—ah, here he is!

MISS PERKINS (*covers her face with her hands*). Who could have been so base, so abject, so despicable, as to give this information?

DEPUTY-SURVEYOR. What have you got about you (*approaches her*)?

ORLANDO FROST (*he makes his way through the crowd to Deputy-Surveyor*). No; it is not necessary.

MISS PERKINS. Wretch! and can this be your work?—you, Orlando Frost?

ORLANDO FROST. My revenge. I have made it, as you see, a religious duty to meet you among the very first of your friends. (*Bows.*) Have you had a pleasant voyage?—Mr. Jodkins, I am sorry to say that this matter must take its usual course. You need hardly search any more, though you will find a mauve-colored silk somewhere.

MISS PERKINS. This is a refinement of cruelty.

ORLANDO FROST. You ought to thank me for a real bit of chivalry: a word of mine saved you from the dishonor of having your person searched. It would have been done very thoroughly. You are a humbug, Miss Margaret Perkins, and your fine sentiment very poor stuff indeed. What was that you told me once about the chain and its links?

MISS PERKINS. Monster! (*In a low voice.*) They will find your picture in my trunk.

ORLANDO FROST. Well, let them. It will be confiscated with the rest of your things. You might buy it back cheap at auction some day. I am at your service to take you to your carriage. I would even advise your leaving the wharf at once. I am afraid the United States will be some little richer by this seizure and you not much the poorer, for some of the loss will fall, I have no doubt, upon your friends, who can afford it. Of course, I regret it; but what exceedingly bad taste it was on your part, with such noble ideas of probity and all that kind of thing, to try and bribe a lot of poor devils! Come, Miss Perkins, you can't help yourself; if you remain here, the newspapers will have you, your trunks, and their contents, all in print to-morrow. I know you hate talk. Of course, I am to believe what you say, that you did not understand the gravity of it. Most persons do not until they are caught at it.

(*Calls a policeman, who opens a way through a dense crowd. Miss PERKINS is handed to her carriage with the utmost courtesy by ORLANDO FROST. The blinds are hauled down with rapid jerks. Carriage drives off.*) Poor woman! It was hard. I rather thought she liked me once, but I am quite sure I made a lucky escape. (*Lights a cigar and walks quietly away.*)

In the daily journals of New York next day the following was found. All the morning and afternoon papers had something in about it. I select this as a type:

"SEIZURE IN HIGH LIFE.

"Yesterday, at one of the piers, a case of some gravity in regard to the customs took place. A lady, young and beautiful, occupying a most distinguished place among the *élite*, was arrested on arrival, from a steamer, for endeavoring to bribe a custom-house baggage-searcher. The lady's trunks, some seventeen in number, were found to contain ready-made dresses, silk patterns, stockings, corsets, laces, ribbons, fans, bonnets, bronze statuettes, china, soap, perfumery, clocks, wigs, jewelry, and watches, with many articles of feminine toilet which modesty and want of space prevent specifying in detail. The lady, whose name, although well known, is withheld for the present, was so much affected that she fainted. Why will people do this kind of thing?"

In that exceedingly private and secret list in the keeping of the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury, a number of very dry abstracts can be found. Here is one of them:

"No. 638. Frost, Orlando. Born 1838. Graduate Harvard, 1858. Held position Assist. Prof. Technology in Industrial School up to 1861. Entered private Mass. Regmt. Promoted, gallantry, 3 wounds. Passed Civil-Service examination in class of 93, being first, 1873. Advanced 1875, advanced 1876. Secret Service, 1878-'79. Detailed France, Germany, Italy. Investigates frauds on foreign imports. Expert in raw materials; manufac. products. Familiar with commercial details. Prudent, discreet, honest. Specially qualified. Recommended for position requiring administrative powers. Refer. vol. xxxiv. Pg. 218, 462, 703, 895."

BARNET PHILLIPS.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

THE critic who is in the habit of analyzing his impressions must sometimes have been puzzled by the discovery that the so-called "light literature" is generally the heaviest reading that he undertakes to do. To lounge on the rainbow and read eternal romances of Cr billon was Campbell's ideal of happiness, and dawdling over the "last new novel" is now perhaps the favorite form of intellectual lotos-eating; but we are divulging no secret, we hope, when we acknowledge that for the professional critic there is in general no more appalling task than that which presents itself in the shape of an accumulated pile of "recent novels," all of which must be read to the bitter end. Sheridan used to declare that the way in which some critics prepare themselves for giving an opinion upon a book is to cut the leaves and smell the paper-knife; but, however applicable this compendious process might be to some classes of books which come under the reviewer's notice, in the case of novels nothing short of actual and thorough perusal will suffice. To the errors of judgment to which one is liable in estimating a work of the imagination, one dare not add the further risk of falling into errors of fact; and whether Lucy is a satisfactory heroine, and whether Edward is a "snob," a "cad," or a "gentleman," can be pronounced upon with confidence only after acquiring a knowledge of their several histories.

The task would be less arduous if all novels possessed the merits of Mr. Henry James's "Washington Square"; * for it is short and it is lively—it can be read quickly, and the interest is seldom allowed to flag. At the same time, it must be confessed, the story is a rather disappointing one. The title leads the reader to expect more than he actually finds; for, while such local color as there is is probably faithful enough, the book does not reproduce with any degree of adequacy either the period or the society of which Washington Square might be regarded as typical. On the contrary, it depicts neither a place nor a period, but belongs to the order of novels which might be classified as character-studies. It is a study of a woman, not beautiful, not brilliant, not clever, not piquant, not even eccentric, but who, on the physical and intellectual side at least, is thoroughly and remorselessly commonplace. Such charm as Mr. James has bestowed upon his heroine is exclusively a moral charm, so

to call it—the charm of a thoroughly sincere, straightforward, simple, and upright nature. In "Jane Eyre," Charlotte Bront  avowedly set herself the task of rendering fascinating a woman who was without physical beauty, but who possessed in an eminent degree what would now be described as a "magnetic" temperament. Mr. James appears to have set himself the far more difficult task of arousing our sympathy and even regard for a woman who is as commonplace in sentiment as in appearance; who is dull, if not quite stupid; narrow-minded, if large-hearted; whose very virtues take on the aspect of faults, and to whom is denied even the slender endowment of good taste in dress. That he quite succeeds in his undertaking can hardly be said; for, though we come to feel a great pity for Catherine in her trouble, she is not one of those imaginary sufferers whose story takes a profound and lasting hold upon our memories.

Such enjoyment as may be derived from consummate literary skill is obtainable from all Mr. James's stories, and from "Washington Square" in equal measure with the rest. Mr. James is beyond doubt the cleverest writer who now entertains the public with fiction; and even in portraying a dull woman his cleverness loses none of its point—in fact, it has the piquancy of a suggested contrast. Quite independent of the substance of what he says, there is a constant satisfaction in noting the manner in which he says it; and there is a flattering accession of self-esteem on the part of the reader in the perception that the author has bestowed painstaking care upon even the minor details of his work. The attention is constantly pricked with compendious little epigrams, the interest of which lies rather in what they suggest than in what they express, as where he periphrastically refers to woman as "the complicated sex." There is characteristic humor in the remark about Doctor Sloper that, on a certain occasion, when Catherine had been unexpectedly meek in her submissiveness, "he said to himself, as he had said before, that, though it might have its momentary alarms, paternity was not, after all, an exciting vocation." There is a caustic humorlessness about the entire portrait of Doctor Sloper, and more of the causticity and less of the humor about the companion portrait of Mrs. Penniman, Catherine's mischief-making aunt. Morris Townsend, the fortune-hunting sneak, is one of the neatest and most finished society-portraits that Mr. James has painted; and there are none of those impersonal lay-figures

* Washington Square. By Henry James, Jr. Illustrated by George du Maurier. New York: Harper & Brothers.

that usually crowd the canvas in stories of this kind, where so much has to be compressed into brief space.

How distinctly Mr. James is a student of men and women and of manners is very strikingly indicated by little touches here and there, as well as by the texture and theme of his stories themselves. The descriptions of natural scenery, of which most modern novelists are so fond, are resorted to by him only when he desires to vary his background; and one feels that he sympathizes cordially with Dr. Johnson's preference for "the full tide of human life at Charing Cross." The reader can, perhaps, recall the cruel reference to Northampton, Massachusetts, in "Roderick Hudson"; and at the opening of "Washington Square" he represents the offer of a home in New York City as being "accepted with the alacrity of a woman who had spent ten years of her life in Poughkeepsie." These touches, be it observed, are not merely amusing—they are eminently characteristic of the author and his work. No living writer of fiction makes less use of those externals and surroundings that furnish such aid in fixing the "atmosphere" of a story, and to which Mr. Black, for example, gives his chief attention. The evolution of character under the bent of its own inherent impulses, and as influenced by the other personalities with which it is brought into contact, isolated as far as possible from the "environment"—this is the only portion of his work that seems really to attract Mr. James, or to call for the full exhibition of his powers.

Very different from this is the attitude of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The description of the starlit night in "Far from the Madding Crowd" and the weird pictures of the moor in "The Return of the Native" will remain fixed in the reader's memory long after the doings and destinies of the several characters that figure in the stories have faded into indistinctness; and Mr. Hardy always bestows as careful attention upon the surroundings, the accessories, the *milieu*, as M. Taine would call it, as upon the characters he portrays and the incidents he narrates. They are not allowed, as is sometimes the case with Mr. Black, to furnish the *raison d'être* of a story; but he never conceives of human actions as occurring in space, as it were, but always in connection with some particular place and circumstances which evidently present themselves to his mind simultaneously with the conception of the actions themselves, and from which he would find it difficult to dissociate them. Due to this is the vividness of local color that distinguishes his stories, and which is generally so marked that one can hardly avoid the feeling that the locality and the local usages, rather than the personal sit-

uations and involvements, dictate the hue and furnish the theme of his work.

This quality, however, is less conspicuous in "The Trumpet-Major"* than in any other of Mr. Hardy's stories that we can recall—possibly because the scene of the story is remote in time as well as in place. Contemporary life as he has actually observed it is what Mr. Hardy has hitherto depicted, but the scene of "The Trumpet-Major" is laid at the beginning of the century, and some of the most stirring incidents are connected with the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon when he gathered his army and flotilla at Boulogne. For this reason, perhaps, there are an indefiniteness of outline and a vagueness of background that are not often observable in Mr. Hardy's work. We do not quite succeed in getting the bearing and relation to each other of the different localities; and we have not the usual feeling that such characters could be found and such events occur only in that particular place. This is the more noticeable, because Mr. Hardy has not attempted to write what is usually meant by an historical novel. The language of the story is slightly archaic, and there is nothing consciously out of keeping; but the sentiment is essentially modern and contemporary, and the book is not designed primarily as a picture of a period but as a record of individual lives.

Even when regarded as such a record, "The Trumpet-Major" is hardly so effective as its predecessors. Except in the rather melodramatic "Pair of Blue Eyes," Mr. Hardy has always exhibited a curious reluctance to insist upon his points or to urge his meaning upon the reader; but in the present instance his deprecatory reticence, his quietude of tone, seems to us to be carried too far. The story of the trumpet-major's disappointment in love, and of his self-abnegation, is as pathetic, as touching, as truly tragic, as anything in recent fiction, but there is a studious and continuous effort on the part of the author to keep his narrative of it down to the most humdrum level of ordinary every-day life. His practice in doing so is no doubt defensible on logical grounds—real-life tragedies are not always enacted with sceptered pall and flowing draperies, but in just such commonplace guise as Mr. Hardy has here depicted; yet it must not be forgotten that the function of art is not simply to photograph, but to concentrate, to intensify, to elevate. It is doubtful if the sorrows of Lear himself would appear very touching if told over a glass of lemonade, with a smile on the narrator's lips, an omission of all such melodramatic incidents as the thunderstorm and the madness, a pausing now

* The Trumpet-Major. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

and then on the humorous aspect of the situation, and an implication throughout that such experiences but form part of the ordinary human lot. The Trumpet-Major is not Lear, of course, but his life and death were as genuinely heroic in a homely way as any that the imagination of the novelist has conceived, and Mr. Hardy seems positively afraid lest the reader should perchance discover it.

From what we have said, it will probably be inferred that we do not rank "The Trumpet-Major" among Mr. Hardy's successes; yet it is a very pleasing story, and in several respects easily superior to any other on our list. Its humor, for one thing, is almost unique in its subdued and unobtrusive but incessant play; and Maidie Anne is one of those consistently capricious specimens of "the complicated sex," the secret of whose waywardly charming personality Mr. Hardy alone possesses. Yet, with merits of a high order, it hardly seems what we are entitled to expect from him whom the death of George Eliot has left at the head of English novelists.

To accord such preëminence to Mr. Hardy, while Mr. Trollope is still alive and furnishing us with stories at the regular annual or semi-annual intervals, may seem to some invidious as well as mistaken; yet one has only to follow our example in reading so excellent a specimen of Mr. Trollope's work as "Dr. Wortle's School" * immediately after so inadequate a specimen of Mr. Hardy's as "The Trumpet-Major," in order to realize the limitations of Mr. Trollope's art, perfect as it is in its way. In technical accuracy of workmanship and in flowing ease and grace of style, no other English novelist has surpassed Mr. Trollope, if, indeed, any has equaled him; but there is a prosaic quality about his work, even at its best, a lack of imagination and profound feeling, and an absence of humor, that make even the mechanical facility and the glib worldly wisdom seem tiresome and at last repellent. There are no other novels, probably, which portray the manners and society of the period with such minute, literal, realistic precision as those of Mr. Trollope—"Dr. Wortle's School," for example, is not so much a picture of contemporary English life as a bit of the life itself—but as the old order of things passes away, giving place to the new, as another epoch with changed manners and sentiments comes on, they will speedily come to possess no more interest than so many newspapers of the period, or at best an interest which will be solely historical or archæological in character. Certain surface aspects of human nature are faithfully mirrored in them, but Mr. Trollope has

neither created nor depicted a single human being about whom the reader has felt even a momentary flutter of hope, or fear, or sorrow, or despair. And even as regards that "knowledge of human nature" with which he is usually credited in such large measure, we are inclined to say that profounder and truer glimpses into it are afforded by two or three passages in "The Trumpet-Major" than by all that we can recall of Mr. Trollope's copious writings. No doubt commonplace routine fills up a large part of the lives of us all; but there is no man or woman of whom it can be said that such commonplace routine constitutes the whole life; and, if there were, they would be no fit subjects for the novelist's art.

All the same, though the art displayed may not be of the highest order, there is a very distinct pleasure in reading a story constructed in so thoroughly workmanlike and dexterous a manner as "Dr. Wortle's School." The old apothegm that easy reading means hard writing can scarcely be credited as applying here; for one feels that it costs Mr. Trollope almost no effort to write, as it certainly costs the reader very little effort to read. In the longer stories, as we have already intimated, this very facility and fluency sometimes becomes tedious; but in "Dr. Wortle's School"—which is scarcely more than a novelette in dimensions—the narrative is rapid and animated, and the interest never flags. The fact that one of the principal characters is an American, and that a number of the most critical events are made to occur in the United States, will perhaps enhance its attractiveness for some.

In turning to what is apparently the first work of a new writer, one naturally looks rather to the promise than to the performance, and from this point of view "A Dreamer" is not without title to a place in the select series in which it appears.* It has such faults as might be expected in the work of a beginner. It is a great deal too long; its parts are badly adjusted to each other; there is more scene-shifting than is demanded by the action involved; and the climax of interest comes in the middle of the book, causing the last half to seem unnecessarily tedious and long drawn out. The sentiment, moreover, is slightly fantastic, and the agony of a situation which would be sufficiently painful at best is piled up with a lavish profusion and a lingering luxury of woe which would seem to imply extreme youth on the part of the author. Yet with all these faults, and with others due to an apparent slovenliness of execution, the story is one over which the reader lingers with pleasure. There are a peculiar freshness and freedom about it, and the author has really succeeded in painting one of the most difficult characters in fiction

* Dr. Wortle's School. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* A Dreamer. By Katharine Wyld. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

—that of a genius who, in spite of many foolish sayings and doings, impresses one as a real genius entitled to be judged by other than the conventional standards. Philip Temple, indeed, is almost an original creation, and it is conclusive testimony to the skill with which he is drawn that, in spite of many inducements to the contrary offered by his conduct, the reader accepts him substantially at the author's valuation. None of the other portraits in the book compare with this one in finish; but there are curious flashes of insight into character, and the style has at times a vivacity that almost amounts to wit.

Another novel in the same series, which reveals the pen of the ready and practiced writer, is "Under Slieve-Ban,"* by R. E. Francillon. This is a regular Irish story of the Charles Lever type, full of gayety and spirits, crowded with adventures and "situations," interesting for its narrative rather than for the character-painting, piquant, rapid, and humorous. In construction and in execution it is a drama rather than a novel, and with very few changes might be placed upon the stage, where it would be certain to succeed by reason of the captivating character of its theme, the rapidity of its movement, and the abundance and variety of its "thrilling" incidents. It has the genuine Celtic lightness that is now rarely found even in Irish stories; and though, as we have remarked, character-painting is not its strong point, there is a very clever and amusing portrait of Dionysius Rooney, the school-master of Dunmoyle, "who educated the barefooted boys and girls in ancient history, geometry, poetry, and the Latin grammar," and whose enthusiasm was divided between classic literature and his own poetical productions. From beginning to end there is a sort of effervescence of wit and fun, and a collection of "bulls" might be made from its pages that would reflect credit upon Sir Boyle Roche himself, but which would have a freshness and spontaneity not now often possessed by those ascribed to "the blundering knight." In this instance, at least, reading involves no tediousness, and the reader will be inclined to agree with Mr. Rooney, that

"In every station
Of the Irish nation
For his occupation
No poet can
Find one more plazin'
Than the bliss amazin'
Where I take my aise in
UNDER SLIEVE-BAN."

The fluent readiness of the practiced writer is also exhibited by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, and "The

Rebel of the Family"† starts off with a glibness and animation that are somewhat deceptive, inasmuch as they promise more than is actually fulfilled in the sequence. The current of narrative and comment glides along so smoothly that after a time the movement becomes monotonous, and the reader finds himself wishing for a little more variety in the scenery and a little less serenity in the emotions. The feeling is aggravated by reason of the length of the story, which is spun out and prolonged even beyond the limits allowed to three-volume novels; but it is due also to the nature of its theme and the manner of its treatment. The story has a purpose, and its purpose is to denounce and discredit that spirit of caste which is no doubt one of the darkest blot upon the fair face of English society; but, though it is very keen in its exposure of certain phases of worldliness, particularly as exhibited by fashionable mothers of marriageable daughters, one can not feel that the method she has adopted is a very effective one or very much to the purpose which she has in view. She has made her heroine (the embodiment of her argument) so unattractive—not merely in the physical sense; since *Jane Eyre*, this no longer matters—that we do not find ourselves taking her part with any zeal in the difficulties that arise, but, on the contrary, often sympathize with her sisters in the feeling that, if it is necessary to be like *Perdita* in order to rebel against the received social dogmas, it is better on the whole to conform. The truth is, however, that Mrs. Linton's mistake lies much deeper than the mere art (or lack of it) exhibited in her portrait. *Perdita* is the material out of which "suffrage-shriekers" and woman's-rights agitators are made; not the impulsive sentimentalist who would marry beneath her because she "honored nothing so much as human worth and the truth of things, and that love which alone makes our life divine." Such a figure adds piquancy and picturesqueness to a narrative which stands very much in need of "color"; but it goes but a very little way toward vindicating "rebels" or giving dignity to "rebellion."

The different attitude of different artists toward the same theme may be observed by comparing George Macdonald's "Mary Marston"‡ with Mrs. Linton's "Rebel of the Family"; for, though Mr. Macdonald takes a much wider range, the subject of the two stories is substantially identical—the insignificance of mere worldly station or antecedents in comparison with the intrinsic qualities of the individual human being. Mrs.

* *The Rebel of the Family*. A Novel. By E. Lynn Linton. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† *Mary Marston*. A Novel. By George Macdonald. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* *Under Slieve-Ban: A Yarn in Seven Knots*. By R. E. Francillon. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Linton, as we have seen, takes the purely secular view of the matter, accepts happiness as the test of conduct, and bestows not even a passing glance upon religion or ethics. Indeed, her books would serve as proof of the truth of a recent suggestion in these pages, that contemporary English fiction shows no indication whatever of being produced among a people upon whom either Christianity or any other religion has a hold. The sacred right of self-assertion—of living out the individual life in accordance with natural bent and aptitudes, without being fettered by restrictions imposed by others—this is the lesson of her latest story; and love is the crown and the reward of her heroine's sufferings and struggles. In "Mary Marston" Mr. Macdonald treats the subject mainly from the religious side, his test of character and worth being *goodness* in the religious sense, and his object being to show that the Christian ideal can and should be applied to the practical conduct of every-day life. Where Perdita's passionate soul would have surged up in a tumult of anger and revolt, Mary Marston bows her head in submissive humility, asserting herself by kind deeds rather than by violent words; imputations and slights which would have stirred Perdita to bitter scorn and voluble wrath are met by Mary with a silent prayer for self-control; and, when Perdita would have hurled defiance, Mary preaches a sermon. Mary, indeed, is the sort of person in whom it is difficult to feel any very human interest, and, with all her faults, Perdita takes a much closer hold upon our sympathies; but Mr. Macdonald's insight as a poet and skill as an artist save him from the worst faults of religious fiction. Like Mr. Roe, he holds that the novel furnishes as good a medium as the pulpit for preaching the "truths of salvation," but he comprehends the difference between preaching arid precepts and teaching by fruitful example, and he knows human nature as well as the ten commandments. The didactic habit has increased upon him greatly since those earlier stories which were almost purely works of imaginative art; yet, in the case of "Mary Marston," the very reader who is most repelled by the obtrusiveness of its moral and the exaltation of its tone will admit that it contains descriptive passages of which any writer might be proud, and touches of that nature which makes the whole world kin.

He will be more reluctant to make such an admission in the case of "My Marriage,"* though the author has chosen a subject and a method of treatment, success in which would imply a subtle acquaintance with the workings of the human heart. The story is of a young woman

who, having married without love, and fretting under the restraints of wedlock, so conducts herself as to alienate her husband's affection (as she supposes), and then discovers that she is passionately in love with him. The situation is a striking one, and might have been so treated as to be truly tragic and moving: at first, indeed, our sympathies are keenly aroused; but we get tired after a while of "pained eyes" and "grieved looks" and "wistful glances" and "quivering lips" and "piteous sighs," and find ourselves longing for one wholesome breath of perverse natural sentiment. The husband is one of those impossible "women's men" never met with save in fiction, and who arouse in male readers a mingled sentiment of contempt and amusement; and the heroine is wofully unequal to the demands of the author's conception. We do not much trouble ourselves in real life with the whims and fantasies of light-headed young women, and why should we be expected to do so when we encounter them in a novel? If we should meet such a woman as Madgie in actual life, our impatience would probably be too keen for us to listen to even a passing chat upon her "situation," and why should we be expected to follow her in print from day to day through all the phases of her perversity and silliness? It is impossible to feel very strongly about troubles which one lucid moment of common sense on either side, or one straightforward word, would relegate to the limbo of morbid sentiment. On the whole, the book is a failure, because it can not arouse the sort of interest at which the author aims; yet it is not without merit of a certain kind. It is cleverly constructed, and runs off as smoothly and trippingly as could be desired, showing scarcely any traces of amateur workmanship; but it is thoroughly conventional and commonplace.

From such work, unsatisfactory even when at its best, it is a pleasure to turn to a novel by Mrs. Oliphant, which, though it may not possess much freshness for those who are familiar with the copious line of its predecessors, can always be depended upon to prove entertaining, and to widen, even when it does not deepen, our knowledge of human nature. "He that Will Not when he May"* exhibits the usual qualities of her stories, and maintains a continuity of interest that is somewhat surprising in view of the low key in which it is pitched. It is a charming picture of that upper stratum of English middle-class life which Mrs. Oliphant has always portrayed so well, and it shows conclusively that the author's hand has as yet lost none of its cunning.

* *My Marriage*. A Novel. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* *He that Will Not when he May*. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Another veteran novelist whose work may always be depended upon to reach a certain level of merit is Miss Charlotte M. Yonge; and "Love and Life"* is a new testimony to the versatility of her resources. It is an historical novel, but its key-note is found in the author's remark at the outset, that "the feelings of a retired officer of the nineteenth century expecting the return of his daughters from the first gayety of the youngest darling are probably not dissimilar to those of Major Delavie, in the earlier half of the seven-teen hundreds, as he sat in the deep bay-window of his bedroom, though he wore a green-velvet nightcap, and his whole provision of mental food consisted of half a dozen worn numbers of the 'Tatler' and a 'Gazette' a fortnight old." In spite of costume and modes of life, human nature and national character vary but little; and, but for the melodramatic character of some of its incidents, "Love and Life" would answer very well as a love-story of our own day. As it is, it reads like one of Richardson's broodingnagian romances compressed in size and told with the business-like directness of the modern novelist. Aurelia is a genuine Richardsonian heroine, and the reader may here catch the flavor of eighteenth-century romance without plowing through the ponderous folios in which for the most part it lies entombed.

Also historical, in the sense that its scene is laid in a period five hundred years back, is Wilhelmine von Hillern's "The Hour will Come: A Tale of an Alpine Cloister."† In truth, however, it belongs to no particular period or place, but is one of those intense stories of passion and suffering, of sin and its expiation, which represent nothing that could have happened anywhere at any time, but which shake the soul and fire the imagination. Such a story has almost nothing in common with the modern novel, which aims to give a realistic and recognizable picture of actual life: its scale of portraiture is gigantesque, its characters are demigods or demons, the emotions which it depicts are superhuman in their intensity, and its situations conform not to the probable or the possible, but to the dramatic unity of the author's conception. To read it after reading such stories as constitute the average of current fiction is like reading Dante after one of Owen Meredith's society platitudes; and one feels almost appalled at the imagination that could deliberately torture itself with such a creation. In point of artistic finish the present

story is inferior to the author's earlier one ("Geier-Wally"), but it exhibits the same concentrated power of intense and impassioned feeling.

As we began our article with a novel of which Mr. Henry James, Jr., is the author, we may end it not inappropriately with one of which he is to a certain extent the subject; for there can hardly be a doubt that Mr. James is the original of Clifford Dix, the "international" novelist who figures inconspicuously in "The Head of Medusa."* There is an unmistakable spice of malice in the sketch, and, if it had not already been pointed out, we should feel a delicacy in insisting upon the identification; but those who may have resented the somewhat supercilious frankness of Mr. James's strictures upon the American girl abroad will be apt to see a touch of retributive justice in the pungent irony of the following paragraph:

"He was not in the habit of manufacturing conversation for the benefit of every girl who was thrown in his way. He was a man consciously capable of extremely refined pleasures, which he afterward described with curious nicety of epithet. His mind was kept anxiously on the alert for the most appropriate emotions. His critics accused him sometimes of considering existence like a series of brilliant magazine articles, and contributing his own share with perhaps too vivid a realization of clear-cut impression and epigram. But these were probably the same people who complained that he wrote like a man who examined the passions through an eye-glass. His books were impartially international. He was carefully cultivated; he had spent all his life in examining great things; and, in point of fact, he was certainly quite unerring in his accuracy as to those differentiating details of dress, card-leaving, and speech which are the final cause of American civilization. He was invariably just in his strictures. He had a social reputation of being very severe. He had, indeed, at various times, made several cutting remarks upon the American Continent; but in commenting upon this fact the best people always added, 'But he has been so much abroad, you know.'"

Notwithstanding the pains thus taken to introduce him properly, Mr. Dix plays but a minor part in a story which is too tragic for satire and too intense for playfulness. In neither of her previous stories does the author take a very cheerful view of life; but in "The Head of Medusa" she seems to have set herself deliberately to imagine a situation as harrowing as could be conceived, and then to depict it with all the force which lies in her rich resources of expression,

* *Love and Life*. An Old Story in Eighteenth-Century Costume. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† *The Hour will Come: A Tale of an Alpine Cloister*. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. From the German by Clara Bell. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

* *The Head of Medusa*. A Novel. By George Fleming. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

and with every cumulative touch of incident or circumstance that could accentuate its appeal to the reader's feelings. This, indeed, is the artistic defect of the book. There are some stories—that of Maggie Tulliver, for example, in "The Mill on the Floss"—in which the pathos seems to arise out of the situation with the inexorable fatality of a natural law; and there are others in which the pathos seems to be simply one of the author's deliberately chosen literary devices. These latter, of course, are never pathetic in the profoundest and truest sense; and it is because

the reader suspects "The Head of Medusa" to belong to this class that he refuses to surrender himself utterly to the feeling of passionate pity which it arouses, dwelling with more insistence than he otherwise would be inclined to do upon the only element of relief which the story affords—the solemnly picturesque background of the Eternal City. Yet the book is not one to be dismissed with a curt phrase of either commendation or condemnation. It has power in it, and that indefinable something for which genius is, perhaps, as good a name as any.

GEIST'S GRAVE.

FOUR years!—and didst thou stay above
The ground, which hides thee now, but four?
And all that life, and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

Only four years those winning ways,
Which make me for thy presence yearn,
Called us to pet thee or to praise,
Dear little friend! at every turn?

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course, and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man?

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seemed surging the Virgilian cry,*
The sense of tears in mortal things—

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mold—
What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four!—and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of Nature, with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fullness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,
On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart—
Would fix our favorite on the scene,
Nor let thee utterly depart
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now;
While to each other we rehearse:
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair;

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go;
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow!

Nor to us only art thou dear
Who mourn thee in thine English home;
Thou hast thine absent master's tear,
Dropped by the far Australian foam.

* *Sunt lacrima rerum!*

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we.
And after that—thou dost not care !
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,
Even to a date beyond our own
We strive to carry down thy name,
By mounded turf, and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watched thy couchant form,

Asleep, yet lending half an ear
To travelers on the Portsmouth road—
There choose we thee, O guardian dear,
Marked with a stone, thy last abode !

Then some, who through this garden pass,
When we too, like thyself, are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass,
And stop before the stone, and say :

*People who lived here long ago
Did by this stone, it seems, intend
To name for future times to know
The dachs-hound, Geist, their little friend.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD (*Fortnightly Review*).

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PEOPLE who have been watching the controversy as to the authorship of the Shakespearean plays—a controversy, no doubt, nearly confined to a few critics—have doubtless been amused by the attempt in the last "North American Review," on the part of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, to turn the tables on the Baconites by raising the question, "Did Shakespeare write Bacon's works?" Mr. Clarke thinks that all the proofs advanced to establish the Bacon authorship of the plays known as Shakespeare's can easily be reversed. "I am inclined to think," he says, "that if we are to believe that one man was the author of the plays and the philosophy, it is much more probable that Shakespeare wrote the works of Bacon than that Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare. For there is no evidence that Bacon was a poet as well as a philosopher, but there is ample evidence that Shakespeare was a philosopher as well as a poet." Mr. Clarke makes two or three happy hits, especially in showing how often great poets have been philosophers, enumerating Milton, Petrarch, Goethe, Voltaire, Lucretius, and Coleridge; and he meets the question asked by Judge Holmes and others, how Shakespeare came to cease writing plays when he returned to Stratford, by showing that he was probably then writing, or aiding Bacon to write, the ever-famous "Novum Organum." But it is not our purpose now to follow Mr. Clarke through his ingenious arguments, all of which are advanced with the utmost gravity, but to make a slight contribution on our own part to the interesting discussion.

We recently had occasion to read anew nearly all of Shakespeare's plays; and coming to them thus afresh, in a continuous succession, we were struck with what seemed to us marked differences of style. The attempt to establish identity of style by collat-

ing certain words and phrases is not of much weight in our judgment. There is always a common vocabulary at any given period from which all writers draw; and every age has its distinct characteristics. Much of what is called Shakespearean is simply Elizabethan. Style can be determined only by the general impression, by distinctive coloring, by a nameless consensus which can be recognized much easier than analyzed or explained; and it seems to us that if any one will read "Love's Labor's Lost," for instance, and then follow it with "As You Like It," he must be impressed with their distinct differences of style. A similar contrast is obvious between "Julius Cæsar" or "Coriolanus" and "Cymbeline" and even "Hamlet." If there is any good foundation for what we are saying, it is an argument, of course, against both the Bacon assumption and the generally accepted theory of the authorship of the plays. Mr. Clarke classifies Appleton Morgan, whose articles on this subject appeared in these pages, with those critics who attribute the authorship of the plays to Bacon; but Mr. Morgan scarcely does this, his assumption being that Bacon, Raleigh, and other intellectual men, wrote the plays originally, which Shakespeare prepared and adapted for the stage. It is known that the theatres of that period kept one or more poets permanently in their employ, and that in the intellectual fermentation of the time young lawyers, and men of learning generally, wrote for the stage, that being nearly the sole channel for literary activity. One can see how naturally plays from many aspirants would come into the hands of Manager Shakespeare; how crude in some particulars even the best of them would be; how often the tact and experience of an intelligent manager would be exercised—altering, amending, enlarging, curtail-

ing, giving to the production felicitous touches here and there, strengthening a character or a scene. We know that this is just what Shakespeare did to many plays written before his time, the reconstructed dramas bearing his name solely. Plays doubtless grew up in the way we have indicated then, just as it is known they do now, by the conjunction of actor and writer. We can, by this hypothesis, account for the differences of style we have mentioned, and for the occasional learning that is supposed to have been beyond Shakespeare's reach; and this explains how it is that Shakespeare stopped writing plays after his withdrawal from the management of the Globe Theatre.

But there is one thing that makes against this suggestion, as regards some of the plays at least. Critics may disagree as to resemblances and differences of style, but in one feature a number of Shakespeare's plays are wholly unique: they not only transcend every contemporary play, but everything in imaginative literature since. This is the distinctly Shakespearean group of female characters—Rosalind, Portia, Imogen, Viola, Miranda, Beatrice, Juliet, Isabella, Desdemona, Ophelia. Here we have a superb and wonderful sisterhood unmatched anywhere, and fairly unmatchable. With all the different characteristics these exquisite creations present, they have some things in common, some delightful and admirable qualities that none of Shakespeare's contemporary dramatists bestowed upon their heroines—absolute purity and womanly delicacy in every case, which in some instances are united with brilliant vivacity and wit. The latter is a conjunction not to be found elsewhere in that period, and it is rare at any time. By these women Shakespeare separates himself distinctly from every other Elizabethan playwright. These exquisite creations must have come from one mind only; no resemblances or differences of style or literary form, no question of learning or opportunity, have any weight beside the significance of this fact. The hand that limned Portia was inevitably the hand that created Rosalind; the mind that pictured Imogen evolved the lovely figure of Miranda. There is, it is true, nothing in Shakespeare's life or character, so far as we know them, that reveals a special fitness for creations so rare and glorious; but, then, there is nothing in Bacon either by which we can establish a parentage for them in him.

There is another fact that operates against the Bacon theory—a fact that is fairly fatal to it, as it seems to us. Bacon was a statesman, a member of Parliament, for a long period the crown-lawyer, a man of affairs, a close observer of his times. Before Shakespeare died there was the beginning of the upheaval that thirty-three years after brought the head of Charles to the block. The gunpowder plot had occurred; the battle between the old religion and the new was nearly at its fiercest; there were new ideas leavening the whole social body, and new conceptions of the rights of individuals and the powers of government. The struggle between the Commons and the sovereign was approaching; the din of conflict was in the air, and everywhere there were strange

commotions. Yet of all this turbulence the plays of Shakespeare reflect nothing. No one could suppose from them that political and religious agitation was convulsing the land, that a new epoch of thought was dawning. Bacon, as a philosopher, writing the "*Novum Organum*," would naturally exclude from his horizon the agitations of the hour; but Bacon as a dramatist, dealing with events and the passions of men, could scarcely have failed to depict, in some of its phases, the great contest that had already begun, and which was so soon to arm the whole land in two hostile forces. We can imagine Shakespeare, or any of the poets of the period, living with their dreams and devoted to their purely literary purposes, dealing with human passion in its universal aspects, and writing unconscious of the political turmoil around them; but we can not easily think of Bacon doing this, whose "whole time and thought," as Mr. Clarke says, "were required to trace and frustrate the conspiracies with which the kingdom was full." A man in his position must have felt the extent of the political unrest; he must have seen the cloud on the verge that was soon to spread over the heavens; and this conflict of ideas would assuredly have shown itself in some of his creations.

Arguments to show that Bacon could not have written Shakespeare may seem idle; but it must be remembered that the authorship of the plays is at best perplexing, and that some minds look upon the whole Shakespearean story as full of doubt; and hence the points we have made may be worth consideration.

It is very generally assumed that women are superior to men in their intuitions. We are told continually by novelists, social essayists, and would-be philosophers of the drawing-room, that, while man is forced to reach his conclusions by laborious processes of reasoning, woman leaps to hers by swift and unerring intuition. This thing has been asserted so often that many people accept it as a matter of course; we do not remember, indeed, of ever hearing the assertion disputed, or of meeting in any writings of an attempt to examine its foundations. Nevertheless, we believe the theory to be entirely without support. There is not only not the slightest evidence in its favor, but all the facts distinctly indicate that there is no such thing.

To declare that women have the power of perceiving facts or acquiring true knowledge by intuition is to endow them with a *sixth sense*, to equip them in a way that must necessarily give them an advantage over men in pretty nearly all the affairs of life. In such a case women would be safer guides than men in almost everything, and especially in those things unsuceptible of proof, in which we are necessarily governed by our impressions. Women ought to be, admitting the theory to be true, much better judges of character than men. They would be furnished with means for more prompt decision in many emergencies. They would make fewer mistakes in social questions. They would be better

protected against the designs of scoundrels. They would be less susceptible to delusions of the senses, and less easily led away by false logic. Intuitional perceptions being the operation of a natural force, women who possess them would not only be able to reach results sooner than men, but their conclusions would be more sound and trustworthy—for to reason rightly requires training and experience, and consequently, while men with little experience and no training would stumble greatly in their efforts to sift evidence and arrive at the truth, women would commonly be right off-hand.

To state the proposition fully is really to prove its absurdity. But let us see how intuition serves woman in affairs generally. We have never been able to detect in the other sex a special fitness for dealing with the problems of life, big or little. If women have intuitional perceptions, they ought to be very successful speculators, and, though they can not well go into Wall Street themselves, Wall Street men would be sure in such case to act solely by the advice and direction of their wives; and, if married brokers availed themselves of this power at their hand, they would soon drive bachelor brokers out of the field—or, at least, into matrimony. If it were true, no politician would ever make a move without first having consulted the intuitions of some accomplished woman. Women have sometimes acted wise parts in politics, and some successful men have acknowledged the happy aid rendered by their wives; but in these occasional instances the women have possessed superior intellect and good reasoning powers; they have, we may be sure, aided the men along the lines the men have worked; they have helped them to their ends by the highway of reason and judgment, and not seduced them into morasses by promises of mysterious short cuts. In ordinary business there is no evidence that intuition is worth anything, much less equal in value to experience, or that it in any way can be substituted for it. The trader, man or woman, who, instead of studying the market, bought and sold by intuition, would soon go to wreck. In domestic life women do not secure more trusty friends than men do; they are not more successful than men in selecting servants; they do not adjust themselves more happily to the tempers and failings of companions, nor more quickly perceive the consequences of a misspoken word, nor read character more accurately, nor exhibit more insight into the future, than the masculine sex does. In all these things there are great differences in individuals, but there is no evidence on record or attainable to show that the difference separates along the line of sex; and it is notoriously the woman and not the man who is deceived by the soft manners and oily pretensions of the quack; it is the woman always who is overcome by the hypocritical unction of the Rev. Honeyman.

And now we reach the most decided test of all. The most important event in the life of a woman is the selection of a husband. In nothing else would a power of intuitional perception have a better oppor-

tunity to evince itself, or be of greater service to the possessor. This may be fairly called a crucial test; and the moment we apply it we see that the theory falls to the ground utterly. That men, who confessedly are without intuitions, often make sad mistakes in selecting their life-companions, we all know; but do they err as frequently as women do? Men are often fascinated by bad women, deluded by selfish, wrong-hearted women; but of all hopelessly blind creatures there is none to equal a young woman enamored of an unworthy man. Sometimes it is a smooth and plausible rake; sometimes a showy, innately vulgar fellow with bad habits and atrocious tastes; sometimes a man whose fiber is coarse, and who is sure to develop into a brutal and tyrannical master; sometimes it is a man whose cold and selfish heart is for the moment concealed under an affection of sympathy and affection. In whatever guise the deceiver comes, the woman, in a majority of instances, is utterly deluded. She fails to see the mask, or to detect the real character that it hides. She refuses to listen to reason; she will not believe the wise cautions of her friends; she rejects evidence; she will not listen to admonitions or warnings; she insists upon trusting to her intuitions, so called, and as a consequence her happiness is wrecked for life.

It is monstrous for people who ought to know better to talk of womanly intuitions in face of facts like these. They do incalculable injury. Instead of showing that reason is the only safe dependence, that all persons must be wary of hasty impressions, that we can not trust any guide but sound judgment, young women are brought up with the notion that they are endowed with a special talisman, that they possess an occult, mysterious, short-hand method of getting at facts; that they are not obliged to sift evidence and weigh circumstances, but have only to trust implicitly to certain implanted impulses or instincts—and as a result they too frequently make appalling and irretrievable mistakes. There never was a more unfounded, brazen, audacious humbug than this theory of womanly intuitions, and, as it is infinitely mischievous, those who affirm it ought to be brought sharply to the bar of a revised public opinion.

We have a number of critics whose profession it is to expound the principles of art, but we greatly need a few skillful pens to explain the criticisms. As we go on, if we depend upon critical writers, we shall never any of us arrive at settled convictions or trustworthy impressions as to what art is and what it is not. If we imagine a person anxious to arrive at an understanding of art, and yet of a cautious and skeptical temperament, we can surmise the perplexity he must feel at much that he hears and reads. What, for instance, would be made of a criticism, written by a critic of reputation for one of our New York journals, which declares as follows: "One of our annual art exhibitions is wont to display plenty of love for Nature with but little thought about her. Its most conspicuous contributors have a real affec-

tion for the beauty of the external world, but they do not penetrate much beyond the crust. The obvious is their realm; they show us what the most stupid of us can see for ourselves. Outside phenomena attract and detain them; they are pictorial materialists, insensible to the souls of things. They are the spokesmen of the external, not the prophets of the internal. Neither analysts nor synthesists, neither penetrative nor imaginative, they content themselves with reporting the aspects of surfaces."

This has an authoritative air, and it evidently comes from one who has made a study of art—if not of nature. But let us imagine our supposititious inquirer refusing to content himself with the aspect of this criticism, and trying to penetrate its surface, to borrow a phrase or two from the critic. Of course, if there are painters who are spokesmen of the external aspects of nature only, and others who are prophets of its internal spirit, then the latter must obviously be much greater artists. But what is this internal spirit? How is it separated from outside phenomena? What are the special qualities not revealed in surfaces that certain gifted men discover and express? An anxious inquirer would naturally ask these questions, and we may amuse ourselves by seeing where an attempt to answer them will lead us.

When any one is contemplating a scene in nature, he is impressed by the variety and beauty of *form*, by the infinite gradations and felicitous contrasts of *color*, by the vivid effects of *light* and *shadow*, by the rich differences of *texture*, by the mellowing influences of the *atmosphere*, by a sense of expansion that comes from *space*. These are the things that every artist studies and endeavors to reproduce; and the success of the painter in each case will depend upon his skill in mastering relatively all the different conditions presented to him. If he enters too minutely into every detail, his picture, by the multiplication of particulars, will, as a whole, lose all resemblance; if he omits those particulars that are necessary to make up the sense of the whole, his picture will lack truth and virility. The artist must have a strong capacity for seeing all that is before him, and an artistic perception that enables him to decide rightly the separate circumstances that he must either reject or subordinate. If he is of a cold, dull mind, he works patiently on, photographi-

cally copying what he sees; if he is of an imaginative, susceptible nature, he seizes salient beauties, he enriches an effect here, he suppresses one there, he throws into the composition ideas drawn from former experiences. But what possible thing can he put on his canvas that is not a "report of surfaces?" He begins with form; no man can invent lines or combinations of lines that are not in nature, and they have no possible characteristics that are not external. He proceeds to color, and is here so bewildered and embarrassed by the richness of nature, the exquisite gradations that no skill can master, the overwhelming loveliness of tints that his pigments can only hint at, that he is in despair—but color, nevertheless, is a thing of surfaces. He next struggles with texture. How can he suggest the tooth of the rock, the edge of the bark, the porcelain of the rose, is his problem—and texture is the very crust of things, beyond which it is not his mission to penetrate. Light and shade, and atmosphere, are simply external things that modify other external things, that either soften or make contrasts, define or blend lines, articulate foregrounds or mellow distances. If after form, color, texture, light and shade, atmosphere, and space—all being external aspects—there are other conditions, what are they? How is the "soul of things" expressed otherwise than by obvious phenomena? If a thing is not obvious, how is it detected? Are there spiritual landscapes similar to the alleged spiritual photographs? Is the soul of things a ghost that prophets or seers only can behold? In a group of trees there is marvelous beauty: remove light and shade, and the picture becomes dull; extinguish color, and its charm has almost gone; obliterate interlacing lines, and it is characterless; but according to our critic there is a soul left. Well, this soul must be the sort of divinity that we see in a telegraph-pole or a wood-pile! No; it is certain that criticisms such as we have quoted are simply rhapsodies. There is no internal soul of things separable from the aspects of things; the difference we find in the works of painters is not an imaginary line of this character—it is the difference of power, the difference between one who sees and comprehends vigorously and one who feebly or only half sees, the difference between susceptibility and unsusceptibility.

Notes for Readers.

"SIBERIA IN EUROPE" is the title of a recent book of travel from the English press, which consists of a visit by two enthusiastic ornithologists, Mr. Seebohm and Mr. Harvie-Brown, to the breeding-grounds, in northeastern Russia, of the birds that visit middle and southern Europe from the north. The breeding-places of the gray plover, the little stint, the sanderling, the curlew, the sandpiper, the knot, and Bewick's swan, all visitors to the British Isles, were undiscovered, and had long been

a problem with field naturalists. Mr. Seebohm and Mr. Harvie-Brown had been led by their respective observations in former northern explorations to believe that the Petchora River, which runs its course through European Siberia, was virgin ground ornithologically, and that there would be found the breeding-grounds of many species of migratory birds. The Petchora, it may be believed, is sufficiently inaccessible, and our travelers went through a variety of adventures in their pursuit, which nothing but

their enthusiasm for science could have sweetened. They traveled for nearly a thousand miles on sledges, unfortunately starting a little late, so that often the runners of the sledge sank deep in the softening snow of spring, but at last arrived at their destination, Ust Zylma, a small town situated at the junction of the Zylma with the Petchora. The summer burst upon them in May, and they devoted themselves earnestly to their purpose. They often slept roughly, fared meagerly, and were nearly devoured by mosquitoes; but they found the eggs of the gray plover, the little stint, and Bewick's swan, whose breeding-places had hitherto escaped discovery, they added several birds to the European list which had either never been found in Europe before or only doubtfully so; they made many observations of great importance and interest; and they collected, besides, more than a thousand skins, with no less than six hundred eggs.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S "Cervantes," which forms one of the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," supplies an interesting history of Cervantes's brave but restless and struggling life—a story, familiar as readers are with "Don Quixote," that is little known. Miguel de Cervantes de Saavedra came of an ancient and illustrious family. Rich his family had never been, and at the time of his birth they were undoubtedly very poor. Of his youth little can be ascertained. It seems probable, indeed, that Cervantes's condition in life was very much like that of the deluded but noble gentleman, Señor Quixava, afterward Don Quixote de la Mancha. After his twentieth year he fought under Don John of Austria, at a time when, as Mrs. Oliphant puts it, "the Turk, who was far more alarming and dangerous than the wildest imagination could figure the Russian now, was rampant in the Mediterranean." In the engagement at Lepanto, when Spain, Venice, and the Papal States, allied together, defeated the Turks, Cervantes took an active part, and nearly lost his life. The poet-soldier was, indeed, desperately wounded on this occasion. He received two gunshot-wounds in his breast and one in his left hand, which deprived him of the use of it for the rest of his life. Altogether, he seems to have passed some five or six years in actual campaigning. After this his thoughts turned homeward, and, accompanied by a few other gentlemen, who had gained distinction in the war, he set sail for Spain. One of his companions was the ex-Governor of La Goletta, and "unconscious godfather of the Quixote of the future." When in mid-sea they fell in with a Moorish squadron, commanded by a Barbary corsair, and the whole party were captured. The story of Cervantes's captivity—full of incident as it was—forms one of the most interesting chapters in his life. After five and a half years spent in chains, during which time he made many unsuccessful attempts to escape, he obtained his deliverance. On reaching home he found his father dead, and his sisters absorbed in their own family cares. There were none, therefore, to welcome the return of the penniless and almost forgot-

ten soldier. However, his reputation for poetical talent was shortly established by the publication of "Galatea," a prolonged and endless pastoral, in which shepherd meets shepherd, and "lovely shepherdesses all flowered and ribboned drive many a gentle swain to despair." "It would be," Mrs. Oliphant says, "almost as difficult to give an outline of his 'Galatea' as of the 'Arabian Nights' or the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio." Although he wrote six books of this pastoral, it is only a fragment; and it was always a favorite idea of Cervantes to add to it something more before his death, which was never fulfilled. In 1584, four years after his return from captivity, Cervantes married a lady who came of a very old but impoverished family. Besides her blue blood, Donna Catalina de Pulazos brought her husband "four or five vineyards, an orchard, as well as forty-five hens, a cock, and a good deal of furniture." With this extensive provision the young couple began their matrimonial career, and Cervantes worked more regularly at his literary occupations. He seems never to have had much money at his command, and later on he was employed as collector of royal taxes in Granada. From 1598 to 1603 it is pretty certain that he was in the depths of poverty; and while in prison for debt he wrote the first part of his "Don Quixote." Cervantes died on April 23, 1616, "nominally," as Mrs. Oliphant observes, "on the same day as Shakespeare, though there is the difference of old style and new style, which one would fain ignore."

PEOPLE who are weary of the theories and mystic meanings which the perverse ingenuity of many critics invent for the characters and plays of Shakespeare, and great productions in literature generally, will like the following from the "Saturday Review":

"A countryman of Cervantes, the Prince of Borja, laid it down as a general principle that an author's worst enemy is a learned commentator, and, although he was thinking at the moment of Don Luis de Gongora, his dictum applies equally well to the author of 'Don Quixote.' Commentators and translators innumerable have undertaken to show that they alone have read the secret meaning of Cervantes; or, worse still, that they knew it better than he did himself. The last, perhaps the most ingenious, and certainly the most readable, of them is M. Emile Chasles. . . . one of those vastly ingenious critics who can not persuade themselves that so great a writer as Cervantes could content himself with merely writing a story and drawing a character. He must have had some hidden meaning. That Cervantes, being a young married man of very narrow means, should have tried to make money by writing for the stage, and should utilize his personal experience as other men have done, would appear to M. Chasles a totally inadequate, and indeed vulgar, explanation. The 'Trato de Argel' was written to persuade Philip II to make a crusade, the 'Baños de Argel' to show how the Oriental harem degrades woman—and so on. In short, Cervantes is subjected to a process of mystic interpretation, with the usual results. . . . Anything would seem to be more credible to the biographers and commentators of Cervantes than that he knew his own mind. Except for those who have a theory to maintain, it would seem intelligible enough that a work which began as a mere *jeu d'esprit* grew on the hands of its author. There is abundant internal evidence that the

intentions of the author underwent a thorough change at least once in the course of the work. He began with the intention of ridiculing the books of chivalry—which had been a general object of ridicule for a long time—he found that he had created a character, and then saw that he could group round it a whole world of others, and make it a vehicle for his own wit and wisdom and knowledge of men. When he refers to himself it is with an outspoken manly frankness which was too proud to use a veil. By attributing other motives to him, and particularly by accusing him of a probing self-consciousness utterly unlike the man and the time, we take away from the credit due to his art. Of all Spaniards, he was the least self-conscious, the most humble-minded, and the most ready to study nature."

"BLACKWOOD," says the "Spectator," "publishes another tale by Rudolph Lindau, a writer who gives us far too little. He told a story of suicide some time ago which seemed to us to reveal a most unusual possession of restrained force. The present tale is an imaginative and rather weird story, marked, of course, with the pessimism which the writer always either feels or affects, of a Russian gentleman who had acquired the power of seeing in every face he met what it would become in age—that is, had acquired a terrible insight into character, and at the same time certainty as to who would die young. It is worked out with singular force, though M. Lindau has forgotten that no man could possess consciously any power so nearly supernatural without a certain instinctive sentiment of pride. It might steep him in unhappiness, but he would be proud." This story is from the German, the title being "The Seer." But "Blackwood" is late with it, a translation having been published as long as two years ago in Appletons' "Handy-Volume Series."

ACCORDING to an English authority, Vienna possesses 577 libraries, containing together nearly 5,500,000 volumes, without counting manuscripts. The nation which comes next to Austria is said to be France, which boasts 500 libraries, containing about 4,500,000 volumes. Italy is not very far behind, with 493 libraries and 4,350,000 volumes; and next Prussia, with above 400 libraries and above 2,500,000 books. Great Britain is reported as having only 200 libraries; but they are allowed to contain nearly a quarter of a million more printed books than Prussia. As to the individual libraries, the largest in size is that of Paris, with something over 2,000,000 volumes; the British Museum comes second, but a long way behind, with 1,000,000; Munich third, with 800,000; then Berlin, with 700,000; Dresden, with 500,000; and Vienna, with 420,000. The library of the Vatican is set down as containing only 30,000 printed books, but it is very rich in valuable manuscripts, the total number of which is reckoned at 25,000. The most celebrated and largest of the university libraries are the Bodleian at Oxford and that of Heidelberg, each of which is set down as possessing about 300,000 volumes.

"THE Land of Gilead, with Excursions into Lebanon," by Laurence Oliphant, is an account of

a journey through the country east of the Jordan, for the object of ascertaining how far that section would be available for purposes of colonization, and the furtherance of a scheme for the restoration of the Jews to the Promised Land. It is proposed to form a joint-stock company, with a capital of not less than fifty thousand pounds, which it is believed would be sufficient to purchase all the land needed and secure the consent of the Turkish Government. Whether the scheme is practicable or not, Mr. Oliphant has written a most interesting volume, for the most part describing a section of country little known—a land neither difficult nor dangerous to explore, with a delightful climate, and many sacred associations, yet almost a land of mystery, whose charms and capabilities seem to have escaped the notice of previous travelers. The work will be immediately reprinted in this country by D. Appleton & Co.

OF the many excellent passages in Mr. Saintsbury's recent "Primer of French Literature," one of the best is the concluding one, in which he describes the quality that distinguishes that literature from all others:

"It is perhaps more interesting than any other literature, because of the long space of time which it covers without any sensible break in the manifestation of real and living literary activity. In all other literary histories, ancient and modern, there is to be met with either a short period of consummate activity, or a long history broken by gaps of trance and suspended vitality. The literatures of Greece and Rome are examples of the first; all modern European literatures, including our own, of the second. The oldest monuments of English literature are older by perhaps six or seven hundred years than the oldest monuments of French literature proper. But they are not intelligible to modern Englishmen without much pains, and they are followed by centuries of sterility and stagnation. The history of French literature, from the 'Chanson de Roland' to the latest work of M. Victor Hugo, is continuous without a single break, and the 'Chanson de Roland' itself can, as has been said, be read by a person only acquainted with modern French with at least as much facility as that with which a modern Englishman can read Chaucer. Thus we have, spread over a period of nearly eight hundred years, a complete picture of the thought, the character, and the history of the nation. Nowhere can the student find such an opportunity of determining how far the literary utterances of a people correspond to their national character, what tendencies in the long run assert themselves most in literary forms, how far foreign influence can decide the intellectual and artistic development of peoples, how far consummate individual genius can produce perfect work against what may be called the national grain."

In an article in the current "Fraser's" on "The Prophetic Power of Poetry" (a title, by the way, which is somewhat misleading), Mr. J. C. Shairp, the Professor of Poetry at Oxford University, thus defines the office and function of the poet:

"If it be true that 'we live by admiration, hope, and love'—that it is the objects which we admire, love, hope for, that determine our character, make us what we are—then it is the poet, more than any other, who holds the key of our most secret being. For it is he who, by vir-

tue of inspired insight, places before us in the most true and attractive light the highest things which we can admire, hope for, love; and this he does mainly by unveiling some new truth to men, or, which is the same thing, by so quickening and vivifying old and neglected truths that he makes them live anew. To do this last requires quite as much of prophetic insight as to see new truths for the first time. This is the poet's highest office—to be a prophet of new truth, or at least an unweaver of truths forgotten or hidden from common eyes. There is another function which poets fulfill—that of setting forth in beautiful form the beauty which all see, or giving to thoughts and sentiments in which all share beautiful and attractive expression. This last is the poet's artistic function, and that which some would assign to him as his only one. These two aspects of the poet, the prophetic and the artistic, coexist in different proportions in all great poets; in one the prophetic insight predominates, in another the artistic gift. In the case of any single poet it may be an interesting question to determine in what proportions he possesses each of these two qualities."

AMONG the Greeks, according to Professor Shairp, Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles possessed the prophetic power in a preëminent degree; among the Romans Lucretius and Virgil possessed it; and of Dante it was the predominant quality. No English poets earlier than Scott and Wordsworth are mentioned, and these were among the most inspired of all. Of the living English poets Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning are barely glanced at, and then the author concludes with the remark that—

"In the younger poets of the day, as far as I know them, I have not yet perceived much of that original prophetic power which has been so distinctive of many of 'the dead kings of melody.' If it exists, and I have failed to discern it, no one will welcome it more gladly than I. But what seems to me most to distinguish the poetry of the time is, elaborately ornate diction and luscious music expended on themes not weighty in themselves. Prophet-souls, burning with great and new truth, can afford to be severe, plain, even bare in diction. Charged with the utterance of large substantive thoughts, they can seldom give their strength to studied ornamentation. We wait for the day of more substance in our poetry. Shall we have to wait till the plowshare of revolution has been again driven through the field of European society, and has brought to the surface some subsoil of original and substantive truth which lies as yet undiscerned?"

REVIEWING Tennyson's new drama, "The Cup," the "Spectator" affirms new possibilities for the drama. "Dramatic thirst," it says, "can not have been slaked when such an audience can sit entranced to listen to such a story, if only it is adequately told—told by a poet, and not a playwright; told without fear that there will not be appreciation for the loftiest language, the most glowing poetry, the grandest situations. There must be somewhere in the English mind capacities for intellectual enjoyment to be realized through the stage, which of late have never been fairly tried. There is a mine to be worked in the enjoyment of awe; but then it takes a poet to work it, and he must be aided by an artist, and both by perfect elocutionists; and how often is that com-

bination to be found? We have it nearly all for once; and some day, we suppose, the combination will be complete. We had thought it nearly impossible that tragedy should survive in England, that dramatic art, to succeed, must consent to be Philistine and *bourgeois*; but 'The Cup' has given us hope."

THE signature to the article "Some Shakespearean Female Characters," which appears in this number of the "Journal," will be recognized by most readers as the married name of a once greatly admired actress of the London stage. Helen Faucit is known to us here only by her English reputation. She had a dread of the sea, and hence never could be induced to visit America. She made her *début* in London at the age of twenty, as Julia in "The Hunchback," and, achieving a marked success, became at once accepted as a leading actress, winning fame as Beatrice, Constance, Imogen, Juliet, Portia, Rosalind, and Lady Macbeth. We once heard the late James W. Wallack declare that he did not know Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," until he saw Miss Faucit act it. She married, at thirty-five, Theodore Martin, well known as the author of "The Life of the Prince Consort," who has recently been knighted by the Queen as a recognition of his services in writing that rather voluminous work. Helen Faucit withdrew from the stage upon her marriage, but has occasionally returned to it, and some fifteen years ago played a limited engagement at Drury Lane. She is now sixty-four, is by virtue of her husband's title Lady Martin, and is much esteemed in English social circles.

MR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE'S "Island Life" (Harpers) is a sort of supplement to his great work on the "Geographical Distribution of Animals," but goes in part over the same ground, and is of a more elementary and popular character. It deals more especially with the phenomena and causes of insular faunas and floras, and includes a revision and attempted solution of the problem of geological climates.—Another attempt to give a theological interpretation to the phenomena with which science deals is made by Professor John Bascom in a treatise on "Natural Theology" (Putnam's), which differs somewhat from its predecessors in this field in that it accepts the doctrine of evolution, and recognizes "all the results of scientific inquiry."—Such light as comparative philology and comparative mythology can be made to throw upon the study of literature is very skillfully brought to bear in Laura Elizabeth Poor's "Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures" (Roberts), which, beginning with the Indian sacred books, and ending with the modern poetry of Europe, furnishes a suggestive and very interesting outline sketch of the origin and growth of literature.—From the press of the Harpers we have a fifth series of the very remarkable sermons preached by the late Frederick W. Robertson, at Cheltenham, Oxford, and Brighton, on "The Human Race" and other topics—thirty-two sermons in all.—The Messrs. Roberts have brought together in a handy little volume two thoughtful addresses by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, on "Modern Society" and the "Changes in American So-

ciety."—In a little volume scarcely larger than the preceding, Dr. William Sharpe, late surgeon in the British army, discusses "The Cause of Color among Races, and the Evolution of Physical Beauty" (Putnams).—"The Heart and its Functions" is the subject of the latest addition to the series of Health Primers issued in this country by the Appletons.—Two little books which will prove scarcely less useful to laymen than to professional men are "The Students' Law Dictionary" and a "Collection of Legal Maxims in Law and Equity," both compiled by Mr. S. S. Peloubet, and published by George S. Diossy (New York).

In biography perhaps the most important of recent works is the authorized reprint of Mr. L. Fagan's "Life and Correspondence of Sir Anthony Panizzi," in two volumes, to which has been added a third volume containing twenty years' personal and biographical reminiscences of Panizzi and the British Museum, by Henry Stevens, F. S. A. The latter volume is not yet published, and will be sold separately if required (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).—To the copious Goethe literature a very important contribution has been made in the shape of Hermann Grimm's lectures on the "Life and Times of Goethe," translated by Sarah Holland Adams, and published in handsome style by Little, Brown & Co.—To the same category belongs the correspondence of Goethe's mother with Goethe, Lavater, Wieland, Anna Amalia of Saxe-Weimar, and others, collected from various sources by the late Alfred S. Gibbs, and translated by him, with an introduction by Clarence Cook (Dodd, Mead & Co.).—A monograph on "Sir William Herschel: His Life and Works," by Edward S. Holden (Scribner), is designed for the general reader, but contains a bibliography and other features which will render it valuable to special students.—Quite as distinctly critical as biographical is Mr. F. W. H. Myers's compendious monograph on Wordsworth, which forms the latest issue in Mr. John Morley's series of English Men of Letters (Harpers).—A new volume in the New Plutarch Series is "Haroun Alraschid, Caliph of Bagdad," by E. H. Palmer, M. A. (Putnams).

One of the most interesting of the recent additions to the International Scientific Series, is a volume on "The Atomic Theory," by Professor Ad. Wurtz, member of the Institute of France, translated by E. Cleminshaw, M. A., F. C. S. (Appletons).—"The Actor and his Art," by C. Coquelin, of the Comédie Française, translated from the French by Abby Langdon Alger, is issued by Roberts Brothers in a diminutive volume, and forms an excellent companion treatise to Legouvé's "Reading as a Fine Art," previously issued by the same house.—Of such a book as Mr. George Saintsbury's "Primer of French Literature" (Harper's Half-Hour Series) nothing higher in the way of praise could be said than that it bears comparison with Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature."—Under the taking title of "The Poetry of Astronomy" (Lippincott), Mr. Richard A. Proctor has collected a series of his familiar essays on the heavenly bodies, regarded less in their strictly scientific aspect than as suggesting thought concerning infinites of time and space, of variety, of vitality, and of development.—The "Miscellaneous Writings" of the late Dr. Francis Lieber fill two stout volumes, of which the first contains reminiscences, essays, and addresses, while

the second contains contributions to political science, including lectures on the Constitution of the United States (Lippincott).—The same house have issued "A Handy Book of Synonyms of Words in General Use," neatly printed, and comprising about thirty-five thousand words.—To the discussion of the now irrepressible Irish question, Macmillan & Co. make three important contributions: "New Views on Ireland, or, Irish Land Grievances and Remedies," by Charles Russell, M. P.; "The Life's Work in Ireland of a Landlord who Tried to do his Duty," by W. Bence Jones; and "The Irish Land Laws," by Alexander G. Richey, LL. D.—"The Essays of Joseph Addison," chosen and edited by John Richard Green, the historian, constitutes a new volume in the Golden Treasury Series (Macmillan).—The "Reminiscences of a Journalist," by the veteran Charles T. Congdon (Osgood), cover one of the most interesting periods in which any journalist ever played so prominent a part as was played by the author.—A cheaper edition of Mr. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" (Appletons) should insure a wide popular circulation to one of the most suggestive contributions to economic science that has been made by an American.—To Appletons' Handy-Volume Series the latest addition is a translation of one of André Theuriet's graceful novelettes entitled "All Alone."—In the Franklin Square Library the newest issues are "From the Wings," a novel, by B. H. Buxton; "The Posy Ring," a novel, by Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt; and "Better than Good," a novel by Anne E. Ridley.

A fresh installment of books from the press of the Harpers includes an American edition of a book which ought long ago to have been republished—Professor Edward Dowden's "Shakespeare: A Critical Study of his Mind and Art." It is a work well known to and highly appreciated by students of Shakespeare, and is "an attempt to connect the study of Shakespeare's works with an inquiry after the personality of the writer, and to observe, as far as is possible, in its several stages, the growth of his intellect and character from youth to full maturity."—Another important work in the same list is "The Life of Cicero," by Anthony Trollope, in two attractive volumes.—Still another, with a more timely interest, perhaps, is a book by H. H., entitled "A Century of Dishonor," being "a Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the Indian Tribes."—A book with a title-page that leaves nothing else to be said about it in the way of description is, "The History of Saint Augustine, Florida, with an Introductory Account of the Early Spanish and French Attempts at Exploration and Settlement in the Territory of Florida, together with Sketches of Events and Objects of Interest connected with the Oldest Town in the United States, to which is added A Short Description of the Climate and Advantages of Saint Augustine as a Health Resort," by William W. Dawhurst (Putnams).—A new issue in Putnam's Library of Transatlantic Novels is "The Lost Casket," translated from "La Main Coupée" of F. de Bosgobey by S. Lee.—"The Social History of Flatbush, and Manners and Customs of the Dutch Settlers in Kings County," by Gertrude Lefferts Vanderbilt, is a volume interesting not only to the descendants of the Dutch settlers in New York and vicinity, but to all persons who like to recall the manners and customs of bygone periods (Appleton & Co.).